54
THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

ANECDOTES

OF

DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

VOL. IV.

Serfogee Rajah 1827

ANECDOTES

OF

203

DISTINGUISHED PERSONS,

CHIEFLY OF THE

PRESENT AND TWO PRECEDING CENTURIES.

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ANECDOTES

OF

DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

FOREIGN.

CHARLES THE NINTH,

KING OF FRANCE.

[1560—1574.]

THIS Prince was only eleven years of age when he was crowned. His mother, Catherine of Medicis, expreſſing her apprehenſions, that the fatigue of the ceremony might be too much for him; he replied, "Madam, I will very willingly undergo as much fatigue, as often as "you have another Crown to beſtow upon "me."

When the Conſtable de Montmorenci died, the young Prince did not immediately name another perſon to that place of power and con-

fequence: "I will," faid he, "carry my own "fword in future."

Charles fpoke very much like a perfon fit to govern, when he faid of himfelf one day to his Mother, who wifhed to keep him under her direction, "that he would no longer be kept "in a box like the old jewels of the Crown."

In his reign the infamous maffacre of St. Bartholomew was perpetrated. The old and excellent Chancelier de l'Hôpital, who was at his country-houfe when it happened, exclaimed, "How execrable a meafure! I do not know "who advifed the King to confent to it; but "I fear that he will fuffer for it, as well as all "his kingdom."

On the fatal day of St. Bartholomew, Charles fired with an arquebufe from the windows of the Louvre upon his Huguenot fubjects, (who were croffing the Seine in hopes to avoid the general carnage and maffacre) crying out at the fame time to the foldiers that were near him, "Fire! "fire!"

One of the great amufements of this Prince was, to cut off the heads of the different animals which he met with, after having paid the owners

owners of them for their loſs. He was one night about to exerciſe the ſame cruelty upon the mule of M. de Lanſac, who ſtopped his Majeſty in his noble amuſement by exclaiming, "*Quid tibi cum Mulo meo diſſidium interceſſit,* "*Rex Chriſtianiſſime?*"

Charles was extremely fond of the exerciſes of the field, and wrote a treatiſe upon them, which was publiſhed by Villeroi in 1625 with this title: "*Chaſſe Royale par Charles IX.*" He was indeed a Prince of great activity of body, and hated to ſtay in the houſe. Houſes he uſed to call the tombs of the living.

Charles built a forge near his palace at Fontainbleau; "where," ſays Brantôme, "I have "ſeen him hammer out guns, horſe-ſhoes, and "other things in iron, as well as the ſtrongeſt "and moſt expert ſmith."

He was fond of coining money. Having one day ſhewed ſome coin of his making to the Cardinal of Lorrain, "Sire," ſaid the latter, "how happy it is for you that you always carry "your own pardon about you!" In bad weather Charles uſed to ſend for the Poets that were about his Court into his cloſet, and amuſe himſelf with them. He made good verſes him-

ſelf; many of them are to be found amongſt the Works of Ronſard.

The following lines were addreſſed by him to that writer; in which, in a very elegant manner, the empire of the poet over the minds of men, is preferred to that of the monarch over their bodies:

L'art de faire des vers (dût on s'en indigner)
Doit être à plus haute prix que celui de regner.
Tous deux également nous portons des couronnes,
Mais Roy je les reçois, poëte tu les donnes.
Ton eſprit enſlammé d'une cœleſte ardeur
Eclate par ſoi-même, & moi par ma grandeur.
Si du côté des Dieux je cherche l'avantage,
Ronſard eſt leur mignon, & je ſuis leur image.
Ta lyre, qui ravit par de ſi doux accords,
T' aſervit les eſprits dont je n'ai que les corps.
Elle t'en rend le maître, & ſçait t'introduire
Où le plus fier tyran ne peut avoir l'empire.

Charles was generous, particularly to men of letters. He penſioned and gave rich benefices to Amyot, the celebrated tranſlator of Plutarch, who had been his tutor. One of his maxims was, that a King ſhould be continually giving; and that as all the money in the kingdom came to Kings, in like manner as ſmall rivers fall into the Ocean, they ſhould again diſtribute it in different channels.

When

When Charles was at Bourdeaux, he pardoned a Nobleman whom the Parliament of that city had condemned to death for having killed a man. The King ſent for the widow of the deceaſed perſon, and ſaid to her, "Madam, I "truſt that you will likewiſe pardon the mur-"derer of your huſband, and accept of his "eſtate to indemnify you for his loſs."—"Sire," replied the high-ſpirited Lady, "I cannot ac-"cept of ſo mean and ſo ſcandalous an indem-"nification. But ſince you are more powerful "than the laws and juſtice, I intreat you to "grant before-hand to my ſon the ſame pardon "that you have granted to the murderer of his "father, and I ſhall, in conſequence of that "pardon granted to him, bring him up with "the hope that he will revenge, in your place, "the death of his father, without having any "reaſon to fear for his own life."

After the accurſed day of St. Bartholomew, Charles became wretched and melancholy: he continually imagined that he heard groans and ſhrieks; he loſt all reliſh for his uſual amuſements; and, after a diſeaſe of a few days, died in the moſt horrid manner, his blood exuding through the pores of his ſkin. Not long before his death, his mother (Catherine de Medicis) approach-

approached his bed, to tell him ſome news which ſhe thought would have rouſed him from his ſtate of languor and deſpondency. "Alas! "Madam," replied he, coolly, "all ſublunary "things are now become quite indifferent "to me."

CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.

When this execrable Princeſs landed at Marſeilles, the galley which carried her bore the device of the Sun, with theſe words in Greek, "I bring light and fine weather." The events of her Government anſwered very ill to her device: civil wars, plots, conſpiracies, rapine, maſſacres, and murders, filled up the period of it.

Catherine is repreſented as a Princeſs of a moſt majeſtic preſence, and with great powers of pleaſing in converſation, when ſhe choſe to exert them. Brantôme repreſents her as being fond of buffoons, and always ready to laugh at their jokes; "for," adds he, "*de ſon naturel* "*elle étoit joviale, et aimant à dire le mot.* Her "after-

"afternoons (according to the ſame Writer) were
"always paſſed in embroidering and in working
"on ſilk, in which ſhe greatly excelled."

Many ſatires were publiſhed againſt her: her uſual method of treating their authors was to ſay, "If theſe blockheads now did but know "half as much of me as I could tell them!" When deſired to puniſh them, ſhe replied, "I "hope I have a ſoul above revenge."

At the ſiege of Havre, ſhe mounted on horſeback at the head of her army, expoſed herſelf to the fire of the cannon like the moſt veteran ſoldier, "and ſhewed not the leaſt "ſymptoms of fear," ſays Brantôme, "when "the bullets flew about her. Her maids of "honour," adds he, "were not ſo well pleaſed "with this amuſement." When deſired by the Duke of Guiſe and the Conſtable de Montmorenci not to expoſe her perſon ſo much, "Have I not," replied Catherine, "more to "loſe than you, and do you think I have not "as much courage?"

A medal was ſtruck of her with the ſame inſcription as that on ſome of the coins of the Roman Empreſſes: "*Catharina de Medicis* "*Mater Caſtrorum.*"

When one day ſhe overheard ſome of the ſoldiers abuſing her extremely, the Cardinal of Lorraine ſaid he would order them immediately to be hung. "By no means," exclaimed the Princeſs: "I wiſh poſterity to know, that a "woman, a queen, and an Italian, has once in "her life got the better of her anger."

Catherine was extremely liberal, and a very generous Protectreſs of the Arts. How mortifying it is to human nature, that perfidy, cruelty, and impiety, ſhould ſtain ſuch a character!

The Deputies of the Reformed Religion in France treated with this Queen and her Council, ſoon after the horrid maſſacre of the perſons of their perſuaſion on the day of St. Bartholomew. The parties had agreed upon the articles of the treaty, and it only remained to give ſecurity on the ſide of the Court for the performance of them. Many methods were propoſed, and as often rejected by the Deputies: at laſt the Queen angrily ſaid, "Why ſure! the "word of a King is a ſufficient ſecurity, is it "not?" One of the Deputies anſwered, "No, "by Saint Bartholomew! Madam."

A Comet appearing in France during the time of the League, ſeemed to affect the ſpirits and the chearfulneſs of Catharine. This occaſioned the following Lines:

Spargeret horrendas cum triſtis in æthere crines
Venturique daret ſigna Cometa mali,
Ecce ſuæ Regina timens malè conſcia vitæ
Credidit inviſum poſcere fata caput.
Quid Regina times? Namque hæc mala ſi qua minantur,
Longa timenda tua eſt; non tua vita brevis.

Whilſt thro' the wide expanſe of liquid air
Yon Comet trails its horrid fell of hair,
The impious Catherine with remorſe and dread
Sees the dire Fates demand her hated head.
If to portend ſome ill the ſtar appear,
Be calm, great Princeſs, and diſdain to fear;
Heaven in its utmoſt vengeance cannot give
A curſe ſo baleful as to let thee live.

" I have often," ſays Dupleſſis Mornay, in his Notes upon the Hiſtory of Thuanus, " heard " Henry the Fourth ſay, that at the time the " Cardinal of Lorraine died, he was with the " Queen his Mother-in-law, Catherine of Me- " dicis, in her Cabinet, with whom he was " reading the office of Veſpers, verſe by verſe; " and that ſhe, lifting up her head, ſuddenly " cried out that ſhe ſaw the Cardinal of Lor- " raine, who made a ſign with his finger to her, " in the geſture of a perſon threatening her,

" very

" very pale and very frightful; whilſt himſelf " (Henry) never dared to lift up his head, " in ſpite of all the Queen ſaid to him. Ma- " dame de Sauve (afterwards Marquiſe de " Moirmoûtier) who was ſitting in the next " apartment, came into the room on hearing " the Queen cry out, and the phantom imme- " diately diſappeared. The Queen on the in- " ſtant ſent to enquire after the Cardinal, and " was told that he died about the time that " he appeared to her. M. de Foix told me, " that the Cardinal of Lorraine was poiſoned " by the Cardinal d'Armagnac, with whom " he had ſome quarrel; which agrees," adds Dupleſſis, " with what is here mentioned."

FRANCIS,

DUC DE GUISE.

OF the two Princes of this illuſtrious Houſe (the Duke, and his brother the Cardinal of Lorraine), Marſhal de Retz uſed to ſay, " Theſe " Princes of Lorraine are of ſo majeſtic a pre- " ſence, that all the other Princes appear like " mere peaſants by the ſide of them."

After the celebrated battle of St. Quentin, a Spaniſh Officer of rank wrote to the Duke of Guiſe,

Guiſe, to requeſt him to deliver up to him one of his ſlaves that had fled to the French camp with one of his fineſt war-horſes. The Duke immediately ſent back the horſe, after having paid the ſlave the value of it, and wrote word to the Spaniſh Officer, that he would never be the occaſion of putting chains again upon a ſlave, that had become a free man by ſetting his foot into the kingdom of France. "It "would indeed," added he, "be a violation "of the privileges of that great kingdom, "which conſiſt in reſtoring freedom to any "one who comes into it to ſeek there that "precious gift."

The Baron de Lunebourg, Commander of one of the mercenary German regiments that ſerved under the Duke, was much diſpleaſed at the Duke's examining into the ſtate of his ſoldiers; and ſo far loſt the reſpect due to his illuſtrious General, as to draw out one of his piſtols and preſent it at the Duke; who immediately, with the greateſt *ſang froid*, drew his ſword, and knocked the piſtol out of the German's hand. Guiſe's aid-du-camp, M. de Montpezat, was going to kill the Officer, but was interrupted by the Duke, who ſaid, "Stop, "Sir! Do you ſuppoſe I cannot kill a man

"as

"as well as yourſelf, when I think fit?" Then turning toward the German, he ſaid, "Sir, I forgive you the inſult you have put "upon me; but as for that which you "have done to the ſervice of my Sove-"reign, of whoſe perſon I am the repreſenta-"tive, his Majeſty will ſettle that as he "pleaſes." Then turning to ſome of his ſol-diers, he ſaid, "Here, ſome of you conduct "this inſolent fellow to priſon!" The Duke proceeded with his viſit to the reſt of the German troops, and never afterwards ſuffered any moleſtation.

The Duke was informed, that a Proteſtant Gentleman had come into his camp with an intention to aſſaſſinate him. He ſent for him (who immediately avowed his intention), and the Duke aſked him, whether his deſign aroſe from any offence he had ever given him. "Your "Excellence never gave me any, I aſſure you," replied the Gentleman; "my motive for de-"ſiring your life is, becauſe you are the greateſt "enemy our Religion ever knew."—"Well then, "my friend," ſaid the Duke to him, "if your "Religion incites you to aſſaſſinate me, my "Religion tells me to forgive you;" and he ſent him immediately out of his camp. An-

other

other perſon was once brought to the Duke, who had boaſted that he would kill him. The Duke, looking at him very attentively, and obſerving his extremely embarraſſed and ſneaking countenance, ſaid to his Officers, ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, "That blockhead will never have "the heart to kill me; let him go; it is not "worth while to arreſt him."

The Duke of Guiſe was victorious over his rival the Prince of Condé, the head of the Proteſtant party, at the famous battle of Dreux in 1562. The Prince of Condé was taken priſoner, and brought to the Duke, whom (after having entertained at his table) he made take half of his bed with him at night; and (as his Biographer ſays) the Duke ſlept as perfectly ſound by the ſide of his rival, as if he had been in bed with one of his own ſons.

Puttenham ſays, "that a French Captain was "ſitting at the lower end of the Duke of "Guiſe's table, amongſt many, the day after "there had been a great battaile foughten. "The Duke, finding that this Captain was not "ſeene to doe any thing that day in the field, "taxed him thus in all their hearings: Where "were you, Sir, the day of the battaile? for I "ſawe

"ſawe ye not. The Captaine anſwered "promptly, Where ye durſt not have beene. "And the Duke began to kindle with the "worde; which the Gentleman perceiving, "ſaid ſpeedily, I was that day amongſt the "carriages, where your Excellence would not "for a thouſand crowns have been ſeene."

The Duke of Guiſe having ſold moſt of his eſtates to make himſelf popular, it was ſaid that he was the greateſt uſurer in France, as he had nearly laid out all that he was worth upon obligations.

DUC DE GUISE,

CALLED LE BALAFRE, FROM A SCAR THAT HE HAD ON HIS CHEEK,

was the ſon of the preceding Duke, and from his earlieſt years diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his courage and his generoſity.

"Ambition," ſays the Abbé de Choiſy, "corrupted all his virtues. Having one day "won a conſiderable ſum of money of M. d'O, "the Superintendant of the Finances of France, "M. d'O ſent one of his Clerks with the ſum

"in

"in two bags, one containing the gold, and "the other the ſilver. The Duke by miſtake "preſented the clerk with the bag in which "was the gold, and on his coming the next day "to tell him what a miſtake he had made, the "Duke ſaid to him, Well then, my friend, as "Fortune has been ſo very kind to you, you "muſt look out for ſome other perſon than the "Duke of Guiſe to envy your good luck; ſo go "your way and keep the money."

The Parliament of Paris gave this diſtinguiſhed Prince the noble title of "the Preſerver "of his Country;" a title which his eminent qualities of mind and of body well deſerved, had they not been tarniſhed with inſolence and ambition.

At the battle of Renti, M. de St. Fal, one of his Lieutenants, advancing too haſtily toward the enemy, he gave him a ſtroke with his ſword upon his helmet, and ſtopped him. After the battle, the Duke being told that St. Fal was much hurt at the affront he ſuppoſed himſelf to have received, ſent for him to the King's tent, in which were the Sovereign and the principal General Officers, and told him, "M. "de St. Fal, you are offended, I find, at the "blow

"blow which I gave you for advancing too "haſtily; but it is ſurely much better that I "ſhould have given it to you to make you "ſtop, than to make you advance. The blow "is ſurely more honourable than diſgraceful "to you. I aſk the opinion of theſe Gentle-"men." They one and all declaring, that a blow given to repreſs an exceſs of ardour and of courage conferred more honour than diſgrace. St. Fal was ſatisfied.

The Duke took Calais from the Engliſh, who had been in poſſeſſion of it upwards of two hundred years, in eight days time, and in the midſt of winter.

The Chancellor of France, Le Tellier, uſed to relate this anecdote of M. de Guiſe:—The Duke was married to a Princeſs of Cleves, a woman of great beauty; and from living in a very gallant court, that of Catherine de Medicis, ſhe was ſuppoſed not to be inſenſible to the paſſion which a handſome young man of the name of St. Maigrin entertained for her. Catherine de Medicis having on ſome particular day invited the principal ladies at the court to a ball and ſupper, at which each of them was to be ſerved by the young noblemen of the court, who were

drank it. The Duke told her again that ſhe muſt drink it; and the Ducheſs, finding all reſiſtance to no purpoſe, ſwallowed the broth. As ſoon as ſhe had done this, he went out of the room, having locked the door after him. In three or four hours afterwards the Duke again paid her a viſit, and, with an affected ſmile upon his countenance, ſaid, "Madam, I am "afraid that you have ſpent your time very "unpleaſantly ſince I left you; I fear too that "I have been the cauſe of this: judge then, "Madam, of all the time that you have made me "paſs as unpleaſantly as this. Take comfort, "however; you have, I aſſure you, nothing "to fear. I am willing to believe, in my turn, "that I have nothing to be apprehenſive of. "But however, in future, if you pleaſe, we will "avoid playing theſe tricks with one an-"other."

The Duke was aſſaſſinated in 1588 by Poltrôt de Maré, a Huguenot, and an enthuſiaſt, who thought that by this horrid action he did ſervice to religion, in violating one of her moſt ſacred laws.

On the day before that on which he was aſſaſſinated by order of his Sovereign, Henry the Third, ſome one put a note under his plate at dinner,

dinner, to inform him of the King's intention. He read the note with great coolneſs; wrote under, with his pencil, "*Il n'oſeroit*, He dare "not do it;" finiſhed his dinner very quietly; and the next morning attended his Sovereign as uſual, when he found too late the truth of the intelligence conveyed to him. The generous King of Navarre, afterwards Henry the Fourth of France, ſaid upon the occaſion, "If Guiſe "had fallen into my hands, I would have "treated him in another manner. Alas!" ſaid he, "why did he not unite himſelf to me, and "then we would have gone together and con-"quered that fine country of Italy?"

The Duke of Guiſe, however, well deſerved the fate he met with. He was in arms againſt his Sovereign; and at the deteſtable day of St. Bartholomew cauſed the brave and virtuous Coligni to be murdered, and afterwards trampled upon his dead body, when it was thrown out of the window by his ſavage orders. Guiſe was brave, magnificent, and generous; three qualities which but too often faſcinate the minds of the maſs of mankind ſo much, that they do not ſufficiently conſider whether they are directed by juſtice and diſcretion.

The laſt Duke of Guiſe gave the Abbé Arnaud the following inſtance of his uncle's extreme readineſs in taking a reſolution, and his firmneſs in executing it:

"The Duke of Guiſe was one evening at " a ball given by Catherine de Medicis at " Paris, and was dancing with a beautiful lady " of rank, with whom he was upon very good " terms, when, taking him aſide, ſhe whiſpered " in his ear, " Upon my word, it is a fine thing " to ſee you amuſe yourſelf here, while your " enemies are getting poſſeſſion of the town " of Meaux from you!" He got out of her " in as few words as poſſible the ſecret of the " enterprize that was carrying on againſt him, " and without appearing to take any notice " of what was told him, ordered one of his " gentlemen to go directly to the Hotel de " Guiſe, and to wait for him there with an " Arabian horſe that could make great expe- " dition. The Duke ſtaid out the ball as if " nothing had happened, returned home, un- " dreſſed himſelf, went to bed, and diſmiſſed " all his attendants. Soon afterwards he got " up, dreſſed himſelf, and by a back ſtair-caſe " reached the private door of his hotel, where " his groom was waiting for him with his horſe,

" as

" as he had ordered. He immediately mount-" ed him, and without a ſingle attendant " reached Meaux, thirty miles diſtant from " Paris, juſt as the gates were opening. He " puſhed on directly to the guard-houſe, and " in a firm tone of voice aſked where ſuch and " ſuch Officers were, whom he named, and " ordered them to be brought before him. A " ſudden murmur immediately riſes among " the ſoldiers. The inhabitants hearing that " M. de Guiſe was arrived, follow him imme-" diately to the market-place, where he ſtops to " harangue them. He then makes all thoſe " perſons lay down their arms who had taken " them up againſt him. He delivers from the " priſons thoſe of his own party, which the " contrary one had thrown into them. In " ſhort, he ſpoke and he menaced with ſo much " *fierté* and dignity, that he made the people " do juſt as he pleaſed; and after having put " every thing upon its antient footing in his " own favour, he returns to Paris with the " ſame ſpeed with which he left it, and appeared " the ſame day at the Louvre, the Court of his " Sovereign in that city, as if he had never " quitted it."

On Princes ſo powerful, and ſo excelling in

courage and in reſource, Charles the IXth might well make this Quatrain:

Le Roi François ne faillît point
Quand il prédit que ceux de Guiſe
Mettroient ſes enfans en pourpoint,
Et tous ſes ſujets en chemiſe.

King Francis in a prophet's ſtrain
Thus paints the race of proud Lorrain;
"These Princes of the Houſe of Guiſe
"Such wond'rous power exert,
"The doublet of my ſons they'll ſeize,
"My ſubjects very ſhirt."

The bodies of the Duke and his brother the Cardinal were refuſed to their mother, by the Monarch who had cauſed them to be murdered: they were conſumed by quick-lime immediately after the aſſaſſination, and were buried in the church of the Dominican Convent at Eu in Normandy; where they are depoſited under two monuments without any inſcription.

The Duke of Guiſe's perſon was ſo majeſtic, that when his ſovereign, Henry the Third, cauſed him to be maſſacred in his preſence, he could not help exclaiming, as he ſaw him lying on the ground, "*Mon Dieu, comme il eſt grand,* "*étant mort!*"

The Duke of Guiſe, on ſetting out upon ſome very dangerous expedition, was deſired by his brother, the Duke of Mayenne, to deliberate maturely before he engaged in it. "Brother," replied he, "be aſſured, that what "I was not able to reſolve on in a quarter of "an hour, I ſhould never reſolve on, if I were "to ſpend my whole life in thinking upon "it."

ANNE, DUC DE MONTMORENCI,

GREAT CONSTABLE OF THE KINGDOM OF FRANCE,

who was Prime Miniſter of France in the reigns of Francis the Firſt and Henry the Second, as well as in thoſe of Francis the Second and Charles the Ninth, preſerved that degree of conſideration which muſt ever be paid to a man of his abilities, and the firſt Chriſtian Baron * of Europe.

* The Genealogiſts pretend that this illuſtrious family is deſcended from Liſbius, the moſt noble and the moſt powerful of the Gauls who inhabited that part of France called L'Iſle de France, and that he was converted to Chriſtianity by St. Denis about the year 245.

Under the reign of Philippe le Bel, about the year 1268, the head of the family of Montmorenci is thus entitled, "*Montmorenci premier Baron Chreſtien de France, premier* "*Seigneur de Montmorenci que Roi en France.*" This made the

Europe. This great man was very unwilling to take up arms againſt the Prince of Condé and the Colignys, to whom he was endeared by the ties of friendſhip as well as thoſe of conſanguinity. He was, however, induced to give way to this meaſure, ſo inimical to his diſpoſition, by the following animated and forcible ſpeech of his wife (Magdaleine de Savoie), of whom he was very fond:

"It is then in vain, Sir, that you have taken "as a motto to your eſcutcheon, the word of "command that your anceſtors always gave at "the onſet of every battle in which they were "engaged *(Dieu aide au premier Chreſtien)*, "if you do not fight with all your energy in "defence of that religion which is now at-"tempted to be deſtroyed. Who then is to "give an example of reſpect and of venera-"tion for the Holy See, if not he who takes "his very name, his arms, his nobility, from the "firſt Baron of France who profeſſed the holy "Religion of Chriſt?"

the celebrated Pere de la Rue ſay in his funeral oration upon the Marechal de Luxemburgh, in ſpeaking of his anceſtors, "*La couronne n'eſt plus ancienne ſur la tête des nos Rois, que la* "*Nobleſſe dans le ſang de ces heros.*—The crown is not more "antient on the head of our Monarchs, than the Nobility "in the blood of theſe heroes."

At

At the age of ſeventy, Montmorenci took the command of the army which Charles the Ninth ſent againſt the Huguenots in the plain of St. Denis. In ſpite of the ſuſpicions of his fidelity which Charles and Catharine de Medicis, without any reaſon, had entertained of him, the Huguenots were defeated. The Conſtable, after having performed prodigies of valour, after having received ſeveral wounds in his hands and his face, broke his ſword in the body of one of the enemy's dragoons; and as if indignation and deſpair had added to his courage, he ſtill fought with the exertions and vigour of a young man. In this ſituation Robert Stuart came up to him, and putting his loaded piſtol to his throat, called out to him to ſurrender. "What, tell me "to ſurrender!" replied the Conſtable, "ſurely "you do not know me."—"It is then be- "cauſe I know you," ſaid Stuart, "that I "give you this." On the inſtant he fired his piſtol, the charge of which the venerable Warrior received in his ſide; then recovering himſelf, though mortally wounded, he gave Stuart ſo violent a blow with the pommel of his ſword in his face, that he broke three of his teeth: each of them at the ſame inſtant fell from his horſe, the Conſtable in a ſwoon, and dying. Montmorenci, ſoon recovering from his fainting fit, aſked thoſe who ſurrounded him,

him, how the engagement was going on; and on being told that the King's army was maſter of the field, and that the engagement had been (as one might ſay) fatal only to himſelf, he returned his thanks to the God of Battles, and begged them to quit him, and not, on his account, leave the victory imperfect. Then addreſſing himſelf to M. de Sanzai, a relation of his, and a man of rank, he ſaid, "I am a dead "man; but I bleſs Heaven for permitting me "to die for my Religion, my King, and my "Country. Tell his Majeſty how happy I am "in finding that death, which I have ſo often "ſought in vain in the ſervice of his father "and of his anceſtors." By this time his children and his friends came up to him, and flattered him with the hopes of recovery; but finding himſelf ſtruck with death, he intreated them to let him die on the field of battle. For a long time he reſiſted their intreaties to be carried to Paris; at laſt, not being able any longer to withſtand them, he ſaid, "I conſent then to be "taken to Paris, though under no hopes of "being cured of my wounds, for I am a dead "man; but to ſee once more the King and the "Queen; and to carry to them in my own "perſon, and by means of my wounds, the "ſtrongeſt aſſurances of the fidelity that I have "ever preſerved in their ſervice."

In his laſt moments, while he was ſuffering the moſt excruciating torture from his wounds, a Cordelier exhorted him to patience, and reſignation to the will of Heaven. "Ah! my "good Father," replied the venerable hero, "can you ſuppoſe that a man who has been "able to paſs a life of near eighty years with "honour, cannot tell how to terminate pro-"perly the laſt quarter of an hour of it?"

MARSHAL SEPIER.

"In the time of Charles the Ninth, French "King," ſays Maſter Puttenham, "I being "at the Spaw Waters, there lay a Marſhal of "France, called Monſieur de Sepier, to uſe "thoſe waters for his health; but when the "Phyſitians had all given him up, and that "there was no hope of life in him, came from "the King to him a letters patents of ſix thou-"ſand crowns yearly penſion, with many com-"fortable wordes. The man was not ſo much "paſt remembrance but he could ſay to the "meſſenger, *Trop tard! trop tard!*—Too late! "too late! it ſhould have come before. For "indeede it had been promiſed long, and came "not till now that he could not fare the better "for it."

BARON

BARON D'ADRETS

was, during the celebrated League of France, Governor for the Huguenot Party in the city of Maçon in that kingdom. By way of amuſing ſome French ladies that he had with him at ſupper, he threw headlong from the walls of his caſtle, into the river Saone, the Catholic priſoners that were brought in, tied two together.

D'Aubigné calls him, "*inventeur de tous* "*cruantez, qui bouffonnoit en les exécutant*—an "inventor of all kinds of cruelties, who uſed to "play the buffoon while he was executing "them."

He would ſometimes make his priſoners throw themſelves headlong from the battlements of a high tower upon the pikes of his ſoldiers. One of theſe unfortunate perſons having approached the battlements twice, without venturing to take the dreadful leap, the Baron reproached him with his want of courage in a very inſulting manner. "Why now, Sir," replied the Priſoner, "bold as you are, I would "give you three times before you took the "leap." This pleaſantry ſaved the life of the poor fellow.

This miniſter of cruelty being one day aſked by D'Aubigné, why he made his ſoldiers exerciſe ſuch horrid acts of barbarity, in a manner by no means conſonant to his very great courage, replied, "that when ſoldiers make war "in a reſpectful manner, they carry both their "heads and their hearts too low;—that it was "impoſſible to teach them to put properly at "the ſame time their hands to their ſwords and "to their hats;—and that, in taking from them "all hopes of mercy, they were under the neceſſity of looking for no aſylum but under "the ſhadow of their ſtandards, and of not "expecting to live unleſs they were victo"rious."

ADMIRAL DE COLIGNY.

THE manner of life of this illuſtrious perſonage is thus deſcribed by his antient Biographer:

"As ſoon as the Admiral had quitted his "bed, which, in general, was very early in the "morning, and had wrapped his night-gown "round him, he knelt down, as well as his at"tendants, and made a prayer, after the cuſtom "of the French Huguenot churches; after

"which,

" which, while he was waiting for the time of " the ſermon (which was preached every other " day, accompanied with the ſinging of pſalms), " he gave audience to the Deputies of the " Churches that were ſent to him, and was em- " ployed in public affairs. Occaſionally, he " did buſineſs after the ſermon till dinner- " time.

" When dinner was ready, his houſhold ſer- " vants, except thoſe who were immediately " employed in preparing the neceſſaries of the " table, all waited in the great hall, where, the " table being laid, the Admiral, with his wife " by the ſide of him, ſtood at the top of it: if " there had been no ſermon that morning a " pſalm was ſung, and then the uſual benedic- " tion; which ceremony a great number as " well of German Colonels and Captains as of " French Officers, who were aſked to dine with " him, can bear teſtimony he obſerved, with- " out ever intermitting a ſingle day, not only " in his own houſe, and when he was quiet, " but even while he was with the army. The " cloth taken away, he roſe, as well as his wife " and all his attendants, and either returned " thanks himſelf, or cauſed his chaplain to do " it. And obſerving that ſome of his houſhold " could not regularly attend the prayers in the

"evening, on account of their occupations and "amuſements, he ordered that every one of "them ſhould preſent themſelves in the great "hall after ſupper, and then, after ſinging a "pſalm, a prayer was ſaid.

"The number of the nobility of France, "who in imitation of the Admiral began to "make this religious eſtabliſhment in their "houſhold, was wonderful. He indeed in "perſon very often exhorted them to be re-"ligious; not thinking it enough that a maſter "ſhould live himſelf piouſly and holily, if by "his own example he did not take care that "his ſervants did the ſame. It is certain, that "the virtue and piety of the Admiral made "him ſo extremely reſpected even by thoſe "of the Catholic party, that without the fear "and dread of torments and of maſſacre, the "greateſt part of France would have been con-"verted to the ſame religious opinion and diſ-"cipline.

"When the time for the celebration of the "Lord's Supper approached, he called together "all his houſhold, and repreſented to them that "they muſt not only give an account to God "of their paſt life, but of their paſſions; and he "reconciled thoſe perſons who had been quar-

"relling.

"relling. And if any one of his ſervants did
"not appear to him to be ſufficiently prepared
"to underſtand, and to have a proper venera-
"tion for the Holy Myſtery, he himſelf took
"the pains to inſtruct him; and if he ſaw any
"of them who perſiſted in their evil courſes,
"he uſed to declare openly and before them,
"that he had rather remain alone in his houſe,
"and wait upon himſelf, than keep a ſet of
"wicked ſervants. The Admiral, beſides, had
"ſo high a regard for the diſcipline of the Col-
"leges, and the inſtruction of children, that he
"looked upon them as particular favours from
"Heaven, and uſed to call them ſeminaries of
"the Church, and ſchools of piety. He uſed
"to ſay, that it was ignorance of letters that
"had thrown thick darkneſs not only around
"the State, but around the Church (in which
"the Papal power has taken its riſe and pro-
"greſs, and which has ſo complete an autho-
"rity over the minds of the blind and of the
"bigoted, that it did to them, according to
"the antient Poets, what the God of Wealth
"and of Hell, whom they called *Dis*, did to
"night and to darkneſs) This induced him
"to build, at a great expence, the College of
"Chatillon, in a fine air and ſituation, where
"he ſupported many eminent Profeſſors of the
"Hebrew,

" Hebrew, the Greek, and Latin languages, as " well as many young ſtudents."

The moſt ſtriking proof of M. de Coligny's high integrity and diſintereſtedneſs is, that though, from the great offices and dignities which he filled, he was able to benefit himſelf, and to gain great wealth (as moſt perſons in his ſituation would have done), he never added to his paternal eſtate a ſingle acre of land; and though he was a rigid economiſt, yet, on account of the number of perſons of all ranks who came to him upon public buſineſs, and whom he treated in the moſt hoſpitable manner, ſo as to expend upon them what his own frugal diſpoſition would have laid by, he died greatly in debt, and left a conſiderable mortgage upon his eſtate.

One circumſtance ſhould not be paſſed over in our account of this very excellent man, namely, that incredible union of mind, of affection, and of benevolence, which was ever preſerved between the Admiral and his two brothers, ſo that they really appeared to have but one ſoul amongſt them.

The Admiral was murdered at the age of fifty-five years and a half. He was of a middling

 ſtature,

ſtature, of a ruddy complexion, well proportioned in his limbs, and of a calm and ſerene countenance. His tone of voice was mild and agreeable, but he ſpoke with ſome difficulty. His whole air and his walk were extremely decorous, and exhibited a pleaſing gravity. He drank very little wine, ate very little, and never ſlept more than ſeven hours; and ſince the laſt peace, he never ſuffered a day to paſs over without putting down in writing, in his paper journal, before he went to bed, what things worthy of remembrance had happened during the time of the laſt troubles. His journal being found after his death, and brought to his ſovereign Charles the Ninth, his moſt inveterate enemies could not withhold their admiration of the moderation and of the tranquillity of his mind. After the peace, when he retired to La Rochelle, he uſed to read every day, morning and night, a ſermon of Calvin upon the Book of Job; telling his friends, that the hiſtory of that patient ſufferer was his conſolation and general remedy in all his calamities.

"*La Vie de Meſſire* GASPAR DE COLIGNY, *&c.*
"*Amſterdam*, MDCXXXIII, 4to."

The Admiral, like all wiſe and good men, was extremely unwilling to ſeek that redreſs by arms,

arms, which the goodneſs of his cauſe demanded. "With great difficulty," ſays D'Aubigné in his Hiſtory, "could he be prevailed upon to "mount his horſe, and join his brothers, who "were waiting for him. This experienced "Captain," adds D'Aubigné, "had combated "the reaſons that had been given for having "recourſe to the dreadful expedient of taking "arms againſt the Sovereign, and there remain"ed no hopes of overcoming his ſcruples, when "a circumſtance happened, which I will give "to poſterity, not as an epiſode well ſuited to "Poets only, but as a truth which I have learn"ed from thoſe who were concerned in it. In "the evening after the laſt converſation that "the Admiral had upon the ſubject, he went "as uſual to bed with his wife, a Princeſs of "the Houſe of Savoy, a zealous Proteſtant, "but was ſoon awakened by her ſobs and la"mentations, when ſhe thus addreſſed him:

"It is, Sir, with extreme regret that I diſturb "your reſt by my uneaſineſs; but the mem"bers of Chriſt being torn as we now ſee them, "and we belonging to that his ſacred body, "which of us can remain inſenſible to this ca"lamity? You, Sir, do not feel them leſs "than I do; but you can, by your ſuperior "ſtrength of mind, conceal them better. Can

 "you

"you be angry with the dear and faithful "partner of your joys and of your cares? Act "with as much opennefs as refpect. She fheds "her tears and eafes her mind upon your "breaft. We here are remaining at our eafe, "while the bodies of our brethren, flefh of our "flefh, and bone of our bone, are fome of them "detained in dungeons, many of them ftrewn "about the fields, at the mercy of the dogs and "of the ravens. My breaft has become a tomb "to me fince they have no fepulture. Thefe "fheets reproach me, becaufe they have no "fhroud. Can we fleep fo found then, as not "to hear the dying groans of our brethren? "Should I here bring to your remembrance "the prudential reafons with which you ftop-"ped the mouths of your brothers? Would "you with equal fuccefs take out their hearts, "and let them remain equally without courage "as without a power of anfwering your ob-"jections? I am afraid that this wifdom of "yours is the wifdom of the children of this "world, and that to be fo wife toward man is "to be foolifh before God, who has given you "the fcience of a great warrior. Can you "then, in confcience, refufe to make ufe of "thofe great military qualities with which he "has endowed you, in favour of his own chil-"dren? You have occafionally confeffed to

"me,

" me, that this gift of Heaven has ſometimes
" arouſed your mind. It is the interpreter of
" the will of God. Are you afraid, then, that
" God ſhould impute a crime to you, if you
" obey it? The ſword of a Knight which
" you wear, was it given to you to oppreſs ſtill
" more the oppreſſed, or to reduce the power
" of the tyrants? You have often owned the
" juſtice of going to war with them. Can then
" your ſtout heart quit your deſire of doing
" what is right, from fear of failing in the at-
" tempt? It is God himſelf alone that hebe-
" tates and diſpirits thoſe perſons who reſiſt his
" commands under pretence of ſparing blood.
" He knows well that ſoul which is willing to
" deſtroy itſelf, and that which is anxious to
" ſave itſelf. I, Sir, have at my heart the great
" quantity of blood that our friends have loſt.
" This blood, and your own, will cry out in this
" very bed to Heaven toward God againſt you,
" and you will be deemed the murderer of all
" thoſe whoſe murders you do not prevent.

" Coligny replied: Since I find to my ſor-
" row, my dear wife, that I have availed no-
" thing by all my arguments of this night
" upon the vanity of popular inſurrections;
" upon the uncertain beginnings of a party not
" yet formed; the difficulty of an attempt not

 " only

"only againſt Monarchs, but againſt the poſſeſ-
"ſors of a kingdom whoſe roots lie deep in the
"ground of ages; ſo many perſons intereſted in
"its preſervation; no proſpect of an attack
"from without; but a general peace juſt con-
"cluded, and in its very firſt bloom, and, what
"is worſe, made with our neighbours, who are
"joined together to ruin us; add then, the de-
"fection of the King of Navarre and the Con-
"ſtable from our party, ſo much power on the
"ſide of our enemies, and ſo much weakneſs on
"ours; and if all theſe circumſtances taken to-
"gether will make no impreſſion upon your
"mind, put your hand upon your heart, ſound
"the inmoſt receſſes of your conſcience, and
"then tell me, if you think you can ſupport
"numberleſs defeats; the calumnies of your
"own party, as well as thoſe of your enemies;
"the reproaches that mankind are but too often
"apt to make, who judge of every event by
"the ſucceſs of it; the treachery of your own
"friends; flight, baniſhment; the fury of the
"Engliſh, the violence of the Germans; diſ-
"grace, ſhame, nakedneſs, hunger, difficult
"enough to bear when happening to yourſelf,
"but when happening to your children rendered
"inſupportable. Feel, then, within yourſelf,
"how you can bear to die by the hands of the
"executioner, after having firſt beheld your
"huſ-

" hufband dragged along the ftreets, and ex-
" pofed to the infults of the multitude; and, to
" clofe all, to fee your children made the def-
" picable flaves of your enemies, who have
" rifen into confequence by your defeats and
" calamities. I give you three weeks to con-
" fider all this, my dear wife, and when you
" have fteadily made up your mind to it, I
" will go and perifh with you and with your
" friends.

" Madame de Coligny inftantly replied:
" Thefe three weeks are already paffed with me.
" Your courage will never be conquered by
" that of your enemies. Exert it then, im-
" mediately, and do not oblige me to lay upon
" your head the lives of all thofe that fhall die
" in thefe three weeks. I fummon you, then,
" in the name of the Moft High, to deprive us
" no longer of your efforts. If you delay any
" longer, I fhall be a witnefs againft you in the
" dreadful day of judgment."

Coligny immediately joined his brothers; and the wars between the Catholics and the Proteftants of France commenced, which ended in the treacherous pacification of 1571. Coligny, with the reft of the heads of his party, came to Paris, where they were treated with fuch ex-

treme kindneſs by Charles the Ninth and the Catholic party, that one of the Admiral's Officers begged leave to be permitted to retire from Paris. Coligny, whoſe own honeſty and openneſs of character ever rendered him unſuſpecting, aſked the Officer if he had loſt his wits, to deſire to go away at ſuch a time. "Alas, Sir," replied he, "I had rather ſave my life with "ſimpletons like myſelf, than loſe it with wiſe "men like you! Our new friends here are "too civil by half to us. I fear ſome miſchief, "and wiſh I could prevail upon you to have "the ſame apprehenſion." Coligny, however, remained, and, a few days before the deteſtable maſſacre of St. Bartholomew, was wounded in the hand and in the arm by a ſhot from a muſquet, as he was on his way to viſit the King at the Louvre. The wound was not dangerous, and Charles and his Mother, Catherine de Medicis, behaved on the occaſion with ſo much appearance of kindneſs and affection (the King occaſionally calling the Admiral by the endearing name of Father), that no ſuſpicion continued in his mind. Early, however, in the morning of the day of St. Bartholomew, the Admiral and his attendants were awakened by a great noiſe at the door of the apartments in which they were lodged. He immediately, ſuſpecting miſchief, roſe out of bed, put on his night-

night-gown, and ordered his chaplain to pray, himſelf following the prayers with loud ſighs, and recommending his life to God, which he had merely lent him for his honour. Some one who had ſeen Beſme and his ſoldiers at the door, came running into the room to tell the Admiral what was the matter; adding, "It is God that "calls us to him; the houſe is forced, and "there is no poſſibility of reſiſtance."—"I "have been expecting death a long time ſince," replied the Admiral. "The reſt of you will "endeavour to get away, if you can: every ef- "fort that you can make to ſave my life is in "vain. I commend it into the hands of Him "who gave it to me; do you make what haſte "you can, and get away." The Admiral then, with a countenance of the moſt placid ſerenity, and in an attitude of the greateſt dignity, ſeated himſelf in an arm-chair, expecting the entrance of the aſſaſſins. Beſme came in firſt, and not knowing the Admiral, whom he ſaw ſeated, aſked him if he was the Admiral. In a firm tone of voice Coligny anſwered, "I am he: "but, young man, reſpect my gray hairs, and "my advanced age." Beſme, making no reply, ſtruck him upon the head with his ſword, and his ſoldiers diſpatched him with many wounds in different parts of his body. They then threw the body out of the window into the court-

yard,

yard. The Duke of Guiſe, coming ſoon afterwards, wiped off the blood from the face, to ſee whether it was that of the Admiral, and then gave the body a violent kick with his foot. The mob of Paris next ruſhed in, took the body of the Admiral, tied it to the heels of an aſs, and afterwards hung it up for three days on the common gallows of Paris; from whence it was taken down by ſome of his friends, mangled and covered with every mark of indignity, and conveyed to his daughter the Princeſs of Orange, who with filial piety collected every relick of ſo valuable a depoſit, and placed them in a ſmall ſarcophagus of black marble, on which ſhe cauſed to be engraven the following inſcription, written by the learned Joſeph Scaliger:

D. O. M.

SACRVM

ET

MEMORIÆ GASPARIS A COLIGNIACO, COMITIS COLIGNIACI, DOMINI CASTILIONI, EQVITIS TORQVATI REGIS, TVRMÆ CENTVM EQVITUM CATAPHRACTOR, PRÆFECTI, MAGNI FRANCIÆ AMIRALI, CIVIS MEMORIA, PER VIM OPPRESSI, IN INTEGRVM SECVNDVM AMPLISSIMI ORDINIS CONSVLTVM RESTITVTA EST, OPTIMI FORTISS. PROVIDENTISQ. DVCIS, PVRÆ RELIGIONIS VINDICIS, AC PROPAGATORIS, QVI INSTINCTV PIETATIS ATQVE ANIMI MAGNITVDINE, ARMIS PRO ASSERENDA RELIGIONE AC LIBERTATE PATRIÆ

PATRIÆ SVMPTIS, ADVERSVS EOS QVI REMPVB. FACTIONIBVS SVIS OPPRIMEBANT, BORBONITOR. REGII SANGVINIS PRINCIPVM CHRISTIANISS. FRANCOR. REGIS MAIESTATEM DEFENDENTIVM AVSPICIIS, EXIGVA MANV, VIRTVTE INCOMPARABILI NVMEROSOS HOSTIVM CVNEOS SÆPE FVDIT, FVGAVIT, PROFLIGAVIT. AC POST TOT FOEDERATOR. HOMINVM INVSITATE PERFIDIÆ EXEMPLA, TOTIESQ. BELLVM OBSTINATISS. EORVM FEROCIA REPARATVM, TANDEM ILLOS IN PACIS CONDITIONES DESCENDERE COMPVLIT, VNDE AMPLIFICATO TOTA GALLIA VERÆ RELIGIONIS CVLTV, POST RES BENE ARMIS EIVS AC CONSILIIS GESTAS, ET REPVB. PACATA, QVI VIM FACTIOSOR. TOTIES APERTO MARTE FREGERAT, EORVM INSIDIAS, AC CLANDESTINAS INOPINATÆ PERFIDIÆ MOLITIONES, HOMO SALVTIS PATRIÆ QVAM SVÆ AMANTIOR DECLINARE NON POTVIT. CVIVS ANIMA APVD EVM PRO QVO CONSTANTISS. PVGNAVIT, RECEPTA EST; OSSA AVTEM IN SPEM RESVRRECTIONIS HIC SITA SUNT.

A. Ω.

LVDOVICA WILLELMI ARAVSIONENSIVM
PRINCIPIS VIDVA,
PATRIS PIENTISS. TITVLVM
MEMORIÆ
P. C.

The Duke of Alençon, brother of Charles IX. was much attached to the Admiral. After the murder of Coligny, his will was carried to the King, who, on reading it, and finding it contain

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an article of advice to him, in which he recommended to him not to ſuffer his brother to be either too powerful or too rich, turned to the Duke of Alençon, and ſaid, "So this, then, is "your good friend! See how kind he is to "you,"—"I do not know, Sire," replied the Duke nobly, "how much he was my friend, "but his advice ſhews how much he was "yours." So obſerved the Ambaſſador of England, to whom the King ſaid, that Coligny had adviſed him never to truſt England. "He "might, Sire, have been a bad Engliſhman, "perhaps, but I am ſure that he was a good "Frenchman."

In ſome engagement Coligny was dangerouſly wounded. His friends coming about him, and lamenting the ſtate in which they found him, he ſaid, "Alas! my friends, ſhould not the "profeſſion which we follow make us as care-"leſs of death as of life?"

The Admiral adviſed his daughter to marry Teligny, one of the moſt accompliſhed men of the Court of France at that time, for the good and excellent qualities that he had obſerved in him. "I give him to you," ſays he, "to ſe-"cure for you contentment and happineſs in "marriage, which you will find of more im-

" portance in that ſituation than either riches
" or power, I aſſure you."

Four days before the murder of Coligny, he thus wrote to his wife:

" My dear and beloved Wife,

" THE nuptials of the King's ſiſter and the
" King of Navarre have been celebrated to-day,
" and the three or four days afterwards will be
" ſpent in balls, entertainments, maſquerades,
" and tournaments. After this, the King has
" promiſed to give me a day, on which he is to
" hear what I have to tell him reſpecting the
" violation of the late edict of pacification;
" upon which I am now very buſy. For al-
" though I have a very great deſire to ſee you,
" yet I think we ſhould both be extremely ſorry
" if there was any defect of activity and dili-
" gence on my part. This delay, I hope, will
" not keep me here above ten days longer.
" If I attended only to my own ſatisfaction, it
" would be much more agreeable to me to be
" with you than to ſtay at Court, for reaſons
" which I will tell you when I ſee you. But it
" is one's duty to pay more regard to public
" conſiderations than to thoſe of pleaſure or of
" intereſt. I have many other things to tell

"you, as ſoon as I ſee you; which, I aſſure "you, I wiſh continually, both night and day, "to be able to do. At preſent all that I can "tell you is, that at four o'clock in the after-"noon of this day the maſs for the nuptials was "ſaid, during which time the King of Navarre, "with ſome Gentlemen of our religion, who "had followed that Prince, walked about in "the court-yard near the church. There are "many other circumſtances, beſides, which I "reſerve to tell you at our next meeting: in "the mean time, my dear and beloved wife, I "pray God to have you in his keeping."

"Paris, 18th Auguſt 1572."

"Theſe three days paſt, I have been tor-"mented with a flatulent and nephritic colic, "which, God be thanked, laſted only eight or "ten hours, and from which I am at preſent "by the ſame goodneſs delivered; and I aſſure "you, that in this croud of banquets and of "ſhows I ſhall be troubleſome to no perſon. "Farewell, then, once more!

"Your affectionate huſband,

"Chastillon."

MORVILLIERS,

KEEPER OF THE SEALS.

This high-minded Magiſtrate was ordered by his Sovereign (Charles the Ninth) to put the ſeals to the pardon of a Nobleman who had committed a murder. He refuſed. The King took the ſeals out of his hands, and having put them himſelf to the inſtrument of remiſſion, returned them immediately to Morvilliers, who refuſed to take them again; adding, "The ſeals have twice put me in a ſituation of "great honour; once, when I received them; "and again, when I reſigned them."

After the execrable day of St. Bartholomew, Charles the Ninth was inclined to throw all the odium of that deteſtable tranſaction upon the Houſe of Guiſe; but was prevented by the ſuggeſtions of Morvilliers, who told him, that by acting thus he would conciliate the affections of the Catholics to the Duke of Guiſe and the Cardinal of Lorraine, inſtead of preſerving them entirely to himſelf. Charles took the advice, and immediately ordered a *procès* to be inſtituted againſt the dead body of the venerable Admiral de Coligny, as againſt that of a heretic and a rebel.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

HENNUYER,

BISHOP OF LISIEUX.

THE Maſſacre of St. Bartholomew was not confined to the Capital of France; orders were ſent to the moſt diſtant Provinces to deſtroy all the Proteſtants in them. When the Governor of the Province brought Hennuyer the order, he oppoſed it with all his power, and cauſed a formal act of his oppoſition to be entered on the Regiſters of the Province. Charles IX. when remorſe had taken place in his mind, was ſo far from diſapproving of what this excellent Prelate had done, that he gave him the greateſt praiſes for his clemency; and the Proteſtants flocked together in numbers to abjure their religion at the feet of this good and kind Shepherd, whoſe gentleneſs affected them more than the commands of the Sovereign and the violence of the soldiers.

VICONTE D'ORTE

was Governor of Bayonne in the reign of Charles the Ninth, and received the ſame infamous orders from his Sovereign reſpecting the Hugue-

nots,

nots, which were ſent to the Biſhop of Liſieux, and behaved in the ſame noble and generous manner. He wrote to the King in theſe terms:

"Sire,

"I HAVE communicated your Majeſty's letter "to the Garriſon and to the Inhabitants of this "Town. I have been able to find among "them only brave Soldiers and good Citizens; "not a ſingle Executioner."

DUC DE MONTPENSIER.

BRANTOME, who ſeems to have been a good-humoured fellow, like a true Frenchman, mentions *en plaiſantant* this horrid account of the barbarities of Montpenſier, who was General of an army ſent againſt the Huguenots or Proteſtants:

"Whenever a male Huguenot priſoner was "brought to him, he ſaid with a ſmiling coun- "tenance, You are a Huguenot, my friend? "I recommend you to M. Babelot. This "Monſieur Babelot," adds Brantôme, "was

" a Cordelier, a learned man, who took good " care of his maſter's conſcience, and was al- " ways near him. To this perſonage then the " poor priſoner was brought, and after a few " queſtions put to him, was condemned to " death, and executed immediately. When " the priſoner chanced to be a woman, a " maiden, young and handſome, the Duke ſaid " merely to her, I recommend you to my " ſtandard-bearer; take her to him. This " ſtandard-bearer was a certain M. de Mon- " toiron, of the antient houſe of Archbiſhop " Turpin, who bore the ſame name; a very " fine Gentleman, ſtout and tall." The indecencies that the female priſoners afterwards ſuffered from this M. Montoiron, were very horrible, and Brantôme diſcuſſes them with a very diſguſting levity. Some ſhameful and diſgraceful inſtances of the ſame cool and deliberate cruelty, cruelty unprovoked by any ebullition of paſſion or ſuddenneſs of reſentment, but the effect of wanton malignity and fiend-like barbarity, are to be met with in the firſt book of Sully's Memoirs, ſtill (if poſſible) more forcibly proving Voltaire's aſſertion reſpecting his countrymen, "*Je vois des Singes qui agacent les " Tigres.*"

NOSTRADAMUS.

Of the great eaſe with which any pretended prophecy may be applied to an event, the following inſtances of the applications that have been made from the prophecies of Noſtradamus evince. In one of his Quatrains (for in that form his oracles are given) he ſays, "*Les Oliviers croîtront en Angleterre.*" That, ſay his interpreters, alludes to the ſeizure of the ſupreme power in England by Oliver Cromwell.

When the French took the city of Aras * from the Spaniards, under Louis XIII. after a very long and moſt deſperate ſiege, it was remembered that Noſtradamus had ſaid,

> *Les anciens crapauds prendront Sara.*
> The ancient toads ſhall Sara take.

This line was then applied to that event in this very round-about manner: *Sara* is *Aras* backward. By the ancient toads were meant the French, as that Nation formerly had for its armorial bearings three of theſe odious reptiles, inſtead of the three flowers de luce which it now bears.

* Arras was anciently ſpelt *Aras*.

Noſtradamus was more lucky than uſual in one of his Quatrains, which was applied to the death of Henry the Second of France, killed at a tournament by Montgomery; the lance piercing his eye through his golden vizor *.

Le Lion jèune le vieux ſurmontera
En champ bellique par ſingulier duel,
Dans cage d'or les yeux lui crevera.
Deux plaies une, puis mourir : mort cruelle.

The elder lion ſhall the young engage,
And him in ſtout and ſingle combat ſlay:
Shall put his eyes out in a golden cage,
One wound in two. How ſad to die in ſuch a way!

This ſuppoſed prediction gained him great credit, and many perſons of conſequence viſited him in his retreat at Salons en Provence, to conſult him reſpecting their fortunes: amongſt

* "When I was in France," ſays Lord Bacon, "I "heard from one Dr. Pena, that the Queen-Mother (Ca-"therine de Medicis, who was given to curious arts) cauſed "the King her huſband's nativity to be calculated under "a falſe name, and the Aſtrologer gave a judgment, that "he ſhould be killed in a duel. At which the Queen "laughed, thinking her huſband to be above challenges "and duelling; but he was ſlain upon a courſe at tilt, the "ſplinters of the ſtaff of Montgomery going in at his "beaver." *Of Prophecies, Eſſay* 35.

other

other perſons who were guilty of that folly and of that wickedneſs, were Emanuel Duke of Savoy and his Ducheſs, and his own Sovereign Charles the Ninth. Charles made him a very conſiderable preſent in money, ſettled a penſion upon him, and made him his phyſician in ordinary, Noſtradamus having been originally bred to the profeſſion of medicine.

The family of Noſtradamus had been a Jewiſh family. He pretended to be of the tribe of Iſſachar; becauſe it is ſaid in the Chronicles, "that there ſhall come learned men from the "ſons of Iſſachar, who know all times *."

Noſtradamus died at Salons in 1566. Jodelle the Poet made this diſtich upon the Prophet:

Noſtra damus cùm falſa damus, nam fallere noſtrum eſt;
Et cùm falſa damus, nil niſi noſtra damus.

* "My judgment is, that they (modern prophecies) "ought all to be deſpiſed, and ought to ſerve but as "winter-talk by the fire-ſide. Though, when I ſay de-"ſpiſed, I mean it as for belief; for otherwiſe, the "ſpreading or publiſhing of them is in no ſort to be "deſpiſed, for they have done much miſchief. And I "ſee many ſevere laws made to ſuppreſs them." BACON, *Eſſay* 35.

 The

The following Quatrain of Noſtradamus was applied to James the Second, on the arrival of the Prince of Orange at the Revolution.

Celui qui la principaute
Tiendra par grande cruaute,
A la fin verra grande phalange
Porter coup de feu tres dangereux.
Par accord pourra faire mieux
Autrement, boira ſuc d'Orange.

He who the Britiſh empire's reins
By force and cruelty maintains,
Shall in his turn each horror feel,
The blaſting fire, th' avenging ſteel.
Then let him with his foe agree,
And ſave the land from miſery,
Or to his lips the Orange juice
Shall poiſon's fatal ills produce.

Noſtradamus drew horoſcopes and calculated nativities. Gaſſendi (who had in early life believed in Aſtrology), when he paſſed through Salons in Provence, the place where Noſtradamus lived, had the curioſity (as he tells us in his Letters) to examine the nativity which this pretended Prophet had calculated of the father of the principal Magiſtrate of the place, when he found that all the principal events of his life had taken place in the exact contrary manner to that in which they had been predicted. He was to have an increaſe of fortune

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from a ſtranger to his family, and he never had any fortune but that which his father had left him; he was to be a great traveller, and he had never quitted his native province; he was to fight a duel, and he never had a ſerious quarrel with any perſon in his life.

CHANCELIER DE L'HOPITAL.

WHO could have imagined that this rugged and inflexible magiſtrate would have amuſed his leiſure with writing Latin verſes to ſatirize the ladies of his time who did not ſuckle their own children? His poem on this ſingular ſubject is addreſſed to the celebrated Jean Morel. Some of the lines may be thus tranſlated:

Can Nature, like a ſtep-mother, deny
The lacteal balm, the tender babe's ſupply?
Indulgent parent! from her copious ſtores
The food of helpleſs infant life ſhe pours;
To thoſe vain females niggardly alone,
Whoſe pride and luxury her powers diſown.
Obſerve the ſavage tyrants of the field,
They to th' unnatural mother leſſons yield.
Does the fierce lioneſs, of horrid glare,
Neglect her ſavage charge, her riſing care;
And her young offspring, with obdurate heart,
To her fell neighbour's purchas'd care impart?

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The poem is a long one, and contains many as fine and as ſtrong ſentiments as thoſe juſt quoted. The late excellent Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh has, in his very ingenious and entertaining "Comparative View of the State and "Faculties of Man with thoſe of the Animal "World," ſhewn it to be no leſs the intereſt than the duty of the mother (unleſs her ſtate of health prevent it) to ſuckle her own child. She procures greater health and ſpirits, as well as greater beauty, by the operation; and, adds he, "another great inconveniency attending the "neglect is, the depriving women of that interval of reſpite and of eaſe which nature intended for them between child-bearings. "A woman who does not nurſe, has naturally "a child every year: this greatly exhauſts the "conſtitution, and brings on the infirmities of "old age before their time. A woman who "nurſes her child, has an interval of a year and "a half or two years betwixt her children, in "which the conſtitution has time to recover "its vigour."

The Chancellor de l'Hôpital's Latin Poems are in one vol. folio, 1585, and in one vol. octavo, 1732. Of this great magiſtrate's ſimple manner of living Brantôme gives this account:

"Il

"Il me depêcha bientôt & nous fit dîner "tres bien du bouilli ſeulement (car c'étoit ſon "uſage). Devant le diner ce n'étoit que beaux "diſcours & belles ſentences & quelquefois "auſſi de gentils mots pour rire."

L'Hôpital uſed to ſay of thoſe perſons who piqued themſelves upon never refuſing any thing, "that they had one quality at leaſt in "common with a young prodigal, and with a "woman of looſe conduct."

LE PRESIDENT DE THOU.

THE illuſtrious Thuanus ſaid, that on his mentioning one day to his Father, Chriſtopher de Thou, Firſt Preſident of the Parliament of Paris, ſomething relating to the infamous and cruel maſſacre of St. Bartholomew, he ſtopped him ſhortly, exclaiming from Statius,

"*Excidat illa dies ævo, nec poſtera credant*
"*Sæcula; nos certè taceamus, et obruta multâ*
"*Nocte tegi propriæ patiamur crimina gentes.*"

"O may that day, the ſcandal of the age,
"Be ever blotted from the hiſtoric page!
"May the kind Fates in Night's obſcureſt veil
"Cover each record of the horrid tale;
"And hide, in mercy, from all future times
"Our nation's cruelty, our nation's crimes!"

MONTAGNE.

WHEN Montagne's Travels were found in MS. a few years ago, in a cheſt at his chateau in the province of Perigord, much was expected from them. They have been lately publiſhed, and contain nothing but the hiſtory of his diſorders, and of the effects of the ſeveral mineral waters he tried upon them. One paſſage in them however, when he comes to ſpeak of Rome, is very ſublime. His obſervations, in general, he dictated to his Secretary, who makes his maſter ſpeak in the third perſon. They were together at Rome in the year 1580: "On
" ne voit rien de Rome que le Ciel, ſans le-
" quel elle avoit été aſſiſe, & la plant de ſon
" gîte; que cette ſcience qu'on en avoit étoit
" une ſcience abſtraite & de contemplation,
" de laquelle il n'avoit rien qui tombât ſous les
" ſens. Ceux qui diſoient qu'on y voyoit les
" ruines de Rome en diſoient trop, car les
" ruines d'une ſi epouvantable machine rappor-
" teroient plus d'honneur & de reverence à ſa
" memoire; ce n'étoit rien que ſon ſepulture.
" Le monde ennemi de ſa longue domination
" avoit premierement briſé & fracaſſé toutes
" les pieces de ce corps admirable; & parce-
" qu'encore tout mort, renverſé & defiguré, il

" lui

" lui faiſoit horreur, il en avoit enſeveli la ruine " même."

Montagne has been falſely accuſed of want of religion. On finding himſelf in the agonies of death, he ſent to ſome of his neighbours to pray with him, and to attend the ceremony of maſs in his chamber. At the inſtant of the elevation of the hoſt, he with a tranſport of devotion raiſed himſelf out of his bed upon his knees, and died in the act of adoring that ſacred myſtery of the Catholic church.

Montagne appears to have poſſeſſed a mind highly ſuſceptible of the power of friendſhip. His letter giving an account of the death of his learned friend Etienne de la Boetie, is a very pathetic narrative. Montagne, at the deſire of his father, tranſlated from the Latin Sebonde's Natural Theology. He dedicates his tranſlation to his father, and, with a filial reſpect not very common, calls him every where in the dedication *Monſeigneur*.

Cardinal de Perron uſed to call Montagne's Eſſays " *Le Breviaire des Honnêtes Gens*." The ſeverer Huet entitles them " *Le Breviaire* " *des Pareſſeux*." The peeviſh Scaliger cries out, " What is it to the world in general, " whether

"whether Montagne loves red or white wine "beſt?" Yet in ſpite of this ſarcaſm of that great ſcholar, whatever Montagne relates about himſelf comes home to the buſineſs and boſom of every lover of nature and obſerver of the human character. To his Eſſays may be applied from Horace,

"*Ille velut fidis arcana ſodalibus olim*
"*Credebat libris: neque, ſi malè ceſſerat uſquam*
"*Decurrens aliò, neque ſi benè, quo fit ut omnis*
"*Votivâ pateat veluti deſcripta tabellâ*
"*Vita ſenis*———"

Montagne, whom no one can ſuſpect of prejudice or bigotry, or of attachment to any thing merely becauſe it is eſtabliſhed, ſpeaking of Kings, ſays, with his uſual good humour and good ſenſe, "We owe duty and obedience to "Kings; for that regards their office. Eſteem "and affection we owe to them when they are "perſons of virtue. Let us make the ſacrifice "for the ſake of political order, to bear with "them with patience, even when they are unworthy of their high office. For the ſame "reaſon let us conceal their failings, and make "the moſt we can even of their indifferent "actions, as long as we ſhall have occaſion for "their ſupport."

Though

Though always talking and thinking about his health, Montagne affected univerfally to ridicule the profeffors of medicine. He ufed to fay of them, " that they know more of " Galen than of their patients. Yet," added he, " let them live by our follies; they are not " the only perfons who do fo." To fome hypochondriacal friend of his he faid, " Get your " phyfician to order you a medicine for your " head; it will do you more fervice there than " when applied to the ftomach."

" Cowardice," fays Montague very well, in one of his Effays, " is the mother of cruelty. " Courage," adds he, " that I mean which " oppofes itfelf only to refiftance,

nec nifi bellantis gaudet cervice juvenci,

" ftops when it fees the enemy at its mercy. " But cowardice," continues the acute Gafcon, " to fhew that it can alfo do its part, not having been able to figure in the firft rank, " takes its part in the fecond, which is blood " and flaughter. The murders attendant upon " victories are generally committed by the " loweft clafs of the army, and by thofe that " have the care of the baggage. And what " caufes fuch unheard-of cruelties in all civil " wars is, that the populace, to fhew its bravery

" and

" and its military ſkill, ſteeps itſelf in blood up " to the elbows, and tears to pieces even the " body that lies proſtrate at its feet."

" I, in conjunction with the Baron of Caupene," ſays this entertaining Writer, " had " the patronage of a benefice at the foot of " one of our Gaſcon mountains, in a country " of conſiderable extent. The inhabitants of " this ſpot, like thoſe of the Valley Angrougne, " lived after a manner of their own, and were " governed by certain laws and regulations " which had been received from father to ſon, " and to which they conſented to pay obe- " dience, from the reverence they had to " eſtabliſhed cuſtom. This little diſtrict was, " from time immemorial, in ſo happy a " ſituation, that none of the neighbouring " Judges had ever taken the trouble to decide " any of their cauſes. No lawyer had ever " been employed to conſult with them; no " ſtranger had ever been called in to ſettle " their diſputes; nor was any inhabitant ever " known to be reduced to aſk alms. They " avoided very ſcrupulouſly all connections " with the other parts of France, to keep their " minds in the utmoſt ſtate of purity; until " ſome time ſince, in the memory of the fa- " thers of the preſent generation, it unluckily

" happened

" happened that one of the natives took it into " his head to breed up his ſon as a lawyer, " having had him taught to write in a neigh- " bouring village. This youth being now be- " come a perſon of conſequence in his own " eyes, began to diſdain the old cuſtoms of " the diſtrict, and to put into the heads of its " inhabitants high notions of the magnificence " that took place around them. One of the " inhabitants having had a goat purloined from " him, he adviſed him to apply for juſtice to " the royal Judges that were neareſt to him; " and thus he went on till he had deſtroyed all " the antient ſimplicity of his countrymen. " At the tail of this innovation, the inhabi- " tants ſay, there happened one of much more " fatal conſequence, by means of a phyſician, " who unluckily for them took it into his " head to marry a young woman of their vil- " lage, and live amongſt them. He began " with teaching them that there were ſuch " things as fevers, rheums, and impoſthumes, " and in what part of the human body the " heart, the liver, and the inteſtines were " placed, of which till then they had remained " in perfect ignorance; and inſtead of garlick, " with which they had been accuſtomed to " cure all their diſeaſes, however violent and " dangerous, he ordered them for a cough or

" an

" an indigeſtion ſome ſtrange foreign mixtures, " and began to make a trade not only of " their healths but of their lives. They ſwear, " that until his time they never obſerved that " being out at night in the dew gave them " head-achs, that it was unwholeſome to drink " any thing warm, or that the winds of au- " tumn were more unwholeſome than thoſe of " the ſpring; that ſince their making uſe of " the medicines introduced by him, they have " been beſet with a whole legion of diſeaſes, " to which they had never been accuſtomed; " and that they perceive a general falling-off " of their antient vigour of conſtitution, as well " as that their lives are ſhortened by one half " at leaſt."

" There is no nation," adds Montagne, " which has not exiſted for ſeveral ages with- " out the knowledge of the art of medicine. " Phyſicians were not known in the firſt ages, " that is to ſay, in the beſt, the moſt happy " times, and even the tenth part of the world " does not make uſe of them. The Romans " were ſix hundred years without them; and, " after having tried them for ſome time, diſ- " miſſed them from their city at the inſtiga- " tion of Cato the Cenſor, who ſhewed at leaſt " how well he could do without them, having

" lived

"lived himſelf eighty-five years, and having "enabled his wife to attain to an extreme "old age without a phyſician, tho' not indeed "without phyſic, for I give that name to every "thing which can contribute to the ſalubrity "of our lives."

The lively old Gaſcon mentions in his Eſſays, that he ſaw three American ſavages at Rouen in France, who viſited that country from curioſity; that they were preſented to Charles the Ninth, who happened to be at Rouen at the time, and were ſhewn every thing curious that the capital of Normandy poſſeſſed, as the Cathedral, the Bridge of Boats, &c. The King ſpoke to them for ſome time by his interpreter; and after they had obſerved the ſplendor of the Court, its manner of living, and the new ſight to them of a fine city, they were aſked what had moſt ſtruck them. "They mentioned "three things," ſays Montagne, "I have forgotten one of them. They ſaid, they were "much aſtoniſhed that ſo many men of large "ſtature (meaning the King's Swiſs Guards), "with large beards, ſtrong, and bearing arms, "ſhould ſubmit to obey a child *, and that "they

* A cotemporary Writer obſerves, that another of the things which ſtruck them was the market-place of Rouen, where

" they did not rather chuſe one from them-
" ſelves to command them. They were next
" aſtoniſhed (as they have a term in their lan-
" guage for men, which is, *counterparts one of*
" *another)* that they had obſerved amongſt us
" men full and gorged (*gorgez*) with all kinds
" of conveniencies, and that their counterparts
" were begging at their doors, dying of hunger
" and poverty; and thought it ſtrange that
" theſe counterparts to each other could ſuffer
" ſuch an injuſtice, and that they did not
" either take them by the throat, or burn their
" houſes."

" I aſked one of them," adds Montagne
" (who appeared to be the chief, and whom
" the ſailors who brought them over called a
" King) what advantage he received from his
" ſuperiority of rank to the reſt of his brethren.
" He replied, that he marched at their head
" when they went to war. I aſked him how
" many men followed him on that occaſion.

where proviſions and all kinds of conveniencies were immediately to be had on a man's taking a piece of metal out of a bag. Here they ſtopped, and failed to obſerve this as the effect of a regular eſtabliſhed government, whilſt they, living free and independent, are reduced to all the miſeries of extemporaneous life, and often die of hunger.

" He

" He replied, pointing to a certain inclosure,
" that there might be as many persons as that
" could contain (about four or five thousand
" perhaps). I then asked him if his authority
" ceased after the war. He replied, that this
" mark of it only remained, that when he
" visited the villages dependent upon his go-
" vernment, they made a road through the
" hedges of their inclosures, that he might
" pass at his ease."

Montagne, in one of his Essays, with great truth calls the imagination " *la Folle du Logis*," that power of the mind which without proper direction serves merely to embarrass and distract the understanding.

" Plutarch," says this excellent Writer, says
" somewhere in his Chapter upon Inequality,
" there is not so great a difference between one
" beast and another, as between one man and
" another. He is speaking of the powers of
" the mind and the internal qualities of man.
" In truth, I find such a distance in point of
" intellect, as I think, between Epaminondas
" and a person who shall be nameless, that I
" would readily go beyond Plutarch, and say
" that there is more difference between those

" two perſons than there is between a parti-
" cular man and a particular beaſt.

" *Hem, Vir Viro quid præſtat!*

" And there are as many different degrees of
" underſtanding in men as there are feet from
" earth to Heaven: nearly without number.

* * * * *

" In truth, except the mere name of King,
" our Kings in France put us very little out
" of our way.

* * * * *

" Indeed, our laws are free enough," adds the honeſt old Gaſcon; " and the weight of
" ſovereignty ſcarcely affects a French Gentle-
" man twice in the whole courſe of his life.
" The eſſential and effectual ſubjection governs
" thoſe only who wiſh to have it affect them,
" and who like to do themſelves honour and to
" enrich themſelves by ſuch ſubjection. For
" the man who likes to keep ſnug by his own
" fire-ſide, and to conduct his affairs without
" quarrelling and without law-ſuits, is as in-
" dependent a being as the Doge of Venice.
" *Paucos ſervitus, plures ſervitutem tenent*:—
" Slavery comes but to few perſons, but many
" perſons come to ſlavery."

PIERRE CHARRON.

Charron's celebrated Treatiſe on Wiſdom is a kind of Commentary on the Eſſays of Montagne. The old Gaſcon was ſo pleaſed with his book and his converſation, that he permitted him to take his name and to bear his arms. The times in which he wrote could ſo ill bear the truths advanced in the "Treatiſe upon "Wiſdom," that he was denounced by the Univerſity of Paris as a man of irreligious principles. His friend the Preſident Jeannin, ſo well known by his negotiations * in Holland, ſaved his book from being condemned, by permitting the ſale of it as a book of politics. The frontiſpiece to the Elzevir edition of Charron's Treatiſe repreſents the Goddeſs of Folly leading mankind by their paſſions.

Charron wrote another Treatiſe, not ſo much read as his Treatiſe upon Wiſdom. It is on the Three Great Truths. In the firſt part he attacks the Atheiſts; in the ſecond he attacks the Pagan and the Mahometan religion; and in the third he defends the doctrines of the Romiſh Church.

* Cardinal Richelieu uſed to call Jeannin's Memoirs of the Negotiations in Holland, the Breviary of Stateſmen.

Charron begins one of his Chapters upon Wiſdom thus: "*Nihil eſt æqualitate inæqualius* *; "There is nothing ſo unequal as equality." There is no hatred ſo great as that which takes place among perſons who are equal to one another. The envy and jealouſy with which equals are poſſeſſed, are the cauſes of troubles, ſeditions, and civil wars. In all Governments there muſt be inequality of rank, but it ſhould be moderate. Harmony itſelf conſiſts not in a complete equality of tones, but in a difference of tones, that ſtill accord one with another.

CARDAN

wrote over the door of his Library theſe words: "*Tempus ager meus*—Time is my eſtate;" that only eſtate which many literary perſons have poſſeſſed, and which they ſhould be permitted to cultivate without interruption. Cardan's

* La Motte begins one of his Odes thus;

> Equality, ſo oft addreſt,
> Canſt thou o'er wretched mortals reign?
> Alas, thou ne'er haſt ſtood the teſt,
> Chimera boaſted but in vain.

idea

idea was thus dilated by the learned Sculter, and inſcribed over the door of his ſtudy:

Amice quiſquis hùc venis,
Aut agita paucis, aut abi,
Aut me laborantem adjuva:

One of three things I here requeſt
Of thoſe my ſtudies who moleſt:
Or to be brief in what they ſay,
Or ſtrait to take themſelves away;
Or in my toil a part to bear,
And aid me with their friendly care.

HENRY THE THIRD,

[1574—1589.]

exhibited great courage at the attack made by the Duke de Mayenne upon the City of Tours. Henry the Fourth, then King of Navarre, who ſtood near him, ſaid, "Sire, I am not aſtoniſh-" ed now, that our people loſt the battles of "Jarnac and Moncontour, ſo fatal to the Hu-" guenot party."—"My brother," replied the King of France, "we ought all to do our "duty. Kings are not more expoſed to "danger than other perſons: balls do not look "out for them more readily than for a com-" mon ſoldier; and I have never heard yet "that

"that a King of France has been killed "by a musquet ball: it will most probably "not begin with me."

On his quitting the Kingdom of Poland to take possession of that of France, a Polish Nobleman said to him, "Sire, if to have in "possession the affections of a whole Nation be "really to reign, where can you reign more ab-"solutely than in Poland? You cannot ex-"pect to find in France, in the present situa-"tion of that kingdom, that which you leave "behind you with us." This speech was but too prophetic of what afterwards happened: he had not long been King of France, before he was assassinated by a Dominican Friar. The wound was not at first thought fatal; and on the day on which he died, during the celebration of Mass in his chamber, the Prince exclaimed, with great devotion, "My Lord and "my God, if my life will be useful to my "people, preserve it! if not, take my soul and "body, and place them in thy Paradise! Thy "will be done!"

"Henry's character of understanding," says Thuanus, "appears incomprehensible; in some "respects above his dignity, in others below "childishness." The Order of the Holy Ghost

was

was inſtituted by Henry; that of St. Michael having been ſo diſgraced by the unworthy perſons who had been decorated with it, that this Sovereign called it, "*Le Collier à toutes Bêtes.*"

DUC D'ALENÇON.

When this Prince, brother to Henry the Third of France, was Lieutenant-General of the Low Countries for a ſmall part of the years 1582 and 1583, the army of his countrymen, as if they intended to finiſh the Feaſt of the Huguenots, as they ſavagely called it, began in the year 1572 by the celebrated Maſſacre of Paris, attacked the town of Antwerp, on the 17th of January 1583, by ſurprize and againſt the faith of agreement, which they pillaged, and put to the ſword many of the Proteſtants of that city. One French Nobleman however, the Duc de Montpenſier, brother-in-law to William Prince of Orange, who was preſent at it, told the Duc d'Alençon, that he ought to tear out the hearts of all thoſe perſons who had adviſed him to be guilty of ſo perfidious an action, which, added he, will ſo completely decry you and your army, that it will render the French nation in general deteſted and execrated by all the other nations of Europe.

The French, indeed, so late as that inhuman tyrant Louis the Fourteenth's unprovoked attack upon Holland, perpetrated such horrid cruelties in that country, that in the year 1673 a quarto volume was published with this title: "*Avis fidele aux veritables Hollandois touchant* "*ce qui c'est passé dans les Villages de Bodegrave* "*& Swammerdam, & les Cruautes enormés que* "*les François y on exercées* *."—"Good Advice "to all true Dutchmen respecting what took "place in the Villages of Bodegrave and Swam-"merdam, and the unheard-of Cruelties that "the French exercised upon them; with an "Account of the last March of the Army "of the King of France through Brabant and "Flanders." The book begins thus:

"What the French have done in this coun-"try in one year, exceeds in cruelty and "in horror what any Historian has said of "any Nation whatsoever, and whatever the "tragic Poets have represented in any of "their Tragedies. There are no pen or pencil "to be found that can describe it; and this "(says the Author) was not perpetrated in "towns that were conquered, but merely in "those that were occupied by the troops of "France."

* This curious Book is in the British Museum.

The book is elegantly printed, and enriched with ſeveral very beautiful etchings by the celebrated Roman de Hoogue. It would ſurely be well worth while to reprint this work for the ſake of thoſe who can read French, or to tranſlate it into the different languages of Europe for thoſe who do not underſtand that language, that they may be taught what they are to expect if they ſhould admit amongſt them a people *, who, under every form of Government, as well that of a Monarchy as that of a Republic, have ſhewn themſelves falſe, ferocious, and ſanguinary, the Blaſphemers of their God, and the Enemies of the Human Race.

LOUISA DE LORRAINE,

QUEEN OF HENRY THE THIRD.

When her niece, Madame Chriſtina, was ſetting out for Florence, to be married to Ferdinand de Medicis, ſhe told her, " Bear in " mind, my dear girl, that you will always be " looked upon as a ſtranger in the country " where you are going, till you have borne a " child; this will ingraft you to it."

* This Article was firſt printed in the Autumn of 1794.

THE T... ✻ ...WATI MAHAL.

ACHILLES HARLAY,

FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE PARLIAMENT OF PARIS,

remained ever faithful to his Sovereign. At the celebrated day of the Barricades in 1588, the Duke of Guiſe wiſhed to attach him to his party. Harlay replied, "that the rule of "his conduct ſhould be, the ſervice of the "King and the good of the State; and that he "would ſooner die than depart from it."

The party of the League had him arreſted and put into the Baſtile. On entering that horrid fortreſs, he uttered theſe remarkable words: "It is a great pity, when the ſervant is able "to diſmiſs the maſter. My ſoul is God's, my "heart is my Sovereign's, and my body is in "the hands of violence, to do with it what it "pleaſes."

MAGDALENE DE SAINT NECTAIRE,

Widow of Gui de Saint Exuperi, was a Proteſtant, and diſtinguiſhed herſelf very much in the Civil Wars of France. After her huſband's death ſhe retired to her Chateau at Miremont,

in the Limoufin; where, with fixty young Gentlemen well armed, fhe ufed to make excurfions upon the Catholic armies in her neighbourhood. In the year 1575, M. Montal, Governor of the Province, having had his detachments often defeated by this extraordinary lady, took the refolution to befiege her in her Chateau with fifteen hundred foot and fifty horfe. She fallied out upon him, and defeated his troops. On returning, however, to her Chateau, and finding it in the poffeffion of the enemy, fhe galloped away to a neighbouring town, Turenne, to procure a reinforcement for her little army. Montal watched for her in a defile, but was defeated, and himfelf mortally wounded.

This is all that is known of this heroine, whofe courage and conduct we have feen replaced in our times by the celebrated and unfortunate CHEVALIERE D'EON.

MURETUS.

THIS celebrated fcholar was taken ill upon the road as he was travelling from Paris to Lyons; and, as his appearance was not much in his favour, he was carried to an hofpital. Two phyficians

physicians attended him; and his disease not being a very common one, they thought it right to try something new, and out of the usual road of practice, upon him. One of them, not knowing that his patient understood Latin, said in that language to the other, "We may "surely venture to try an experiment upon the "body of so mean a man as our patient is." "Mean, Sirs!" replied Muretus in Latin to their astonishment; "can you pretend to call "any man so, Sir, for whom the Saviour of the "world himself did not think it beneath him "to die?"

This great scholar wrote Latin with such elegance, that he imposed upon Joseph Scaliger some Latin lines written by himself as a fragment of Terence. Scaliger was enraged on finding out the trick that had been put upon him, and as Muretus had very narrowly escaped being burnt at Thoulouse by the sentence of the Parliament of that city, he made this distich upon him:

Qui rigidæ flammas evaserat antè Tolosæ,
Muretus, fumos vendidit ille mihi.

...SERFOGI'S...

PASSERAT.

This elegant Writer, at the desire of Henry the Third of France, composed a Latin Poem on the subject of Hounds, of their varieties, of their education, and of their diseases. The celebrated Epitaph on Henry the Third, killed by a Monk, was written by him. In that which he composed for himself, he merely desires his scholars to throw garlands of flowers upon his grave:

———Mea molliter ossa quiescent,
Sint modò carminibus non onerata malis.

Light o'er my bones the flowery herbage rest,
And no officious lines their peace molest.

He adds,

Veni, abii; sic vos venistis, abibitis omnes.
I lived, I died; the common lot of all.

CHARLES EMANUEL THE FIRST,

DUKE OF SAVOY.

[1580—1630.]

This appears to have been one of the most enterprising Princes that ever this enterprising House has produced. His life may be said to have been one perpetual effort. Germany, Spain,

Spain, France, Geneva, ſeem to have been by turns the objects of his ambition and of his alliances. He died at laſt of a broken heart in 1630, at being defeated in moſt of his projects of aggrandizement. When he was preſſed by Henry the Fourth of France to reſtore the Marquiſate of Saluces, according to treaty, he remarked, "that reſtitution was not a proper "word in the mouth of a Sovereign."

This Prince was of ſo cloſe and reſerved a diſpoſition, that they uſed to ſay of him, "that "his heart was as inacceſſible as his country." His hiſtorian tells us very ſignificantly, that "He was always building palaces and churches; "he loved and encouraged learning, but was "not ſufficiently deſirous to make his ſubjects "and himſelf happy."

Charles Emanuel was an excellent General. He uſed to ſay, that two things were requiſite to make war with advantage, money and authority; and that the latter was a more ſure means of keeping ſoldiers to their duty than the former. He alſo ſaid, that the quality of Sovereignty, which was of itſelf powerful and troubleſome, appeared to him agreeable in two reſpects; firſt, becauſe it gave a Prince a power to be more generous than any other perſon; ſecondly, be-

cause it gave him the power of saving the life of a criminal.

In the opinion of the late Dr. Johnson, a history of the Princes of the House of Savoy would make a very curious and very entertaining compilation. Indeed, from their situation, as keeping the entrance into Italy on one side, they have been ever much considered and courted by the other Princes of Europe; and they appear, differently from most of their Brother-Sovereigns who go to war, to have always acquired something by that horrid expedient, either an increase of territory, or some valuable indemnification in money.

HENRY THE FOURTH,

CALLED THE GREAT.

[1589—1610.]

THIS celebrated Prince was accused by Scaliger of not being learned himself, and of not encouraging men of learning. He indeed suffered Scaliger to go to be pensioned in Holland; but the Monarch was perhaps displeased with the haughtiness and violence of this great scholar. Henry founded a College in Paris, and took parti-

particular care that the Profeſſors ſhould be paid their ſalaries regularly. In his early youth he had tranſlated into French part of Cæſar's Commentaries; and in the latter part of his life was preparing to put together a hiſtory of his own military exploits. It is ſaid, that he engaged the Preſident Jeannin to write the hiſtory of his reign; telling him that he left him at perfect liberty to tell the truth, without artifice and without diſguiſe.

Henry uſed to ſay of his ſovereign power, "I moſt inconteſtibly hold my kingdom from "God. It belongs to him immediately. He "has only entruſted me with it. I ought "therefore to make every effort that he may "reign in it, that my orders may be ſubordi- "nate to his, and that my laws may make his "laws obſerved and reſpected."

"A King," ſaid he, "ſhould bear the "heart of a child toward God, and the heart "of a father toward his ſubjects."

He lamented very often the heavy taxes he was obliged to impoſe upon his ſubjects. "They have," ſays he, "a double land tax, "one of which is collected for the ſupport of "my expences, the other for the wages of my

"officers;

" officers; the fecond added to the firft makes " the charge very heavy indeed. They prefs " harder perhaps upon me than upon thofe who " pay them. There is nothing that I defire fo " much as to eafe my fubjects of them. My " predeceffors," added he, " thought that their " fubjects exifted only for them, and that every " thing belonged to them. With refpect to " myfelf, I always think that I reign over my " fellow-citizens; there is not one of them to " whom I am not indebted. They are mine, " and I am theirs."

He ufed to fay, that the greateft men were always the laft to advife war, though they were fure to carry it on well. He obferved once to Sully, who requefted him not to expofe his perfon fo much in an engagement, " My friend, " fince it is for my honour and for my crown " that I fight, I ought to look upon my life " and every thing elfe as mere trifles."

Firmly perfuaded that bravery fhould be one of the principal qualities of a King, he ufed to fay, that he fhould defpife a Sovereign, who in time of action did not expofe himfelf like a common foldier.

M. de Noailles was in love with the aunt of this Monarch, and wrote one day, with a diamond, upon the window of her chamber,

Nul bonheur me contente,
Abſent de ma Divinité.

When my Divinity I quit,
All other pleaſures fail.

Henry, coming into the room ſoon afterwards, wrote in the ſame manner under them,

N' appellez paz ainſi ma Tante,
Elle aime trop l'humanité.

No ſuch great name my Aunt can fit,
She 's as a mortal frail.

There were ſeveral very devout Ladies at the Court of Henry. To a Courtier who was one day praiſing their conduct extremely, he replied, "The Ladies, whether they are virtuous, or "wiſh to become virtuous, have always oc- "caſion for advice and for prudence; of them- "ſelves, they always go to extremes *."

On the birth of the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XIII.) he let every perſon into the room

* The learned and acute Biſhop Warburton uſed to ſay, "that the two moſt difficult things to meet with in the "world, were a diſintereſted man, and a woman who had "common ſenſe; that ſenſe, without which wit is folly, "learning pedantry, and virtue itſelf weakneſs of mind."

to

to see him. The midwife intimated her apprehensions that the great crowd would make the child ill. "Hold your tongue, hold your "tongue, Mother Midwife," replied Henry; "do not disturb yourself. As this child is for "every one, it is proper that every one should "have the satisfaction to see him."

Some one told Henry, that a particular person of consequence of the League party, to whom he had been very kind, by no means bore him any good-will. "Well then," replied Henry, "I will be still kinder to him, "which will oblige him to love me." The Duke de Mayne, more generous, when Henry, after having taken him prisoner, gave him very liberal terms of pacification, said, "Now, Sire, "I am really overcome."

Henry once lost at play a very large sum of money; a sum so considerable, that it was said to have been sufficient to have retaken Amiens from the Spaniards. M. de Sully suffered Henry to send to him three or four times for it. At last he brought it to the King when he was at the Arsenal near Paris, and laid it all out upon the table before him, in the principal apartment of that fortress. Henry fixed his eyes upon it for some time with

with great attention, and turning to Sully, ſaid, "I am corrected; I ſhall never loſe any ſum "of money again as long as I live."

Of ſuperſtition he ſaid, that it was merely the ruſt of religion, the moſs which grows on the ſtock of piety. "Water," added he, "has its "froth, the earth its duſt, and gold itſelf comes "not out of the bowels of the ground without "its impurities."

Humanity appears to have been a natural virtue in Henry. When he made excurſions into the diſtant provinces, he uſed to ſtop all the perſons he met, and aſk them queſtions, where they were going? whence they came? what they were carrying? what goods they ſold? and what was the price? One of his attendants appearing ſurpriſed one day at his familiarity, and at his entering into ſuch details with his ſubjects, he ſaid to him, "The Kings of "France, my predeceſſors, thought themſelves "diſhonoured in knowing the value of a teſton. "With reſpect to myſelf, I am anxious to "know what is the value of half a denier, and "what difficulty the poor people have to get "it, ſo that they may not be taxed above "their means."

When

When ſome of his Courtiers were one day expreſſing their fears that his great familiarity would deſtroy that reſpect for his perſon which ſubjects ſhould feel for their King; he ſaid, "Pomp, parade, and a ſevere gravity, belong "only to thoſe who feel that without ſuch "impoſing externals they ſhould have nothing "that would impreſs reſpect. With regard "to myſelf, by the grace of God I have in "myſelf what makes me think that I am "worthy of being a King. Be that however "as it may, it is more honourable for a "Prince to be beloved than feared by his "ſubjects."

On declaring war againſt Spain, he had thoughts of aboliſhing the land-tax. Sully aſked him where he ſhould then be able to find the money he wanted for carrying on the war. "In the hearts of my people," replied Henry; "that is a treaſure which can never fail "me."

He told the Prince of Rohan, that he made it his conſtant prayer to God that he would inſpire him with grace to forgive his enemies, to gain the victory over his paſſions, and particularly over his weakneſſes, and to make uſe of

the power he had granted him with diſcretion and moderation.

On being told of the death of the Prince of Condé, when, as King of Navarre, he felt very ſenſibly the loſs which he had ſuſtained, and knew to what dangers and difficulties he ſingly remained expoſed, without a friend to aſſiſt and adviſe him; he exclaimed, "God alone is my "refuge and ſupport: in him alone I truſt, "and I ſhall not be confounded *:" an exclamation (ſays Abbé Brotier) worthy of the Chief of the family of Bourbon, whoſe motto is "*Eſpoir*," "Hope."

After the entire defeat of the party of the League in France, a tradeſman ſtopped the

* An ingenious young man came to London ſome years ago in the hope of getting ſome employment. Unſucceſsful in his attempt, and reduced to extreme poverty, he had intended to throw himſelf into the Thames. On paſſing near the Royal Exchange to effect his daring and deſperate purpoſe, he ſaw the carriage of the late excellent Mr. Jonas Hanway, under the arms of which was this motto, "*Never deſpair*." The ſingular occurrence of this ſentence had ſuch an effect on the mind of the young man, that he immediately deſiſted from his horrid deſign, gained ſoon afterwards a conſiderable eſtabliſhment, and died in good circumſtances, in the common courſe of mortality.

camp

camp equipages of the celebrated La Noue; who complaining to Henry of it, the latter told him, "Though we have been victorious "over our enemies, we have not on that ac-"count diſpenſed from the juſt demands of our "creditors; and can you think it a hardſhip to "pay your debts, when I do not pretend to "diſpenſe myſelf from paying mine?" He then took out of his pocket ſome jewels, which he gave to La Noue to redeem his carriages.

Of the readineſs of reply and good-humour of this great Prince, the following anecdote is told by Brotier:

The Spaniſh Ambaſſador at the Court of Henry was one day enquiring of him the character of his Miniſters. "You ſhall ſee "what they are in a minute," ſaid the Monarch. On ſeeing M. de Silleri, the Chancellor, come into the drawing-room, he ſaid to him, "Sir, I am very uneaſy at a beam that is "good for nothing, and which ſeems to threaten "to fall upon my head."—"Sire," replied Silleri, "you ſhould conſult your Architect; let "every thing be well examined, and let him "go to work; but there is no hurry." Henry next ſaw M. de Villeroi, to whom he ſpoke as he

he had done to Silleri. " Sire," replied Villeroi, without looking at the beam, " you are " very right; the beam is very dangerous in- " deed." At laſt the Preſident Jeannin came in, to whom Henry made a ſimilar addreſs as to the former Miniſters, " Sire," ſaid the Preſident, " I do not know what you mean. The " beam is a very good one."—" But," replied the King, " do not I ſee the light through the " crevices, or is my head diſordered?"—" Go, " go, Sire," returned Jeannin, " be quite at " your eaſe; the beam will laſt as long as you " will." Then turning to the Spaniſh Miniſter, Henry obſerved to him, " Now I think you are " well acquainted with the characters of my " three Miniſters. The Chancellor has no " opinion at all; Villeroi is always of my opi- " nion; and Jeannin ſpeaks as he really thinks, " and always thinks properly."

Henry, on his marriage with Mary of Medicis, placed Madame de Guercheville (whoſe virtue he had attempted to ſeduce without ſucceſs) about her perſon; giving as a reaſon, that as ſhe really was a Lady of Honour, ſhe ought to be *Dame d'Honneur* to a Queen.

When he beſieged Paris, Henry permitted thoſe perſons to come out of the town unmo- leſted

lested through his army who were desirous to quit that city, then suffering the most horrid famine and sickness; observing, "I do not "wonder that the chief persons of the League "and the Spaniards have so little compassion "for these poor people; they are merely their "tyrants; but I, who am their father and their "King, cannot bear to hear of the calamities "they suffer without shuddering, and being "afflicted to the very bottom of my soul, and "without desiring eagerly to put a stop to "them. I cannot help those who are possessed "with the Demon of the League from perish-"ing with it; but to those who implore my "clemency, I will ever extend my arms; they "shall not suffer for the crimes of others."

Some one was saying before this Prince, "how happy Kings were."—"They are not," replied he, "so happy as you imagine them "to be. Kings are either bad or good men. "If they are bad men, they bear within them-"selves their own plague and torment. If they "are good men, they find from other people a "thousand causes of uneasiness and affliction. "A good king feels the misfortunes of all his "subjects; and in a great kingdom what innu-"merable sources are there of affliction!"

Henry,

Henry, naturally chearful himſelf, loved chearfulneſs in other perſons. "I cannot," ſaid he, "willingly employ a melancholy per-"ſon, for a man that is ill-humoured to him-"ſelf, cannot eaſily be good-humoured to other "perſons. What ſatisfaction can be procured "from a man who is diſſatisfied with him-"ſelf?"

His Courtiers one day complimenting him upon the ſtrength of his conſtitution, and telling him that he muſt live to be eighty years of age; he replied, "The number of our days is "reckoned. I have often prayed to God for "grace, but never for a long life. A man "who has lived well, has always lived long "enough, however early he may die."

When ſome one was making a great eulogium upon the riches of the kingdom of Spain, and adding that France was full of the piaſtres of that country; Henry replied, "When "theſe piaſtres remain in Spain, it is a mark "of the riches of that kingdom, as, when they "are ſeen out of that kingdom, it is a mark of "its indigence. Indeed the galleons of Spain "bring into that country eight millions of "piaſtres, but four of theſe millions are ſent "into France for our corn, our wine, our ſalt, "our cloths, and our wool. Theſe are our

"mines;

"mines; they enrich us without incurring the "dangers of the ſea, or ſacrificing our ſubjects. "The Spaniards come to France to buy of "us, we never go to them: they do not give "us their money, but pay it to us *."

Reflecting one day on the tranquillity which France was enjoying, whilſt the greater part of Europe was at war, or in a near ſtate of becoming ſo; he ſaid, "Thank God, though we "have had the misfortune to have been upon "the theatre of war, at preſent we are only "ſpectators."

Henry, though divorced from his firſt wife Margaret de Valois, ever behaved to her with kindneſs and good-humour. The following letter of his to that Princeſs was publiſhed a few years ago at Paris:

"Ma Seur,

"Jay ete byen ayſe daprandre de vos nou-"velles par le sr. de ſuyjac par le quel vous "aprandres des myennes & come la goutte "mayant quyte aus pyes ma prys au genoux "mes mayntenant je man porte myeus & eſpere

* Charles the Fifth uſed to ſay even in his time, "Every "thing abounds in France; in Spain, every thing is wanting. "*En France tout abonde, tout manque en Eſpagne.*"

"demayn

" demayn coure un cheureuyl & mardy un
" cerf & sy de la au hors je vays en amandant
" come je lespere je sere pour vous voyr dans
" la fyn de la semene cependant je vous dyre
" que cest la moyndre chose que vous pouves
" atandre de moy que le comandemant de
" lespedysyon du don que je vous ay fet pour le
" rapt quy a ete fet de la petyte fylle dudyt
" sr. de suyjac encore que avant la receptyon
" de la vre jy eusse pourveu de facon quyl an
" aura tout contantement sy est ce que conoy-
" sant que vous lafexyones yl vera come pour
" lamour de vous je lafexyone & ce resantyra
" de lefet de vore pryere & recomandasyon
" come vous par tout ce quy depandra de moy
" quy suys

" vre byen bon pere

" HENRY."

" ce x^e aut a monceau."
" A ma Seur la Royne Margueryte."

In 1599, when the Duke of Savoy came to Paris to accommodate his dispute with Henry respecting the Marquisate of Saluces, Henry was advised to keep him a prisoner till he had come to an agreement concerning it. The Monarch replied, " Whoever gave me that " advice can be no true friend of mine, but a " person who would destroy my honour. Who-

" ever

" ever affects my good faith, gives me more " uneafinefs than if he affected my throne."

Henry ufed to deplore thofe unfortunate difputes which divided Europe, and faid, that if the Chriftian Princes would but unite themfelves, in one year they might deftroy the Turkifh Empire, more particularly when all the principal perfons of that empire were difcontented, and whilft Perfia was an enemy fo formidable to it.

When he was told of the defeat and lofs of the gallies belonging to the State of Malta, he exclaimed, " How melancholy all this is! Whilft " the Chriftian Republic fhould increafe, it " diminifhes. We are like thofe madmen who " tear the perfons in pieces that are bringing " them affiftance."

When he was told what judgment his fubjects were fometimes forming of himfelf and of his actions, he ufed to fay, " I remain alone " upon the throne, and am feen there by " many perfons of different fituations. I am " on an eminence, they are in a valley. We " judge but imperfectly of thofe objects that " are at a great diftance from us: fo my fub- " jects judge of me."

On

On the Chriftmas-day of 1609 Henry went with his Court to the Church of St. Gervais at Paris, to hear a celebrated Preacher; who, vain of the honour of having fo illuftrious a hearer as his Sovereign, foon interrupted the thread of his difcourfe, and apoftrophized Henry. After having paid him the higheft compliments on the clemency, the juftice, and the humanity of his reign, he infifted upon many points, which, more like a politician than a divine, he thought neceffary for the good of religion and the fafety of the ftate. Henry heard him without the leaft emotion, and on going out of church merely faid, "Why, the preacher of to-day did not "entirely fill up his hour." The day afterwards Henry came to hear him again, when meeting him as he was going into the pulpit, he faid to him, "My Father, every one expect-"ed that at this time you fhould be in the "Baftile, but the opinions of the world and "thofe of myfelf do not always go together. "I am much obliged to you for the zeal that "you have fhewn for my falvation. Continue, "I beg of you, to requeft it of God for me, "and contribute to it yourfelf by your good "advice. In whatever place, and at whatever "time, you fhall think fit to give it to me, "you will always find me well inclined to fol-"low it. I have only to requeft of you, that

"you

" you will not let your zeal get the better of " your discretion when you think fit to give " me advice in public, and that you would " desist from those invectives which may alie- " nate the love, and diminish the respect my " subjects owe to me. You know my extreme " jealousy respecting the former, and the ex- " treme delicacy that attends the latter. Ex- " cept in public, at any private audience you " may give as much latitude to your zeal as " you please. On my part, I will bring to it " all that docility of which I am capable; " and if my weakness will permit me to go " with you, it will be more my fault than " yours if I do not become better. Once for " all, continue, I beg, your regard to me, and " be assured of my constant protection."

The Jesuits, on account of their learning and their very agreeable manners, were great favourites with this Prince. He used to tell them, they had two Generals; " the Gown, " and the Sword. The first was at Rome; the " second was himself."

The Duchess de la Tremouille, who was a Huguenot, was one day repeating to Henry some scandal respecting Father Cotton, one of the Jesuits that was the most patronized by

 Henry,

Henry, and who was his Confeſſor. Henry replied, “ Madam, do but attend to the ſpirit “ of your religion: it prevents you from be- “ lieving in the Pope, at the ſame time that it “ inclines you to believe a calumny.”

When ſome of the Huguenot Miniſters repreſented to him that their ſect could not continue ſo long as there were Jeſuits in France, he replied, “ I will endeavour to preſerve you both, “ ſo that the good may ſave the bad, and, if “ poſſible, that no one may periſh.” He was likewiſe told by the Huguenots, that he ſuffered himſelf to be led by the Jeſuits; “ Oh, no,” replied he, “ for I lead both Jeſuits and Hu- “ guenots.” He ſaid to the Deputies of the Parliament who wiſhed to prevent that Order from being eſtabliſhed in France, “ When I “ had ſerious thoughts of introducing the Je- “ ſuits at Paris, two ſorts of perſons oppoſed it, “ the Huguenots, and the Catholic Prieſts of “ irregular living; both of whom reproached “ them with endeavouring to attract to them “ men of learning and of wit: now for that I “ eſteem them. When I make levies, I wiſh “ to pick out the beſt troops for the purpoſe, “ and I am anxious that none ſhould enter “ into the Parliaments but worthy and excel- “ lent ſubjects; ſo that throughout my king-

“ dom

"dom merit ſhould be the mark that diſ-
"tinguiſhes honours. The Jeſuits forced them-
"ſelves, ſay their adverſaries, into my king-
"dom. I am ſure that I forced my way into
"it. Clement, who aſſaſſinated my predeceſ-
"ſor, did not accuſe them of being accom-
"plices with him; and if a Jeſuit had been
"concerned with him in that horrid action,
"(of which I wiſh ever to loſe the remem-
"brance) muſt the whole Order ſuffer on his
"account? ſhould all the Apoſtles have been
"driven out of Judea for one Judas? The
"horrors of the League ſhould no longer be
"imputed to them. It was the error of the
"times; and they, as well as many others, were
"concerned in it from the beſt intentions."

Before the battle of Ivry, which decided the fate of the Crown of France, this magnanimous Prince made the following pious addreſs to God: "If it ſhould pleaſe thee not to beſtow
"the Crown upon me, or thou ſeeſt that I
"am likely to be one of thoſe Kings whom
"thou giveſt to mankind in thy wrath, take
"away my life as well as the Crown! Grant
"me to-day to be the victim of thy wiſe will!
"Grant that my death may deliver France
"from the calamities of war, and that my
"blood may be the laſt that ſhall be ſhed in

" this diſpute !" Immediately before he charged the enemy, he ſaid to the regiment which he headed, " My Comrades, if you follow my " fortune, remember I follow yours. I am de- " termined either to conquer or to die with " you. Keep your ranks, I beſeech you, but " if the violence of the engagement ſhould " make you quit them, endeavour to rally " again; that enſures victory. You will rally " under thoſe three trees that you ſee there on " the eminence; and if you ſhould loſe your " ſtandards, do not loſe ſight of my white " plume of feathers; you will ever find it in " the road to honour and to victory." When the enemy's ranks were broken, he exclaim- " ed, *Sauvez les François & mainbaſſe ſur* " *l'Etranger*."

Soon after the entrance of Henry into Paris, the Spaniſh Ambaſſador, who had been there during the time of the League, ſaid, that the city was ſo altered he hardly knew it. " It is," ſaid Henry, " becauſe the father of the family " is preſent, and takes care of his children, and " ſo they proſper."

Henry once gave into ſome meaſures which his ſubjects did not appear to approve of, and were therefore free in their converſations upon them.

them. "My thoughts," ſaid Henry, "are "too elevated, and my deſigns too deep for the "maſs of my people to fathom. They will, "however, ſee by the event that God is my "guide. With reſpect to them, the peace "and the tranquillity which they enjoy, allow "them opportunities to ſpeak. Their words "fly away, whilſt my actions remain."

Henry uſed to ſay, that the world would be aſtoniſhed to find Queen Elizabeth of England a maid, Maurice Prince of Orange a man of courage, and himſelf a good Catholick.

"This Prince," ſays Brotier, "ſo great, ſo "amiable, ſo good, was well acquainted with "his own merit, but had in general the misfor-"tune that thoſe who were about him had not "the proper degree of feeling reſpecting it." On the day of his death he had heard maſs at the church of the Feuillans at Paris. On his return, the Duke of Guiſe and Baſſompierre met him walking in the Gardens of the Thuilleries, where he talked with them ſo pleaſantly, that he kept them in a continual laugh; and the Duke of Guiſe could not help ſaying to the Monarch, embracing him at the ſame time, "*Sire, vous étes à mon grè un des plus agréables "hommes du monde.*" The King then turning

to him and Baſſompierre, ſaid in a grave tone of voice, "None of you ſufficiently underſtand me; "but I ſhall die one of theſe days, and when "you have loſt me, then you will know my "value, and what difference there is between "me and other men." Theſe melancholy ideas were, for ſome days before he died, continually crowding into his mind. The day before his death, he ſaw from a cloſe tribune the ceremony of the coronation of his ſecond wife, Mary of Medicis, at St. Denis. The ſpectators, placed upon benches, filled the choir of the church to the very top of the roof of it. Struck with the immenſity of the crowd, he ſaid to Father Cotton, his Confeſſor, "You cannot gueſs on "what I was thinking juſt now, when I was "looking at this great concourſe of people. "I was thinking of the laſt Judgment, and of "the account we are all then to give of our "actions."

By the kindneſs of Mr. PLANTA, of the Britiſh Muſeum, this Article of Henry the Fourth is enriched with two Letters of that great Prince, when King of Navarre, which have never been printed, and of which the Originals remain in the Britiſh Muſeum. One was addreſſed to Mr. du Pleſſis, his Miniſter at the Court of Queen Elizabeth; the other to Mr. Anthony

Anthony Bacon, brother to the celebrated Chancellor of that name.

" COPY OF A LETTER OF HENRY KING OF NAVARRE
" (SINCE HENRY THE FOURTH OF FRANCE),
" TO MONS[r] DU PLESSYS. DATED ROCHELLE,
" SEPT. 23, 1586.

" MONS[r] Dupleſſys parce que Jay entendu " que Buſanval a receu a Londres quinſe cens " Ecus pour Monsr de Bacon & que Jay eu " playnte de ce que les ayant de ſy longtems Il " ne les a fait tenir au dyt Sr de Bacon—Jay " bien voulu vous écrire la preſante dautant " que je deſireroys le gratyfyer tant pour ſon " meryte & en faveur de ceus a qui Il aparty- " ent que J'eſtyme beaucoup que pour etre de " la Nation Angloyſe pour vous pryer de le " ſecouryr de quelque ſomme atendant quyl " puyſſe reſevoyer ce que le dyt Buſanval a " pour lui entre mayns. Je panſe byen que " vous aves peu de moyans par de la mays ce " me ſera choſe fort agreable ſy vous lui pouves " baylier & fere fournyr juſques a troys ou " quatre cens Ecus—vous pourres mander " audyt Buſanval de fere tenyr par quelque " voye (comme ill ſen peut trouver pluſyeurs) " ce quyl a receu pour lui & fere rembourſer " ce que vous luy avés fet fournyr Ce que " maſſurant que vous feres Je ne vous en dyray

 " davantage

" davantage ſy ce n'eſt que je ſeray byen ayſe
" que le dyte Sr de Bacon ayt en cela contan-
" temant. Adyeu Monsr du Pleſſys,

" ceſt

" Votre tres afectyonné Mettre &

" parfet Amy."

" De la Rochelle, ce xxiii de Settambre."

" COPY OF A LETTER OF HENRY, KING OF NAVARRE,
" TO Mr DE BACON (MR. ANTHONY BACON).
" DATED SEPT. 23, 1586.

" Monsr de Bacon Je ſuys byen marry de
" ce que Buſanval na fet autre devoyr de vous
" fere tenyre la ſomme quyl avoyt reſeus pour
" vous car il ſayt combyen J'eſtyme ceus a
" quy vous apartenes & combyen Je vous ayme
" Je mande a Monsr Dupleſſys de vous ſe-
" couryr de ce quyl pourra atendant que vous
" ayes receu vos denyers Je croy quyl le fera
" encores que la neceſſyte des afaires et des
" charges de dela ſoyt grande J'euſſe byen de-
" ſyré que voſtre ſanté vous euſt permys d'eſtre
" aupres de moy, car J'euſſe donné ordre que
" vous n'euſſyes poynt tombé en telles dyfy-
" cultés Je vous prye fetes tousjours eſtat de
" moy et vous aſſurés que Je ſuys

" Vre afectyone et aſſure Amy,

" HENRY."

Abbé

Abbé de Marolles, in his Memoirs, thus describes the ſtate of France under this excellent Monarch:

"The idea," ſays he, "of thoſe days ſtill "gives me pleaſure. I paſs over in my mind "with an inconceivable ſatisfaction the beauty "of the country at that time. It appears to "me as if the country was more fertile then "than it is now, that the meadows were more "verdant than they are at preſent, and that "the trees bore more and better fruit. What "a pleaſure it was to hear the warbling of the "birds, the lowing of the cattle, and the "ruſtic ſongs of the ſhepherd! The cattle "then remained ſafe in the fields, and the "huſbandmen in perfect ſecurity ploughed up "the furrows to put in the grain, which the "tax-gatherers and the ſoldiers had not then "begun to ravage. The peaſant had then his "little cottage, his neat furniture, and all that "was neceſſary for him, and ſlept quietly in "his own bed. When the ſeaſon of harveſt "was come, it was a great pleaſure to ſee the "reapers, bending one over another, deſpoil "the furrows of their corn, and gather up their "treaſures, which the more robuſt tied together, while the others loaded the waggons "with the ſheaves, and the children that were

"keeping

" keeping their cattle at a diſtance, gleaned " the ears of corn which a good-natured and an " affected forgetfulneſs had left behind them. " The ſtronger girls of the village reaped the " corn as well as the boys, and their mutual " labour was occaſionally interrupted by a " ruſtic meal, that was eaten ſometimes under " the ſhade of an apple or a pear tree, which " let down its branches, covered with fruit, " even into their very hands.

" After the harveſt, the peaſants fixed upon " ſome holiday to meet together and have a " little regale (by them called the Harveſt " Goſling), to which they invited not only each " other, but even their maſters, who pleaſed " them very much when they condeſcended to " partake of it.

" When theſe goods folks married any of " their children, it was a pleaſure to ſee the " ceremony; for beſide the fine clothes of " the bride, that was nothing leſs than a red " gown, and a cap embroidered with foil and " glaſs beads, the parents were dreſſed in their " blue clothes, well plaited, that they drew out " for the occaſion from their old cheſts, per- " fumed with lavender, dried roſes, and roſe- " mary. Favours in honour of the ceremony

" were

" were not forgotten upon the occaſion. All
" the perſons that were invited wore them,
" either tied to their girdles or their ſleeves.
" There was a ruſtic concert of bagpipes, flutes,
" and hautboys; and after a very plentiful
" dinner the dancing laſted till the evening.
" No one then complained of the exceſs of the
" impoſts. Every one paid his little tax with
" cheerfulneſs, and I do not remember ever to
" have heard it ſaid, that any march of ſol-
" diers * had ever pillaged a ſingle village,
" much leſs deſolated whole provinces, as we
" have but too often ſeen ſince that time by

* I hate that drum's diſcordant ſound,
Parading round, and round, and round;
To thoughtleſs youth it pleaſure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To ſell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glitt'ring arms,
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's diſcordant ſound,
Parading round, and round, and round;
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruined ſwains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows tears, and orphans moans,
And all that Miſery's hand beſtows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

" *Poems by Mr.* SCOTT, *of Amwell, Herts.*"

" the

"the calamities neceſſarily attendant upon "war.

"Such was the cloſe of the reign of Henry "the Fourth. It was the end of a great many "bleſſings, and the beginning of a great many "miſeries, when a malignant and outrageous "Demon took away the life of this great "Prince; of which diſaſtrous event I think I "had a very ſenſible prognoſtic; for on the "night of the accurſed day in which he was "aſſaſſinated, the 14th of May 1610, I ſaw a "great light in the Heavens, nearly at mid- "night, that made the whole country appear "as if it had been on fire. I ſaw this light "juſt as I was going to bed, and the perſons "who ſaw it at the ſame time with me were "ſeized with the greateſt aſtoniſhment as well "as myſelf. The tremendous phenomenon "laſted but a very ſhort time, and the next "morning the news of the King's aſſaſſination "was brought to our village."

"*Memoires de* L'ABBE DE MAROLLES."

Voltaire calls Henry,

De ſes ſujets le vainqueur & le pere;
His ſubjects conqueror, yet their father too:

and no Prince ever better deſerved the honourable appellation of the Father of his ſubjects than

than Henry. His wiſh that every peaſant in his kingdom might have a fowl in his pot every Sunday, and his efforts to render that wiſh effectual, by encouraging agriculture and by impoſing eaſy taxes; his humanity of diſpoſition, his eaſineſs of acceſs, and the frankneſs of his character, have made a French Poet ſay, perhaps rather too ſtrongly of him as his Sovereign,

Seul Roi dont le peuple a garde la memoire:
The only King whoſe Royal name revered
Lives in the grateful memory of the people *.

Activity was one of the ſtriking features in the character of Henry. This made that great General the Duke of Parma ſay of him, "that "all the other Generals of his time carried on "war like lions and tigers, while he carried it "on like an eagle."

Henry's device was Hercules taming a monſter, with this motto:

Invia virtuti nulla eſt via:
Virtue purſues each honeſt path to glory.

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* He appears to have forgotten the excellent Louis XII. who had every virtue that Henry poſſeſſed, without the leaſt alloy of frailty or of vice.

"Thoſe

"Thoſe who eat and drink much," ſaid Henry, "are like perſons abſolutely buried "in their fleſh *. They are incapable of any "thing great. If," added he, "I occaſionally "indulge myſelf in the pleaſures of the table, "it is merely to enliven and inſpirit my "mind."

When he was informed that ſome of his troops had been living at diſcretion upon the frontier, he ſent word to their Officers, "If you "do not put a ſtop to theſe diſorders, your "heads ſhall anſwer for them. For know, "Sirs, by the honour of God I ſwear, that "whoever takes any thing from my people, "takes it away from myſelf."

Being congratulated on a victory obtained by his army, in which many lives were loſt on the part of his forces, he replied, "It is no ſatis-"faction to me to ſee ſo many of my ſub-"jects lying dead upon the field. I loſe much "more than I gain."

"Henry," ſays Voltaire very beautifully, "learned to rule, by being educated in the "hard ſchool of Adverſity." His ſituation from

* "*Gourmandiſe eſt le vice des ames qui n'ont point de* "*trempe.*—ROUSSEAU.

early to middle life, had been a ſucceſſion of danger, exertion, toil, and difficulty. This better fitted him for the arduous taſk of reigning, by making him acquainted with every circumſtance incident to humanity, and made him feel for thoſe miſeries ſo natural to mankind, of which he had himſelf participated.

His grandfather, Jean D'Albret, King of Navarre, carried his deſire of making him hardy ſo far (anxious that heroiſm ſhould be transferred to him from his mother, and that to be able to ſuffer, and be patient under ſufferings, ſhould make as much a part of his hereditary conſtitution as the features of his countenance and the frame of his body), that he told his Daughter, who was then with child of Henry, that if ſhe would ſing during the pains of parturition the well-known Bearnois hymn to the Virgin, that begins,

Notre Dame, au bout de pont,
Aidez-moi à cette heure!

Our Lady at the bridge's foot *,
Support me in this painful hour!

---

* At the entrance of every town, and more particularly on every bridge, in Old France, there was placed an image of the Virgin, or of ſome Saint, to whom the inhabitants paid their devotions.

he

he would give her a gold chain which had belonged to her Mother, and which he knew ſhe was very anxious to poſſeſs. She complied with her father's requeſt very readily, and received the chain.

"As ſoon as Henry was born," ſays the Abbé Brotier, "Henri d'Albret his grandfather "took him in his arms, and gave his mother "his will in a golden box, telling her, The box "is yours, my girl, but the child is mine. He "inſtantly began upon that plan of hardy and "manly education which he intended to give "him, by rubbing his lips with a clove of garlick, and by putting a drop of ſtrong wine "into his mouth. He was much pleaſed with "the child, as he grew bigger and ſtronger, and "uſed to ſhew him to every one, exclaiming, "See what a Lion my Ewe has produced! "He cauſed him to be brought up like the "children of the peaſants of his country, without allowing the leaſt diſtinction to be made "between him and them, making him undergo "the ſame ſtrong exerciſe which they did, and "permitting no one to call him Prince *, or "to

* The celebrated Anne Connêtable de Montmorenci was ſent to ſerve abroad by his father at a very early age, who gave

" to grant him the leaſt indulgences. Then," adds the Abbé, " ſoon afterwards, the vivacity, " the penetration, the affability that charac- " teriſed Henry, began to make its appear- " ance."—*Paroles Memorables recueillies par* L'ABBE BROTIER, Paris, 12mo. 1790.

The two following Letters from this Prince to the Chancellor de Bellievre are copied from the MS. in the Britiſh Muſeum.

" Mr. De belyevre, ce mot par vacquyer " cegretere de ma ſeur eſt pour vous recoman- " der tout ce quy la concernera et que je luy " ay cydevant accordé a ce que vous tenyés la " mayn quelle an Jouyſſe come ceſt ma volonté " et que ſur cella vous oyés le dit vacquyer " audemeurant je ne puys trouver queſtrange de " ce que ma court de parlemant contre ma " volonté et les arreſts que Jay donnés an mon " conſeyl pour reſon dun etat de mes cegreteres " que je donnay a houdayer fyls dun de mes

gave him two or three horſes and five hundred livres. " He muſt learn to ſhift," ſaid he, " and not be allowed " all the indulgences which are uſually granted to young " men of his rank. He will then learn to know what he is " about, and to make a virtue of neceſſity. No one can " ever know any thing well, who has not been taught to " encounter difficulties."

" ansyens cervyteurs et en faveur de ma seur le
" jour de son maryage veuylle mayntenyr dulys
" an cet etat contre ma volonté et ce que Jan
" ay ordoné pouvoyés a cette afere tellement
" que je nan oye plus parler et fetes conoytre a
" ma court de parlemant que je veus etre obey,
" a Dieu Mr. de belyevre (su) lequel Je prye
" vous avoyr an sa garde ce xxixme ceptambre
" a fontaynebleau.

" HENRY."

" Mr. le chancelyer, Jay done a ma fame
" les denyers quy provyendront de la creasyon
" de deus ofyces de conseylers an ma court de
" parlemant de bretagne pour acheter des meu-
" bles pour sa meson de monceaus lesquels il est
" besoyn de creer pour randre les deus seances
" egales aussy que le fonds des gages ne ce
" prand poynt sur mes fynances Je vous prye
" donc de seler ledyt atandu que cest ma vo-
" lonté come aussy la comutasyon de peyne de
" lamande honorable a me fere cervyse a mets
" que Jay acordee et quy vous cera presantee
" cest chose de peu et quy defameroyt un
" honeste home quy apartyent a de mes cervy-
" teurs Jay seu aussy quevous naves ancores
" sele la declarasyon des papegaus de bretagne
" come vous mavyes promys et de la remetre

" antre

"antre les mains de Mr de Sylery ce que je
"vous prye de fere au pluſtoſt car ces longueurs
"ruynent touttes les afayres et la bayler audyt
"Sr de Sylery auquel Jeſcrys de la retyrer de
"vos mayns et vous feres choſe que Jaure tres
"agreable quy me gardera de vous an dyre
"davantage pour pryer Dieu Mr le chancelyer
"vous avoyr an ſa garde ce 2e Avril a fontene-
"bleau.

"HENRY."

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS,

FIRST WIFE TO HENRY THE FOURTH.

WHEN Charles the Ninth gave his ſiſter in marriage to Henry the Fourth, he ſaid, "*J'ai donné ma ſoeur en mariage à tous les Huguenots de mon Royaume.*" She ſoon began to live upon ill terms with her huſband, and was confined in one of the fortreſſes of Navarre. She thus forcibly deſcribes the effect of ſolitude upon her mind:

"I Received theſe two advantages from my "misfortunes and my confinement: I acquired "a taſte for reading, and I gave into devotion; "two things for which I never ſhould have had "the leaſt taſte, had I remained amidſt the

"pomps and the vanities of the world. For "these advantages I am perhaps not ſo much "indebted to fortune as to Providence, who "had the goodneſs to engage for me two ſuch "powerful remedies againſt the evils which "were to happen to me in future. Sorrow, "contrary to gaiety, which carries our thoughts "and our actions out of ourſelves, makes the "mind rally within itſelf, exert all its powers "to reject the evil, and to ſeek after the good, "in hope to find out that ſovereign and ſu-"preme good, which is the readieſt way to "bring itſelf to the knowledge and love of the "Deity."

The Memoirs of Marguerite are very entertaining. The tranſlation of Plutarch's Lives by Amyot was a very favourite book with her in her confinement, and ſhe appears to have tranſfuſed into her Memoirs that *naiveté & vieux Gaulois* which we admire ſo much in his ſtyle.

Marguerite, who underſtood Latin, on ſeeing a poor man lying upon a dunghill, exclaimed,

Pauper ubique jacet.

In any place, in any bed,
The poor man reſts his weary head.

The

The man, to her aſtoniſhment, replied,

In thalamis hâc nocte tuis Regina, jacerem,
Si verum, hoc eſſet, pauper ubique jacet.

Ah, beauteous Queen, were this but true,
This night I would repoſe with you.

Marguerite ill-humouredly retorted:

Carceris in tenebris plorans hâc nocte faceres,
Si verum hoc eſſet, pauper ubique jacet.

If this were true, thou wretched wight,
A Gaol ſhould be thy bed to-night;
Where ſtripes and fetters, whips and pain,
Thy tongue's ſtrange licence ſhould reſtrain.

Marguerite was divorced from Henry on his acceſſion to the throne of France, and led up Mary de Medicis, his ſecond wife, to the altar at St. Denis to be crowned. She was extremely charitable to the poor, and liberal to ſcholars and men of talents. Her palace at Paris was the rendezvous of the *beaux eſprits* of that Capital. She was beautiful in her perſon, very faſcinating in her manners, and danced with ſuch peculiar grace, that the celebrated Don John of Auſtria went *incognito* from Bruſſels to Paris to ſee her dance.

Beſide Memoirs of her Life, which are imperfect, ſhe wrote ſome Poems. In the former

ſhe thus deſcribes what paſſed in her bed-chamber on the morning of St. Bartholomew:

"My huſband roſe early in the morning to "play at tennis, before he ſhould ſee the King. "He and his Gentleman left me. I, per"ceiving that it was day, and ſuppoſing that "the danger which my ſiſter had predicted to "me was over, overcome by watchfulneſs, told "my old nurſe to ſhut the door of the room, "that I might ſleep more at my eaſe. About "an hour afterwards, I was awakened out of "a very profound ſleep by hearing the door "knocked at very loudly, and by hearing a "man cry out, *Navarre! Navarre!* My "nurſe, thinking that it was the King my huſ"band, who wiſhed to come in, ran to the "door and opened it immediately, The per"ſon, however, that knocked thus violently, "was a Monſieur de Tejan, who was wound"ed in the elbow with a ſword, and had like"wiſe another wound in the arm with a hal"bert; and who was cloſely purſued by three "dragoons, who all of them together forced "themſelves into the room. Tejan, anxious "to ſave his life, threw himſelf upon my bed. "I, perceiving myſelf held down by him, threw "myſelf upon the ſide of the bed, and he after "me,

" me, taking hold of my waiſt. I had not " the leaſt acquaintance with him, and in my " fright did not know whether the ſoldiers in- " tended miſchief to him or to myſelf. At laſt " however, it pleaſed God that Monſieur de " Nancey, Captain of the King's Guards, came " in to us, who, finding me in this ſituation " (although he was a man of great humanity), " could not refrain from laughter; and ſtorm- " ing at the ſoldiers for their inſolent intru- " ſion, ſent them away, and granted me the " life of the poor man, who ſtill held by me. " I afterwards ordered his wounds to be dreſſed, " and himſelf put to bed in my cloſet till he " was recovered.

" When I had changed my ſhift (which was " covered with blood), M. de Nancey told me " what had happened, and informed me that " the King my huſband was with the King my " brother in his apartment, and that not a hair " of his head would be touched. Then mak- " ing me throw my night-gown over me, he " conducted me to the room of my ſiſter the " Ducheſs of Lorraine, and which I entered " more dead than alive. As I was paſſing " through the anti-room (the doors of which " were all open), I ſaw a Gentleman of the " name of Bourſe, in endeavouring to eſcape

" ſome ſoldiers that were purſuing him, fall
" down dead nearly at my feet, run through
" with a halbert. I fell down at no great diſ-
" tance from him on the other ſide, in a ſwoon,
" into the arms of Monſieur de Nancey, firmly
" perſuaded that the ſame thruſt of the halbert
" had run us both through. Recovering, how-
" ever, I made the beſt of my way to my
" ſiſter's bed-chamber, where I found M. de
" Meoſſins, firſt Gentleman of the Bed-
" chamber to the King my huſband, and
" Armagnac, his firſt Valet-de-Chambre, who
" came running up to me, deſiring me to ſave
" their lives. I then haſtened to pay my re-
" ſpects to the King and Queen; when, fall-
" ing upon my knees, I requeſted them to
" ſpare the lives of theſe Gentlemen; with
" which requeſt at laſt they complied."

SULLY.

The Pope having once written a letter to M. de Sully upon his becoming Miniſter, which ended with his Holineſs's wiſhes that he might enter into the right way; Sully anſwered, that on his part he never ceaſed to pray for the converſion of his Holineſs.

A co-

A cotemporary writer thus deſcribes this great Miniſter.

"He was," ſays he, "a man of order, "exact, frugal, a man of his word, and had no "fooliſh expences either of play or of any thing "elſe that was unſuitable to the dignity of his "character. He was vigilant, laborious, and "expedited buſineſs. He ſpent his whole "time in his employments, and gave none of "it to his pleaſures. With all theſe qualifica-"tions he had the talent of diving to the bot-"tom of every thing that was ſubmitted to "him, and of diſcovering every entanglement "and difficulty with which financiers, when "they are not honeſt men, endeavour to con-"ceal their tricks and their rogueries."

When the conſpiracy of Biron againſt Henry the Fourth was diſcovered, Henry told Sully, that a great number of perſons, even ſome amongſt the higheſt Nobility, were concerned in it, and deſired him to gueſs who they were. "Good God, Sire! ſuppoſe any man to be a "traitor? That is what I will never do."

Sully uſed to ſay, that paſturage and agricul-ture were two teats to a kingdom, that were worth all the gold of Peru.

In

In ſpite of the ſuperiority of his talents, and the purity of his intentions, this great Miniſter was always harraſſed by calumnies and miſrepreſentations. Many of them were ſtudiouſly related to Henry, who occaſionally mentioned them to him, to hear in what manner he defended himſelf. Once, after a converſation of three hours on ſubjects like theſe, he embraced Sully on coming out of his anti-chamber before all his court, and ſaid, "I eſteem you as the beſt and "the moſt innocent man that ever was, as well "as the moſt loyal and the moſt uſeful ſervant "I ever poſſeſſed." Then turning round to ſome of Sully's enemies who were preſent, he added, "I wiſh earneſtly to let you all know, "that I love Sully better than ever, and that "death alone can diſſolve my eſteem for "him."

Sully, in conformity with the principles of commerce that obtained in his time, wiſhed his Sovereign to iſſue an edict prohibiting the uſe of *ſilk*; looking upon it as a luxury imported from a foreign country, that would take away money out of the kingdom of France. Henry replied to him, "Why, my good Roſny, "I had rather fight the King of Spain in three "pitched battles, than engage with all thoſe "gentry of police, of finance, of the cuſtoms,

"and

"and eſpecially with their wives and daughters, "that you will ſet upon me by your whimſical "and unreaſonable regulation."

Madame d'Entragues, Henry's favourite miſtreſs, was extremely angry with Sully one day, on his not immediately paying to her brother ſome gratuity which that Monarch had ordered him. "The King," ſaid ſhe to him, "would "act very ſingularly indeed, if he were to diſ-"pleaſe perſons of quality merely to give into "your notions. And pray, Sir, to whom "ſhould a King be kind, if not to his Rela-"tions, his Courtiers, and his Miſtreſſes?" "That might be very well, Madam," replied Sully, "if the King took the money out of "his own purſe; but in general he takes it out "of thoſe of ſhopkeepers, artizans, labourers, "and farmers. Theſe perſons enable him to "live. One maſter is enough for us, and we "have no occaſion for ſuch a number of "Courtiers, of Princes, and of King's Miſ-"treſſes."

Henry gave Sully one day the contract of marriage into which he had entered with Mademoiſelle d'Entragues, to read; who ſaid, after having read it, "Sire, will you promiſe me not "to be angry?" Henry replied, "Yes, Sully, "I pro-

"I promiſe you that I will not be angry." Sully tore the contract in pieces immediately, ſaying, "Sire, this is the uſe you ought to make "of it."—"What, Sir, are you mad, to be-"have in this manner?" ſaid Henry. "It is "true, Sire," replied Sully, "that I am a "madman, and would be ſo great a madman, "as to be the only perſon mad in France."

The Lady whoſe contract of marriage with Henry Sully had thus torn in pieces called him one day "Valet," in the preſence of his Sovereign, becauſe he would not aſſiſt her views of ambition. "This is too much, Ma-"dam," exclaimed Henry. "I had ſooner "part with ſix miſtreſſes like yourſelf, than "with one ſervant like Sully, whom you dare "to call Valet in my preſence. My anceſtors "have not diſdained to ally themſelves with "his, I aſſure you."

Sully was one of the moſt laborious Miniſ-ters that ever exiſted. He roſe at four o'clock in the morning. The firſt two hours after he got up were employed in reading and in expe-diting the papers that lay upon his table; this he called "*nettoyer la tapis*." At ſeven o'clock he attended Council, and the reſt of the morn-ing was ſpent with his Sovereign in tranſact-

ing

ing the different bufinefs with which he was entrufted. At twelve o'clock he dined on a fervice of ten difhes, with fome felect guefts. After dinner he gave an audience, where every body was admitted: firft the ecclefiaftics, both Catholics and Huguenots; then the farmers, and the perfons of meaner rank; and perfons of quality fucceeded to them. After his audience, he returned to his clofet, where he read and wrote till fupper-time, when he ordered his doors to be fhut, and gave himfelf up to the pleafures of fociety with a few friends; and at ten o'clock he went to bed.

On the death of his Sovereign and friend Henry the Fourth, he retired to his Chateau of Villebon, where he compofed his Memoirs by the title of "*Œconomies Royales,*" which were printed in four volumes folio. Thefe were afterwards put into better order and more modern French, and many of the details they contained retrenched by the Abbé de l'Eclufe; and this is the Edition of the Memoirs of that great and good Minifter which is at prefent read.

In the retirement of Villebon he lived thirty years, feldom or never coming to Court. Louis the Thirteenth however, wifhing to have his

his opinion upon ſome matters of conſequence, ſent for him to come to him at Paris, when the good old man obeyed his ſummons, but not with the greateſt alacrity. The gay Courtiers, on ſeeing a man dreſt unlike to themſelves, and of grave and ſerious manners totally different from their own, and which appeared to be thoſe of the laſt Century, turned Sully into ridicule, and took him off to his face. Sully, perceiving this, ſaid coolly to the King, "Sir, when your father, of glorious memory, "did me the honour to conſult me on any "matter of importance, he firſt ſent away all "the jeſters and all the buffoons of his "Court."

At his table at Villebon he always kept up the frugality to which he had been accuſtomed in early life in the army. His table conſiſted of ten diſhes, dreſſed in the plaineſt and moſt ſimple manner. The Courtiers reproached him often with the ſimplicity of his table. He uſed to reply, in the words of an Antient, "If the "gueſts are men of ſenſe, there is ſufficient for "them; if they are not, I can very well diſ-"penſe with their company."

Sully dined at the upper end of the hall with the perſons of his own age, at a table apart.

apart. The young people were ſerved at a table by themſelves. The venerable hoſt gave as a reaſon for this arrangement, that the perſons of different ages might not be mutually tireſome to each other.

Abbé de Longuerue ſays, "that the Ducheſs "of Nemours told him, that ſhe had often "ſeen the good old man M. de Sully; that he "was ſo altered by being diſmiſſed from his "employments of ſtate, that there remained "nothing about him which reminded you of "the celebrated Miniſter of his name; and that "his mind was entirely taken up with the "management of his eſtate and of his family "affairs.

"His ſecretaries," adds the Abbé, "filled "his Memoirs with faults which he was not "in a ſtate of mind to correct."

ARMAND DE BIRON

was a Marſhal and Maſter of the Artillery of France, and was no leſs a man of learning than a great General.

"He

"He loſt," ſays Brotier, "no opportunity
"of inſtructing himſelf, and wrote down in his
"common-place book whatever he heard or
"met with that was worthy of his notice.
"Theſe were called, *Les Devines Tablettes de*
"*Biron.*"

No leſs liberal than brave, when his Maître d'Hotel adviſed him to make a reform in his houſehold, and get rid of ſome of his ſupernumerary ſervants, giving as a reaſon, that he could do without them; "Perhaps ſo," replied Biron, "but let me know firſt, if they "can do without me."

At the battle of Ivry, Henry the Fourth joined the Walloon Troops at the riſk of his life, and left Biron with a corps de reſerve, to prevent the enemy from rallying. When the engagement was over, Biron told his Sovereign, "Sire, this is not fair: you have done to-day "what Biron ſhould have done, and he has "done what the King ought to have done."

"He had," ſays Brotier, "the weakneſs
"too commonly incident to Generals—that
"of continuing rather than terminating a war.
"He ſaid to his ſon, who aſked him to give
"him ſome troops for an action, which would

"be peculiarly favourable to the cauſe in "which they were engaged: You blockhead "you! what you wiſh then that we may be "ſent to plant cabbages at our country ſeat?— "*Quoi donc, maraut, nous veux tu envoyer planter* "*des choux à Biron?*"

Biron wrote ſome Commentaries on his Military Expeditions; of which Brantôme laments the loſs. He boaſted that he had paſſed from the loweſt rank in the Army to that of General, and ſaid, that was the only legitimate way to become a Marſhal of France. He had been wounded in ſeven different engagements. When he was made a Knight of the Holy Ghoſt, being required to produce his Letters of Nobility, he contented himſelf with exhibiting a few pieces of parchment to the Sovereign and the Commiſſioners, ſaying, "*Sire, voila ma* "*Nobleſſe bien comprize.*" Then putting his hand upon his ſword, he added, "*Mais, Sire,* "*la voila mieux.*"

His device was a match burning, with theſe words: "*Perît ſed in armis.*" He gave Henry the Fourth the wiſe advice to remain in France, and not to fly into England or Switzerland, on the death of Henry the Third. The Marſhal was

 killed

killed by a musquet ball, at the siege of Epernay in 1592.

Biron was Godfather to the celebrated Cardinal de Richelieu, to whom he gave his own baptismal name of Armand.

CHARLES GONTAUT DE BIRON,

son of the Marshal Biron mentioned in the preceding Article, was so early an excellent Officer, that at the age of fifteen he was chosen, by the common consent of the Army commanded by his Father, to supply his place as General, when the latter was prevented by his wounds from assuming that distinguished situation.

Biron used to say, that sometimes prudence was unnecessary in war.

He conspired against his Sovereign Henry the Fourth, who would have pardoned him, had he relied sufficiently upon his clemency and his gratitude to have confessed his treason to him. He who had so often looked upon death with intrepidity in the field, beheld it upon the scaffold with the utmost fear and emotion;

tion; and the Executioner was obliged to do his ſad office by ſtealth. Biron had ridiculed the quiet and reſigned manner with which the amiable but unfortunate Earl of Eſſex met his fate, as bordering upon puſillanimity and cowardice. Nemeſis is but too often upon the watch to revenge obloquy upon itſelf, and to render thoſe perſons juſtly obnoxious to its attacks, who have been liberal of them upon other perſons.

Henry has been much blamed for not ſparing the life of his fellow-ſoldier and companion, and the occaſional cauſe of his victories. Biron was, however, ſo violent, ſo expenſive, and ſo diſſatisfied with his Sovereign's behaviour to him, that he would perhaps have ever looked up to a Revolution to gratify his revenge, or to ſatisfy his neceſſities. He was extremely addicted to play, at which he loſt ſuch conſiderable ſums, that he uſed to ſay, "*Je ne ſçais ſi* "*je mourrai ſur un echaffaut, mais je ſçais bien* "*que je ne mourrai pas à l'Hôpital.*"—"Fatal "alternative," ſays D'Anquetil, "that but "too often attends thoſe who riſk their for- "tunes on a die or a card."

Brotier ſays, "that when Biron's friends "ſolicited his pardon from Henry; by way of "palliating

" palliating his crime, they ſaid that his pride " had made him oppoſe his Sovereign." Henry replied, " It is always agreeable to me to par- " don, but my device is that of my king- " dom:

Parcere ſubjectis et debellare ſuperbos.
To ſpare the conquered, and ſubdue the proud."

Biron was ſo conſcious of the fate which awaited him, that upon being told when he was in priſon that he would ſoon be releaſed, he replied, " Alas! I am not one of thoſe " birds who are put into a cage to let go " again."

PRESIDENT JEANNIN

belonged to the deteſtable faction of the League, but, in conjunction with a few excellent men of his party, would not give into the horrid maſſacre of St. Bartholomew. He was Preſident of the Parliament of Dijon when Henry the Fourth, on his taking poſſeſſion of Paris, ſaid that he would make him one of his Council of State. Jeannin excuſed himſelf by ſaying, that it was not juſt that he ſhould prefer an old Leaguer to ſo many diſtinguiſhed perſons, whoſe fidelity to him had never been ſuſpected.

fuſpected. "I am certain, Sir," replied Henry, "that a perſon who has been faithful "to a Prince will not be defective in fidelity "to a King."

A rich Country Gentleman of Burgundy, being much ſtruck with Jeannin's eloquence in the Parliament of that Province, was very anxious to have him for his ſon-in-law, and waited upon him to tell him of his intention. On his aſking him what property he poſſeſſed, Jeannin, pointing to his head, and to a ſmall collection of Books in the room, ſaid, "In "theſe, Sir, conſiſt all my wealth and all my "fortune."

Some Prince having aſked Jeannin whoſe ſon he was, he replied, "I am the ſon of "my own merit."

Jeannin was Ambaſſador from Henry the Fourth to the States-General of Holland, and negotiated the peace between that Republic and the Spaniards (one of the moſt difficult that ever took place) with ſuch ability and impartiality, that he gained the confidence of the two parties. Cardinal Bentivoglio ſays, that he had often heard Jeannin ſpeak in the Council of State, where he appeared to carry in his

manner and countenance all the dignity of his Maſter.

Henry ſaid of him, "I am obliged to gild "ſeveral of my ſubjects to take off the edge of "their malice. With reſpect to Jeannin, I "have as yet contented myſelf with ſaying "good things of him, without doing any for "him."

Jeannin's "Memoirs of his Negotiations "with Holland" were publiſhed by himſelf. When Richelieu was baniſhed to Avignon, he ſtudied them very much, and profeſſed himſelf greatly indebted to them for his knowledge of the difficult art of Negotiation.

Jeannin, though Preſident of the Parliament of Dijon, uſed to ſay, "We are not always ſo "well inſtructed in the Parliaments as the "Prince and his Miniſters are reſpecting what "makes for the general good of the country. "Sometimes the ſame thing taken ſeparately "appears unjuſt, which in the general is "juſt."

Henry the Fourth, once finding a ſtate-ſecret betrayed, ſaid to his other Miniſters, "See "amongſt yourſelves who it is that has be-

"trayed

" trayed us; I myſelf will anſwer for that good " creature there (pointing to Jeannin), that he " has not done it."

CARDINAL D'OSSAT.

This eminent Negotiator was the ſon of a ſmith, and loſt his Father and Mother when he was very young. At the age of nine, he was placed in the ſervice of a young Nobleman of Auch; his Maſter was likewiſe an orphan, and they ſtudied together. D'Oſſat ſoon outſtripped his Maſter, and became his Preceptor: he was afterwards called to the bar, and by degrees roſe to the dignity of a Biſhop and Cardinal. His negotiations at the Court of Rome procured the abſolution of Henry the Fourth; a matter, at that time, of no ſmall difficulty.

" He was a man," ſays his Biographer, " of great penetration, and took his meaſures " with ſuch precaution, that it is impoſſible to " find a ſingle error or miſtake in any of them. " He united in the higheſt degree politics and " probity, honours with modeſty, and dignities " with diſintereſtedneſs. His letters, though " upon ſubjects which now ceaſe to intereſt, " have been eſteemed very much by Negotia-

"tors. The late intelligent Sir James Porter "was extremely fond of them, and recom- "mended them as models of diplomatic com- "munication."

THEODORE D'AUBIGNÉ.

HENRY THE FOURTH, King of France (then King of Navarre), going one day to Condillac, the country-ſeat of Francois de Foix, Biſhop of Aire, deſired him to permit him to ſee his Cabinet of Curioſities. To this the Biſhop conſented, on condition that the King ſhould take with him no perſons who were men of ignorance, and void of curioſity. "With all my "heart, Uncle," replied the King; "I ſhall "introduce no one who is not more capable "of obſerving and of appreciating your Ca- "binet than myſelf." Coming in then to the Cabinet with the Sieurs Clerval, Du Pleſſis, Du Sainte Angebonde, Peliſſon, and Theodore D'Aubigné; while the King and the reſt were amuſing themſelves in ſeeing a cannon lifted up by a ſmall machine which a boy of ſix years of age had in his hand, and were very attentive to this operation, D'Aubigné obſerved a piece of black marble which ſerved as a writing-deſk to

the

the Biſhop; and having found a pencil, he wrote upon it this diſtich:

Non iſthæc Princeps Regem tractare doceto,
Sed doctâ regni pondera ferre manu.

Teach not the King to toys to give his care,
But Empire's pond'rous weight with eaſe to bear.

Having done this, he covered over the piece of marble, and joined the company. When they came up to it, the Biſhop ſaid, "Sire, ſee this "is my writing-deſk!" but having taken off the cover, and ſeeing the diſtich, he ſaid, "Ah, "ah! a Man has been here, I ſee."—"Nay," ſaid Henry, "what do you take us all for "Beaſts then?" and turning to the Biſhop, "Uncle," ſaid he, "can you gueſs, by the "countenance of us, who has put this trick "upon you?" This ſally of his Majeſty afforded much amuſement.

D'Aubigné wrote the Hiſtory of his Life, and addreſſed it to his Children. "My chil-"dren," ſays he in the Preface to it, "Anti-"quity will furniſh you with directions and "examples, in the lives of Emperors and of "great men, how to behave againſt the at-"tacks of enemies and of diſobedient ſubjects. "You will there ſee how they have reſiſted the "attacks of the one, and the rebellions of the

"other;

" other; but it will never teach you that kind " of conduct which is suited to common and " ordinary life: and this third kind of know- " ledge requiring more dexterity than the other " two, you have more occasion for instruction " in it, since you are rather to imitate persons " of a middling station than those who are of " a distinguished rank in life; having to strug- " gle against your equals, where there is more " occasion for address than for force. This " want of accommodation has often put Princes " in a perilous situation. Henry the Great, " the fourth Sovereign of that name in France, " was not pleased when he found his servants " reading the lives of Emperors and of great " men. Having discovered one of his servants, " by name Neusy, very fond of reading Taci- " tus, and fearing lest his courage should take " too high a flight, he advised him to quit that " kind of reading, and peruse only the lives of " persons in a situation similar to his own."

At four years of age D'Aubigné's father put him into the hands of a Preceptor, who taught him the Greek, Latin and Hebrew languages at the same time; and he says, that at seven years of age he translated the Crito of Plato, upon a promise which his father had made him, that the translation should be printed, with a portrait

portrait of himſelf at that very early age prefixed to it.

D'Aubigné, who was a Proteſtant, attached himſelf to Henry the Fourth, to whom he was a faithful and active ſervant, and often expoſed his life in his ſervice. Henry repaid his attachment in no other manner than by making him a preſent of his portrait. D'Aubigné wrote the following lines under it:

Ce Prince eſt d'etrange Nature,
Je ne ſçai qui Diable l'a fait.
Il récompenſe en peinture
Ceux qui le ſervent en effet.

Henry had a favourite Spaniel, which D'Aubigné, finding half ſtarved in the ſtreets, took home with him and kept, inſcribing theſe lines upon his collar:

I.

Le fidele Citron *qui couchoit autrefois*
Sur votre lit ſacré, couche ores ſur la dure;
C'eſt ce fidele Chien qui apprit de la Nature
A faire des Amis, et des traitres le choix.

II.

C'eſt lui qui les Brigands effrayant de ſa voix,
Des dents, des aſſaſſins, d'où vient donc qu'il endure
La faim, le froid, les coups, les dedans, et l'injure,
Payement coutumier du ſervice des Rois.

III.

Sa fierté, ſa beauté, ſa jeuneſſe agréable
Le fit chérir de vous; mais il fût redoutable
A vos haineux, aux ſiens pour la dexterité.

IV.

Courtiſans, qui jettez vos dedaigneuſes vues
Sur ce Chien delaiſſé, mort de faim par les rues,
Attendez ce loyer de la fidelité.

The Dog was ſoon afterwards taken to the King, who changed colour when he read theſe lines, and remained confuſed for ſome time. But not long afterwards he was more abaſhed, when in an Aſſembly of the Deputies of the Proteſtants of Languedoc he was aſked what was become of D'Aubigné, who had ſaved their Province; and what he had done for ſo active and ſo uſeful a ſervant of God. He replied, "that he always looked upon him as much "attached to him, and that he would take care "of him."

Before D'Aubigné returned to the Court of Henry, he ſent one of his Pages to announce to the Sovereign that he was on the road. The King aſked him from whence he came? The Page ſaid, "Yes, yes;" and to every queſtion that was put to him returned, "Yes, yes." On the King's aſking him, why he continued

to anſwer his queſtions in that manner, he replied, "Sire, I ſaid yes, yes, becauſe Kings "drive away all perſons from their preſence, "who will not make uſe of thoſe words to "every thing which their Sovereigns require of "them."

Henry had quarrelled with D'Aubigné on ſome occaſion or other, and being afterwards reconciled to him, embraced him very heartily. D'Aubigné told him, "Sire, when I look in "your face, I ſee that I may take my old free-"doms and liberties with you. Open now "three of your waiſtcoat buttons, and be ſo "kind as to tell me how I have diſpleaſed you." Henry growing pale at theſe words (as was his cuſtom when any thing affected him) anſwered, "You were too much attached to the Duc de "le Tremouille, to whom you know I had an "averſion."—"Sire," replied D'Aubigné, "I "have had the honour of being brought up at "the feet of your Majeſty, and I have learned "from you never to abandon thoſe perſons who "were afflicted and oppreſſed by a power ſu-"perior to their own. You will then ſurely "approve in me that leſſon of virtue which "I learned under yourſelf." This anſwer was ſucceeded by another hearty embrace from Henry.

One

One night as D'Aubigné was lying in Henry's chamber with ſome of the Gentlemen of his ſuite, he ſaid to La Force, who was aſleep by his ſide, "Our Maſter is ſurely one of the "moſt ungrateful men upon earth!" La Force, between ſleeping and waking, aſked him what he was ſaying. "Why," exclaimed the King, whom D'Aubigné thought to be aſleep, "are "you deaf? do you not hear what he ſays? "that I am the moſt ungrateful of mankind?" "—Sleep on, Sire," replied D'Aubigné; "I "have a good deal more to ſay yet."—"The "next day," adds D'Aubigné, "the King did "not look unkindly at me, but he ſtill gave me "nothing."

After Henry's death, D'Aubigné, retaining in his hands two towns near Rochelle, was told, that if he would give them up to the Queen, he ſhould have of her Majeſty what he pleaſed. He replied, "I ſhall receive of the Queen all "I deſire, for I only wiſh her to look upon "me as a good Chriſtian and a good French-"man."

He wrote a Univerſal Hiſtory, ſome Tragedies, and other Works, of which he ſays, "that "in his retirement at St. Jean d'Angeli, he "printed them at his own expence; and that

§ "they

" they had ſcarcely appeared in the world, when " they were burnt at Paris by the hands of the " Hangman."

D'Aubigné likewiſe wrote, " *Les Aventures " du Baron de Fæneſte,*" in ridicule of the Catholics and the Leaguers. He mentions theſe lines, which were made upon ſome Reformers of the Abuſes in Church and State:

Enfin chacun deteſte
Les guerres, et proteſte
Ne vouloir que le bien.
Chacun au bien aſpire,
Chacun ce bien deſire,
Et le deſire ſien.

Each party civil war deteſts,
And each with ſolemn vows proteſts
He nothing means but good.
Each ſays it is his only aim,
Each to this good puts in his claim,
His own ſtill underſtood.

THEODORIC DE SCHOMBERG.

The day before the battle of Ivry, the German troops which Schomberg commanded mutinied and refuſed to fight, if they were not paid the money which was due to them. Schomberg

berg went to Henry the Fourth with this meſ-ſage, who anſwered him angrily, “ How, Colo-“ nel Thiſche (a nick-name given to him), is “ it the behaviour of a man of honour to de-“ mand money, when he ſhould take his orders “ for fighting?”

The next morning, Henry, recollecting what he had ſaid to Schomberg, went into his tent before the engagement began, and ſaid to him, “ Colonel, this is perhaps the only opportunity “ I may have—I may be killed in the engage-“ ment—it is not right that I ſhould carry away “ with me the honour of a brave Gentleman “ like you. I declare then, that I recognize “ you as a man of worth, and incapable of “ doing any thing cowardly.”

Schomberg, ſtruck with admiration and grati-tude at this noble behaviour of Henry, replied to him, “ Ah! Sire, in reſtoring to me that “ honour which you took away from me, you “ take away my life: for I ſhould be unworthy “ of it, if I did not devote it to your ſervice. “ If I had a thouſand lives, I would lay them “ all at your feet.”

M. DE SILLERY.

As this Knight of Malta, who was Ambaſſador from France to the Pope, was one day walking with the Venetian Ambaſſador in the Square before the beautiful Church of the Geſù at Rome (where it ſeems there is always air, even in the hotteſt day of ſummer), he ſaid to him, "What an odd thing it is that there ſhould be "always ſomething of a breeze here! Can "your Excellency account for it?"—"Perfectly "well," replied the Venetian, "upon a tradi-"tion that has been long current in this city. "The Devil and the Wind were one day walk-"ing together in the ſtreets of Rome, when, "coming to the Jeſuits College in this place, "the Devil ſaid to the Wind, Pray be ſo good "as to ſtay here a minute or two, I have a "word to ſay to theſe good Fathers within. "The Devil, as the ſtory goes, never returned "to his companion, who has been ever ſince "waiting for him at the door."

Memoires DE L'ABBE D'ARNAULD.

After the aſſaſſination of Henry the Fourth, Mary de Medicis burſt into the room where Sillery was ſitting, and exclaimed, "The "King, Sir, is dead!"—"I beg your Majeſty's "pardon,"

" pardon," replied Sillery, who was then Chancellor, " the King of France never dies."

He was baniſhed to his ſeat at Sillery, and ſupported the loſs of his power and conſequence with great impatience. His Phyſicians, on his death-bed, refuſing to acquaint him with the danger of his ſituation, an old and faithful ſervant took the painful taſk upon himſelf, and ſaid to him, " Sir, your trial is over: you muſt " prepare yourſelf for death. You have not " above ſeven or eight hours to live."—" Is it ſo, " my friend?" replied M. de Sillery; " let me " employ, then, the ſhort time that I have to " live in a proper manner. Send for my Con- " feſſor."

" M. de Sillery's virtues and faults were ſo " well counterbalanced," ſays Sully, " that it " was no difficult matter for me to employ the " firſt uſefully, and to guard myſelf againſt the " dangers of the latter."

CRILLON.

Henry the Fourth, on ſeeing Crillon come one day into the Drawing-room of the Palace of Fontainbleau, exclaimed, " Here comes the

" braveſt

" bravest man in my dominions!"—"Sire," replied Crillon, "your Majesty tells an untruth; " he is yourself."

Crillon being desired by his Sovereign Henry the Third to assist in the assassination of the Duke of Guise, refused in as gentle a manner as he could; adding, " I will attack him, Siré, " fairly in single combat, with all my heart; " I will run in upon him; he will, of course, " kill me, and I shall kill him. A man that is " careless of his own life has, you know, that of " his enemy always in his power."

Crillon was not present at the battle of Arques, where his beloved Sovereign Henry the Fourth gained a complete victory, and afterward wrote to him this laconic epistle: " Hang yourself " immediately, brave Crillon! We have had " an engagement at Arques, and you were not " there. Adieu! *Je vous aime à tort et à* " *travers.*"

The second Duke of Guise, when he was very young, endeavoured to alarm the courage of Crillon by pretending that the town in which he was asleep was besieged by the enemy. Crillon, awaked from his sleep by the noise, rushed out with his usual intrepidity, and finding it

to be a trick, ſaid to the Duke, " Young man, " I would adviſe you never again to think of " ſounding the courage of a man of honour. " By death itſelf, if you had found me fail, I " ſhould have ſtruck my dagger into your " heart."

Courteſy, no leſs than courage, was always the appanage of the family of Crillon. That in theſe reſpects the laſt of that illuſtrious Houſe did not degenerate, the conqueſt of Minorca, and the following letter ſent by him to LORD HEATHFIELD, the preſerver of Gibraltar, on his being made a Peer, are convincing proofs :

" Permettez-moi, mon aimable et reſpectable " enemi, de ne ſonger qu'au titre d'Ami que " vous ayez bien voulu m'accorder, pour re- " jouïr avec vous de la grace que le Roi votre " maître vient de vous accorder.

" C'eſt par Monſieur FOWLER WALKER, " un vos Compatriotes et Admirateurs, que " je l'ai appris. La qualité de *Mylord* n'ajoute " rien à toutes celles qui vous rendent cher à " mes yeux; mais en me prouvant la juſtice que " votre nation a ſçue rendre à vos ſervices, et

" à votre

" à votre perſonne, elle me devient perſonelle
" en me rappellant les temoignages particulieres
" de bonté et d'eſtime que j'ai recu à vos
" cotés, et à ceux de vos braves ſoldats. Ce
" moment ne s'effacera jamais de ma memoire,
" heureux ſi en trouvant d'autres occaſions de
" meriter d'avantage les ſuffrages de votre gene-
" reuſe nation, en ſervant nos deux Maîtres
" comme Alliés, je pouvois avant mourir vous
" embraſſer et vous repeter de vive voix l'aſ-
" ſurance des ſentimens d'eſtime de votre na-
" tion, et d'amité que vous m'avez inſpiré, et
" avec leſquels j'ai honneur d'être de votre
" Excellence,

" Monſieur,
" Très humble et très obeiſſant Serviteur,
" R. R. Duc de Crillon,
" Duc de Mahon.

" A Plombieres,
" le 9 Juillet, 1788.
" A ſon Excellence Mylord Heathfield,
" Capitaine General des Armées
" de ſa Majeſté Britannique."

SEIGNEUR DE BEAUMANOIR.

This French Nobleman, a partizan of the Count du Blois, went one day to confer with Richard

Richard Bembron, the Engliſh Commandant of Ploermel, a ſmall fortreſs in Bretagne, for the Counteſs of that Province, on the means of preventing the mutual outrages their reſpective ſoldiers committed upon the peaſants. Soon, however, the rivality between the two nations burſt forth, and interrupted the conference; each Commander ſpoke with contempt of the proweſs of his rival's countrymen, and with veneration of the valour of his own. They grew warm, and a challenge took place. It was agreed, that the two Commanders ſhould meet at a given ſpot with thirty on each ſide, and decide the diſpute. Beaumanoir and Bembron appeared at the day appointed armed *cap-à-pied*, and at the head of their reſpective ſoldiers. The enthuſiaſm that inflamed theſe modern Horatii and Curiatii may eaſily be imagined. They charged moſt furiouſly man againſt man, but ſoon the fortune of war began to ſhew itſelf. Of the Engliſh, only twenty-five in a ſhort time remained. Soon afterwards five are taken priſoners, killed, or incapable of fighting on account of their wounds. Beaumanoir changes the plan of battle. Bembron does the ſame. They form themſelves into a little ſquadron. The Commander of the Engliſh is thrown down, and ſlain upon the ſpot. The Commander of the French, dangerouſly wound-

wounded, and ready to ſink with heat and thirſt, deſires one of his remaining companions to give him ſomething to drink. He exclaims, "Beau-"manoir, drink ſome of your own blood, and "your thirſt will go off. You muſt perſiſt to "the very laſt extremity." Beaumanoir, animated by theſe words, perſiſts, and remains maſter of the field.

PIERRE DE CAYET.

THIS author of the celebrated and very rare Memoirs relative to Henry the Fourth of France which bear his name, was at firſt a Proteſtant Miniſter at the Court of the King of Navarre, and was much preſſed by the Count of Soiſſons to marry him to one of the Princeſſes of the Houſe of Navarre. He refuſed; as not thinking it honourable to be concerned in giving the ſanction of religion to a marriage which he knew to be diſagreeable to the Royal Family of Navarre, and to which he was ſure they would never give their conſent. The Count of Soiſſons ſtill inſiſted—Cayet reſiſted with great intrepidity. On the Count's threatening to ſtab him if he perſiſted in his refuſal, he very ſpiritedly replied, "Well, then, your High-

" neſs may kill me, if you pleaſe; I prefer " dying by the hand of a great Prince to dying " by that of the hangman."

ABBÉ RUCELLAI.

5

THE effect of motive upon the human frame was perhaps never better illuſtrated than in the following account of Abbé Ruçellai, in that entertaining Book, written by Dom' Noel d'Argonne, a Carthuſian friar of Gallion in Normandy, entitled, *Melanges d'Hiſtoire et de la Literature, par Vigneuil de Merveille.*—" This " Abbé was the great nephew of the celebrated " Monſignor de la Caſa, ſo well known by the " excellence of his Italian writings; he came " from Rome to Paris with Mary de Medicis, " wife of Henry the Fourth, where he lived in " great ſplendor and profuſion. He uſed to " have ſerved up at his table, during the deſ- " ſert, baſons enamelled in gold full of eſſences, " perfumes, of gloves, fans, and even piſtoles " for his company to play with. By theſe cir- " cumſtances one may readily judge what ſort " of a perſon M. Ruçellai was. His delicacy " in every thing was exceſſive: he drank no- " thing but water, but it was a water that

" was brought from a great diſtance, and " which was to be drawn drop by drop (if one " may ſo expreſs it). The leaſt thing in the " world diſtreſſed him: the ſun, the dew, heat, " cold, the leaſt change in the atmoſphere ſeem-" ed to have an effect upon his conſtitution. " The mere apprehenſion of becoming ill " would make him keep his room and put " himſelf to bed. It is to him that our phy-" ſicians are obliged for the invention of that " diſeaſe without a diſeaſe, called Vapours, " which makes the employment of thoſe per-" ſons who are idle, and the fortunes of thoſe " who attend them. The poor Abbé groaned " greatly under the weight of theſe trifles, " daring to undertake nothing where there was " the leaſt trouble or fatigue. At laſt, however, " goaded by ambition, or rather perhaps from " a deſire to revenge himſelf upon ſome perſon " who he thought had not uſed him well, he " undertook to ſerve his old miſtreſs, Mary " de Medicis, in ſome ſtate intrigues which " were very complicated, and which required " great activity. At firſt, the ſight of that " trouble which had always appeared to him " to be ſo dreadful a thing, was very near " making him abandon his undertaking; but " getting the better of his fears, he became " ſo hardy and ſo active, that his friends, who

" ſaw

" ſaw him work hard all the day and take no " reſt at night, who ſaw him riding poſt upon " the moſt execrable horſes, and not caring " what he ate or drank, but contented always " with what he found, uſed in joke to aſk him " news of the Abbé Ruçellai, pretending not to " know what was become of him, or what " perſon had changed ſituations with him, or " into what other body the Abbé's ſoul had " tranſmigrated."

ST. FRANCOIS DE SALES

is one of the lateſt of the modern Saints, but, as a lady well obſerved of him, a moſt gentleman-like Saint, for to the rigid virtues of religion he added the graces of urbanity and politeneſs. He preferred his own miſerable Biſhopric of Geneva to that of Paris, which Henry the Fourth offered him. This excellent Prelate was a model of humility, charity, and piety. The Abbé Marſollier has written a very entertaining life of him, in two volumes 12mo.; and the "*Eſprit de St. Francois de Sales,*" 8vo. contains the ſummary of his maxims and doctrine very well compiled.

To

To ſome eccleſiaſtic of his dioceſe who was brought before him as a perſon of vicious and irregular life, and who had fallen on his knees before him to beg pardon for the ſcandal he had given, the Prelate replied, falling alſo on his knees before him, "I have in my turn, Sir, to "requeſt of you, that you will have ſome compaſſion upon myſelf, and upon all thoſe who "are eccleſiaſtics in my dioceſe, upon the "Church and upon Religion, whoſe reputation and honour you diſgrace by your ſcan"dalous life, which gives occaſion to the ene"mies of our holy faith to blaſpheme it."

This ſpeech, ſays the author of this anecdote, made ſuch an impreſſion upon the culprit, that he took up a new way of life, and became a model of piety and virtue.

Henry the Fourth uſed to call St. Francois de Sales, "*l'Eveſque des Eveſques*—the Biſhop "of Biſhops. He has," ſaid he, "birth, "learning, virtue, and piety."

MARQUIS SPINOLA.

"PRAY of what did your brother die?" ſaid this celebrated General one day to Sir Horace Vere.

Vere. "He died, Sir," replied Vere, "of "having nothing to do."—"Alas, Sir," ſaid Spinola, "that is enough to kill any General of "us all."

Monteſquieu ſays, "We in general place "idleneſs among the beatitudes of Heaven; "it ſhould rather, I think, be put among the "torments of Hell."

JOSEPH SCALIGER.

THIS great ſcholar had much of the inſolence which but too often accompanies great learning. In his writings he is very profuſe of the epithets of "beaſt, blockhead, ignorant fel-"low," &c. to thoſe who differed from him in opinion, and who knew not ſo much Greek as himſelf. His pride was much mortified, when, previous to his going to ſettle in Holland, he took leave of his Sovereign Henry the Fourth, of France, who merely ſaid to him, "So, M, "l'Eſcale, the Dutch have ſent for you! They "will, I ſuppoſe, give you a very handſome "penſion: I am very glad of it." Then careleſsly turning to him, he ſaid, "Pray, Sir, is it "true, that you have ſometimes been three "weeks without blowing your noſe?"

Scaliger, in his three hundred and fifty-ſecond Epiſtle, ſays, "Even the beſt ſcholars "among the Engliſh ſpeak Latin with ſo "wretched a pronunciation, that I remember "being in company with an Engliſhman of "that deſcription, who talked Latin to me for "a complete quarter of an hour, and whom I "underſtood no more than if he had talked "Arabic *. I made my excuſes for not anſwer-"ing him, as I did not very well underſtand "Engliſh. On this my friend, who introduced "him to me, burſt out into a loud fit of "laughter; ſo that I could never afterwards "ſee him without confuſion."

The pronunciation of Latin by Engliſhmen, ſetting aſide all reaſons deduced from the make of the letters, the ſounds of the vowels, and the rules for the pronunciation of them that have been laid down by Quintilian and by others, is ſurely defective, as it differs from the pronunciation of all other Nations, and renders an Engliſhman out of his own country, and even in Scotland, when he ſpeaks Latin, as unintelligible as if he were ſpeaking the Hottentot language. It would be ſurely worth while in our ſchools to teach the Italian pronunciation of

* *Quàm ſi Turcicè loqueretur.*

Latin,

Latin, which we may neceſſarily ſuppoſe to be the moſt perfect, and which was adopted by Milton himſelf, when he taught ſchool in London.

LOUIS THE THIRTEENTH,

KING OF FRANCE, CALLED THE JUST.

[1610—1643.]

THE diſaſtrous fate of Henry the Fourth prevented this Prince from completing that education which the excellent Prince his father would have given him. Of the defect of this he was ſo ſenſible, that hearing ſome young perſons of his own age engaged in a ſerious converſation, he ran into his cloſet, where M. Bordas (who was then his favourite) found him in tears; and on aſking the Prince the reaſon of them, he told him, "I lament my ſituation extremely. The "children of private gentlemen are more happy "than thoſe of Sovereigns. They are in"ſtructed in the knowledge of the world and "in buſineſs. As for Princes, their ignorance "is deſirable to thoſe about them, as they may "then more eaſily render themſelves maſters "of and deceive them. Hence ariſe the miſ-

"fortunes

" fortunes of States, and the ſmall degree of " reputation which Sovereigns poſſeſs in the " world."

On the death of the Mareſchal d'Ancre, he ſaid, " God be thanked for his death! Send me " hither the old ſervants of my father, and the " old Members of my Council of State: I will " in future be directed by their advice."

This Prince had occaſionally fits of ſtrength of mind, but they were not laſting. When the Deputies from the Huguenots of France requeſted him to confirm the decrees in their favour, which were rather extorted ſword in hand than granted freely, and quoted to him the examples of Henry the Third and Henry the Fourth, who favoured them; Louis replied, " Henry the Third was afraid of you, and my " father loved you: now I neither fear nor " love you *."

* When after the ſiege of Rochelle, the Deputies from the Huguenots in that city came to deliver the keys of it to Louis the Thirteenth, they told him, that they came to throw themſelves at his feet. M. de Marillac, who was preſent, ſaid, " You are not come, Gentlemen, to throw " yourſelves at the King's feet, but you have fallen at " them in deſpite of yourſelves."

When Madame de Bouteville, and ſome more Ladies of diſtinction, entreated him to ſave the life of M. de Bouteville, who was condemned to be beheaded for fighting a duel, he replied, "I "feel his loſs as ſenſibly as any of you, but "my conſcience forbids me to grant him a "pardon."

When Lord Leiceſter waited upon this Prince to know whether he intended to aſſiſt the Parliament of England againſt Charles the Firſt, he replied, "*Le Roi mon frere peutêtre aſſuré, que* "*je n'aime point les rebelles et les ſeditieux, et que* "*je ne les aſſiſtera jamais contre leur Prince*— "The King my brother may reſt aſſured, that "I am no friend to rebels and ſeditious people; "and that I will never aſſiſt them againſt their "Sovereign*." Had the Cabinet of the unfortunate Louis XVI. been of this opinion; had they not aſſiſted the Britiſh Colonies in America againſt their Mother-country; had they not ſuffered the ſubjects of their own deſpotic nation

* Yet ſuch is the good faith of politicians, that Louis, or rather his Miniſter, Cardinal Richelieu, did interfere in the diſputes between Charles the Firſt and his Parliament. The French Agents were very buſy in Scotland, and a letter of Richelieu's was detected, in which he ſaid, "Before a year "is elapſed, the King of England ſhall know that I am "not a perſon to be deſpiſed."

nation to take thoſe leſſons of liberty at a diſtance which they afterwards came and repeated with ſuch energy at home; France might, perhaps, have eſcaped her paſt and her preſent horrors.

The French have generally affected to diſtinguiſh their Sovereigns by ſpecific names; and it has commonly happened, that they have treated thoſe worſe than the reſt, whom they had diſtinguiſhed by the moſt honourable appellation *. Louis XIII. was called "the Juſt;" and as he had not any particular virtues, or any talents, except that of being a good ſhot, ſome one ſaid, "*Il étoit juſte à tirer de l'arquebuſe.*"

Louis ſeems to have choſen his Miniſters for very different reaſons: the one, le Duc de Luynes, for being an excellent bird-catcher; Des Noyers, for ſinging hymns with him; and Richelieu, whoſe talents he revered, and whoſe character

* Louis XII. was called by his ſubjects "Le Juſte," and "the Father of his People." Him they treated with ridicule, and took off to his face upon the ſtage; and in our times they have brought to the ſcaffold a Prince dignified with the title of "Le Juſte;" a title which he eminently deſerved, as the whole aim of his life was to comply with the wiſhes of his people, and to let the general will of the Nation prevail over the individual will of the Sovereign.

 he

he detested, because he could not govern his kingdom without him. Louis was extremely devout, and composed a private office of devotion with this title: "*Parvæ Christianæ Pietatis Offi-*" "*cia per Christianum Regem Ludovicum XIII.*" "*ordinata.*" Dubois, one of his Valets-de-Chambre, published a very curious account of the last illness of this Prince, in which he appears to have been an extremely patient and resigned sufferer. His reflections on seeing the towers of St. Denis (the place of sepulture of the Kings of France) from the windows of the palace of St. Germain, display a magnanimity and a resignation to the last hard law of fate, which those in eminent situations do not often discover.

"Not many hours before my Sovereign "died," says Dubois, "waking suddenly from "a long and deep sleep, he called the Prince "of Condé to his bed-side. I have been dream-"ing, my cousin, said he, that your son the "Duke d'Enguien had come to an engagement "with the enemy; that the battle was very "long and obstinate; that the victory hung "in suspence for some time; but that after "great efforts on both sides we got the better, "and remained masters of the field. This," adds Dubois, "was prophetic of the battle "of

" of Rocroy, which was gained by the Duc
" d'Enguien, at the ſame time that the King
" mentioned his dream to the Prince of
" Condé."

Louis, like his ſon, and all other Sovereigns who, during their lives, have waſted the treaſure, ſhed the blood, and deſtroyed the happineſs of their ſubjects by unneceſſary wars, felt upon his death-bed great remorſe for thoſe in which he had been engaged. " He ſaid one day, in a
" loud tone of voice," ſays Dubois, " *Que ſi*
" *c'étoit la volonté de Dieu qu'il revint au monde, il*
" *lui plût lui faire la grace de donner la paix à toute*
" *l'Europe:* That if it was the will of God that
" he ſhould be reſtored to life, he hoped that
" it would pleaſe him to permit him to give
" peace to all Europe."

" *Memoire fidele des Choſes qui ſont paſſées à la*
" *Mort de* Louis XIII. *Roi du France,*
" *par* Dubois, *l'un des Valets de Chambre*
" *de ſa Majeſté, le* 14 *Mai* 1643."

MARY DE MEDICIS,

MOTHER OF LOUIS XIII.

When this Princeſs made her eſcape from the Caſtle of Blois to join the Duke of Epernon

 at

at Angoulesme, ſhe let herſelf down from the window of the caſtle by the ſheets of her bed. She intended to have taken with her a valuable caſket filled with jewels, but on reaching the ground, ſhe diſcovered that in the agitation of her mind ſhe had forgotten them. It was now too late to think of recovering them, and ſhe proceeded on her journey on horſeback.

Among the archives of the Parliament of Paris, is a ſingular petition of this Queen:

"*Supplie Marie Reine de France & de Navarre, diſant que depuis le 23 de Fevrier auroit été Priſonniere au Chateau de Compeigne, ſans être ni accuſée ni ſoupçonnée.*"

This Princeſs ſhould have been treated with more reſpect by the people of Paris than ſhe met with. She contributed much to embelliſh that city by architecture and by painting. The Palace of the Luxembourg, and its celebrated Gallery painted by Rubens, owe their exiſtence to her.

Mary was extremely fond of devices. On the birth of her ſon ſhe took that of Juno leaning on a peacock, thus inſcribed:

Viro partuque beata.

When

When ſhe was examined before one of the Preſidents of the Parliament of Paris, reſpecting ſome intrigues ſhe had entered into againſt the Cardinal de Richelieu, ſhe ſaid of him, "that "ſhe believed he was the greateſt diſſembler "that ever exiſted; that he could ſeem what-"ever he pleaſed; that in one half hour he "could look as if he were dying, and that in "the next he could aſſume the appearance of "full health and of chearfulneſs."

The Cardinal, who had been the ſervant of this Queen, drove her out of the kingdom of France, and ſhe died at Cologne. Chigi, the Pope's Legate in that city, aſſiſted her in her laſt moments. With great difficulty he prevailed upon her to ſay that ſhe forgave Richelieu; but when he preſſed her to ſend the Cardinal a bracelet, or a ring, as a token of her perfect reconciliation with him, ſhe exclaimed, "*Queſto é pur troppo.*—This is indeed too "much!" and died ſoon afterward.

"In the month of Auguſt 1641," ſays Lilly, "I beheld the old Queen-Mother of France, "Mary of Medicis, departing from London, "in company of Thomas Earl of Arundel. A "ſad ſpectacle of mortality it was, and pro-

"duced tears from mine eyes, and many other "beholders, to ſee an aged, lean, decrepid, poor "Queen, ready for her grave, neceſſitated to "depart hence, having no place of reſidence "left her, but where the courteſy of her hard "fortune aſſigned it. She had been the only "ſtately and magnificent woman of Europe, "wife to the greateſt King that ever lived in "France, mother unto one King and unto two "Queens."

ANNE OF AUSTRIA,

QUEEN TO LOUIS XIII. KING OF FRANCE.

THIS Princeſs was continually haraſſed by the imperious Cardinal de Richelieu. He occaſionally cauſed her to be examined by ſome of the Preſidents of the Parliament of Paris, reſpecting the plots that were carrying on in Spain againſt his Adminiſtration. On one of theſe trying occaſions, ſhe ſaid to him, "*M. le* "*Cardinal, Dieu ne paye pas toutes les ſemaines,* "*mais enfin il paye*—My Lord Cardinal, God "does not ſettle his accounts with mankind "every week, but at laſt he ſettles them with "effect."

This

This Princeſs, in ſpite of the cruel treatment ſhe had received from Cardinal Richelieu, was ſtill ſo conſcious of his great talents for governing, that on ſeeing a picture of him, ſoon after ſhe became Regent of France, ſhe exclaimed, "If Richelieu had lived to this time, he would "have been more powerful than ever." Madame de Baviere, in her Letters, ſays, "Abbé "—— was detected in an intrigue: Anne of "Auſtria however did much worſe; ſhe was "not contented with intriguing with Cardinal "Mazarin, ſhe married him." This ſhe could do, as the Cardinal had not taken prieſt's orders. Mazarin, however, became very ſoon tired of the Queen, and uſed her very ill, the uſual conſequence of ſuch a marriage. Yet when Mazarin ſounded this Queen reſpecting the marriage of her ſon Louis the Fourteenth with one of his nieces, ſhe nobly replied, "If "the King was capable of degrading himſelf ſo "far, I would put myſelf with my ſecond ſon "at the head of the whole French Nation "againſt the King and againſt you."

The following Impromptu of Voiture to this Queen, who, on ſeeing him walking alone, aſked him of what he was thinking, gives ſome foundation to the report of her taking in very good

part the gallantry of the Duke of Buckingham to her:

Je penſois (car nous autres Poetes,
Nous penſons extravagement),
Ce que, dans l'humeur où vous êtes,
Vous fieriez, ſi dans ce moment
Vous aviſiez en cette place
Venir le Duc de Buckingham;
Et lequel ſeroit en diſgrace,
De lui, ou du Pere Vincent.*

At the Dutcheſs of Norfolk's ſeat at Holme, near Hereford, there is a whole-length portrait of the Princeſs, with this inſcription, "*Anne* "*Reine de France, groſſe de ſex mois; fait par* "*Beaubrun* 1638:" and indeed the Queen's pregnancy is pretty viſible in the picture.

LA MARECHAL D'ANCRE.

THIS upſtart Miniſter, by name Concini, and foſter-brother to Mary de Medicis, was ſo inſolent, that he uſed to call the Gentlemen who were in his train, "My Hundred-a-year Scoundrels," Concini governed France ſo wretchedly and ſo deſpotically, that Malherbe ſaid after his death, "Now it has pleaſed Hea-

* The Queen's Confeſſor.

"ven

" ven to take Concini away from us, we have no
" prayer left to make."

Howell, in his Letters, relates this account of the death of the Marſhal d' Ancre from an eye-witneſs: " The young King Louis XIII. " being told that the Marſhal d' Ancre was " the ground of the diſcontent amongſt the " people of Paris, commanded M. de Vitry, " Captain of the Guards, to arreſt him, and " in caſe of reſiſtance to kill him. This bu- " ſineſs was carried very cloſely till the next " morning, that the ſaid Marquis was coming " to the Louvre, with a ruffling train of gal- " lants after him, and paſſing over the draw- " bridge at the Court-gate, Vitry ſtood there " with the King's guard about him, and, as " the Marquis entered, he told him that he " had a commiſſion from the King to ap- " prehend him, and therefore he demanded " his ſword. The Marquis hereupon put his " hand upon his ſword; ſome thought to yield " it up, others to make oppoſition. In the " mean time, Vitry diſcharged a piſtol at him, " and ſo diſpatched him. The King, being " above in his gallery, aſked what noiſe that " was below. One ſmilingly anſwered, No- " thing, Sir, but that the Marſhal d' Ancre " is ſlain. Who ſlew him? The Captain of

" your

"your Guards. Why? Becauſe he would "have drawn his ſword at your Majeſty's royal "commiſſion. The King then replied, Vitry "has done well; and I will maintain the act. "Preſently the Queen-Mother had all her "guards taken from her, except ſix men and "ſixteen women, and ſo ſhe was baniſhed "Paris, and commanded to retire to Blois. "Ancre's body was buried that night in a "church-yard by the Court; but the next "morning the lacqueys and pages (who are "more unhappy here than the apprentices of "London) broke up his grave, tore the coffin "to pieces, ripped the winding-ſheet, and tied "his body to an aſs's tail, and ſo dragged him "up and down the gutters of Paris (which are "none of the ſweeteſt); they then ſliced off "his ears, and nailed them upon the gates of "the city: they cut off his genitories, and ſent "them as a preſent to the Duke of Maine. "The reſt of his body they carried to the "new bridge, and hung him, his heels upwards "and his head downwards, upon a new gibbet, "that had been ſet up a little before to puniſh "them who ſhould ſpeak ill of the preſent "Government, and it was his chance to have "the firſt fruits of it himſelf. His wife was "hereupon apprehended, impriſoned, and be-"headed for a witch, ſome few days after,

"upon

" upon a ſurmiſe that ſhe had enchanted the " Queen to dote ſo upon her huſband: and " they ſay, the young King's picture was " found in her cloſet, in virgin wax, with one " leg melted away. A little after, a proceſs was " formed againſt the Marquis her huſband, and " ſo he was condemned after death. This was " a right act of a French popular fury, which, " like an angry torrent, is irreſiſtible, nor can " any banks, boundaries, or dykes, ſtop the " impetuous rage of it."

LE CHEVALIER DE GUISE.

THIS Nobleman, true to his race, from earlieſt life exhibited the characteriſtic of family courage. In a Letter in Sir Ralph Winwode's Collection of State Papers, dated Paris, 30th Dec. 1612, it is ſaid:

" The Duke (then Chevalier de Guiſe, his " brother being alive) meeting ſome days ſince " with the Baron de Luz in the ſtreet, challenged him to come out of his coach to fight " him, and killed him on the place. The " ground of which quarrel is pretended to " have been, for that the ſaid Baron did of " late let fall ſome words that he was of coun-

" cil

"cil to the killing of the late Duke of Guiſe "at Blois, and that he had hindered the Mar- "ſhal of Briſac from diſcovering that pur- "poſe."

In another Letter in the ſame Collection, dated Paris, January 26, 1612, it is added,

"A duel has happened between the Cheva- "lier de Guiſe and the young Baron de Luz; "who, to revenge his father's death, hath caſt "himſelf into the ſame misfortune. He hath "been much more pitied than his father, both "for the ground of his quarrel, and for his "own worth, he being one of the beſt horſe- "men in this Court, and of a very good cou- "rage, as he hath ſhewed in this private fight, "which was very long and very well maintained "on both ſides, for he had three mortal wounds, "and the Chevalier five, but all very favour- "able, ſo that he is almoſt already recovered "of them, and his ſecond alſo, a Knight of "Malta, called M. de Grignan, who had a "dangerous thruſt through the body. The "Baron's ſecond, called Riolet, had only a cut "in his hand. Of all theſe champions, the "Chevalier hath carried away the chief honour; "not ſo much for the reſpect of his quality,

"which

"which he hath neglected in this action, as "for his readineſs in the acceptance of the "combat, and for his valour in the perform- "ance thereof with ſo favourable a ſucceſs; "for as ſoon as he had received the challenge, "which was early in the morning, he did not "take the leiſure to read it, but put the ſame "in his pocket, and made himſelf preſently "ready; offering to Riolet, who brought him "the challenge, to go ſingle along with him "to meet the Baron, who was already out "of the gates; but ſeeing he was deſirous to "have a ſecond, he ſent ſecretly upon another "pretence for the ſaid Knight of Malta; and "ſo having taken each of them a lakey and a "good horſe out of the Duke of Guiſe his "ſtable, they went forth and met the ſaid "Baron de Luz with his ſecond, with whom "they agreed to fight in their ſhirts on horſe- "back; which as ſoon as the Duke of Guiſe "underſtood, he cauſed the gates of his houſe "to be ſhut, leſt that any of his ſervants or "friends ſhould go to his brother's aſſiſtance; "which action of theirs hath gotten them "a great reputation here. And ſo far was "the Queen from ſhewing herſelf offended "with it when ſhe underſtood the manner "thereof, as that both the King and ſhe ſent

"presently to visit the Chevalier de Guise, and "all the great ones of this Court have also vi-"sited him."

HENRI DUC DE MONTMORENCI.

When Henry the Fourth held this illustrious and unfortunate Prince in his arms as his godfather at the christening, he said, "What a fine infant is this son of mine! If "the House of Bourbon should fail, there is "no Family in Europe that has such claims "as his to the Crown of France, of which "it has always supported and increased the "splendor, at the expence of its own blood."

As this illustrious Nobleman was one day playing at hazard, he won a considerable sum of money. A gentleman standing near him said to his friend, "That now is a sum which would "make a Gentleman's fortune."—"Would it "so, Sir?" replied the Duke; "take it then, I "only wish that it were more."

As the Duke was walking one day in the fields near Thoulouse with another Nobleman, their discourse turned upon the happiness of men in different situations, and whether those

were

were moſt to be envied who were in eminent, or thoſe who were in low ſituations of life. "Ho!" ſays the Duke, on obſerving three or four peaſants, who were making their frugal meal under a tree, "theſe men ſhall ſettle the "point for us." He comes up to them, and accoſting them in his uſual gracious manner ſays, "My friends, are you happy? Pray tell "me." Three of them told him, "that "confining their happineſs to a few acres "which they had received from their anceſtors, "they deſired nothing farther." The fourth ſaid, "that all that he wiſhed was to be able "to regain the poſſeſſion of a part of his pa-"trimony, which had paſſed into other hands "by the misfortunes of ſome of his family." "Well then, my friend, if you had it again, "you think that you ſhould be happy?"— "As happy, my Lord Duke, I think, as a man "can poſſibly be in this world," "What would "it coſt you to recover it?" "Two thouſand "livres, Sir."—"Well, then," ſaid the Duke, turning to one of his attendants, "preſent him "with the money, that I may ſay I have had "the ſatisfaction to-day of making one perſon "happy."

When Louis XIII. preſented him with the Marſhal's ſtaff of France, he ſaid, "Take it,

"my

" my couſin; you will do it more honour than " it will do to you." The ſame Sovereign ſeeing him as he was ſetting out for the expedition againſt Piedmont, exclaimed, "*Voila le plus brave homme de mon Royaume.*"

After the battle of Veillano, where the Duke behaved with the greateſt valour, M. de Cramail aſked him, if amidſt ſo many dangers he had at all thought of death. " I have " learned, Sir," replied the Duke, " from my " anceſtors, that the moſt glorious life is that " which finiſhes on a victorious field of bat- " tle."

When he was taken priſoner at the battle of Caſtelnaudari, and was condemned to death by the Parliament of Toulouſe, as bearing arms againſt his Sovereign, he ſaid to the two Judges who came to his priſon to ſignify to him the ſentence which the Parliament had pronounced againſt him, " Gentlemen, I thank you and your " illuſtrious Court. Aſſure them that I look " upon this ſentence no leſs as proceeding from " the mercy of Heaven, than from the juſtice " of my Prince."

St. Preuil, who headed the troop which took the Duke priſoner after the battle of Caſtelnau-
dari,

dari, fell at the feet of his Sovereign, to requeſt the life of his illuſtrious captive. Richelieu, who was preſent while he was thus forcibly imploring the clemency of Louis, cried out, "St. "Preuil, if his Majeſty were to treat you as "you deſerve, he would lay your head at your "heels *."

Montmorenci, when brought to his trial at Thoulouſe, was, contrary to the cuſtom obſerved with ſtate-priſoners in France, placed upon a ſtool on a level with the Court. When the Judges delivered their opinions reſpecting the ſentence that was to take place upon this diſtinguiſhed culprit, the firſt to whom the Preſident applied, gave his opinion for death, the dreadful but well-deſerved puniſhment of him who appears in arms againſt his Sovereign. The reſt, one by one, roſe from their ſeats, uncovered their heads, but ſaid nothing; too plainly ſhewing, by their mournful ſilence, the cruel neceſſity they were under to diſpenſe the rigid ſentence of the law, however at variance with their wiſhes and their affections.

* The Cardinal never forgave St. Preuil for telling his friends, "that if he had known that the Duke was to have "periſhed on a ſcaffold, he would have blown his brains "out when he took him priſoner."

 The

The Chancellor Seguier, Richelieu's meaneſt minion, and who had been brought up by the father of the Duke, preſided at this tribunal (as it is ſaid) at his own particular deſire. On his aſking the Duke in the uſual forms of French criminal procedure, "What was his name?" the Duke replied, "I am ſure, Sir, you ought "to know it, who have ſo long eaten the bread "of our Houſe."

The Duke appeared much affected when he was aſked whether he had any children; with reſpect to every thing elſe, he made his anſwers as ſhort as poſſible. He not only admitted the facts of which he was accuſed, but confeſſed ſeveral charges that were not brought againſt him, in hopes to ſave the lives of thoſe who had followed him in his fatal expedition. When he was aſked, whether the Duke of Orleans, his Sovereign's brother, had not prevailed upon him to take up arms aginſt their mutual Sovereign; he replied, "that he did not pretend to "lay any blame upon him, but that it was "his accurſed deſtiny which had precipitated "him into ſo great a crime;" yet he always proteſted, in the moſt ſolemn manner, that he had not the leaſt intention to affect the government of the country.

The

The Duke, ſoon after he had undergone his interrogatory, begged to be permitted to retire for a moment, when, addreſſing the tribunal with a moſt reſpectful bow, he ſaid, "Gen-" tlemen, I had nearly forgotten to tell you, " that when M. Guillemot was confronted with " me, I accuſed him of having counterfeited " my ſeal. I was then greatly agitated. I " now completely diſcharge him from the ac-" cuſation which I made againſt him in that " ſituation. He is an honeſt man. I ſigned " with my own hand the agreement with the " States of Languedoc."

Soon after the condemnation of the Duke, the King ſent for his Marſhal's Staff and his Collar of the Order of the Holy Ghoſt. Theſe diſtinguiſhed marks of the Sovereign's favour, and of the Duke's merit, were brought to Louis as he was playing at Cheſs. The Duke de Liancourt, and all the perſons of rank who were in the room with Louis, men and women, burſt into tears. "Sire," ſaid M. de Charlus, who was ſent to the Duke by the King, "be-" hold the Collar of the Order and the Mar-" ſhal's Staff, which I preſent you on the part " of the unfortunate Duc de Montmorenci. " He has given me in charge, Sire, to aſſure " your Majeſty, that he dies under the deepeſt

 " impreſſion

"impreſſion of ſorrow for having offended you; "and that ſo far from complaining of the "ſentence by which he is condemned to die, "he thinks it bears no proportion to the enor-"mity of the crime of which he has been "guilty." Having ſaid this, M. de Charlus fell at the knees of the King, and taking hold of them with both his hands, and burſting into tears, ſaid, "Ah Sire, ah Sire, pardon M. de "Montmorenci! his anceſtors have been ſuch "good ſervants to your predeceſſors! Pardon "him, Sire! pardon him!" At this inſtant, every perſon that was in the room (and it happened to be extremely crowded) men and women, as if impreſſed with one inſtantaneous impulſe, fell upon their knees, crying, "Sire, "for God's ſake, pardon M. de Montmo-"renci!" Louis, at this dreadful and affecting ſcene, appeared totally unmoved. "No," ſaid he, raiſing his voice, "M. de Montmorenci "muſt not be pardoned. There cannot poſ-"ſibly be any pardon for him. You ought "not to be ſorry to ſee a perſon die, who has "ſo well deſerved to die as M. de Montmo-"renci. The only favour that I can grant "him, is, that the executioner ſhall not tie "his hands, and that he ſhall only behead "him." When this was told to the Duke, his Surgeon (M. de Lucante), who came to

him to cut off his hair to prepare him for his execution, fell into a ſwoon by the ſide of his Maſter. "Ah! poor Lucante," ſaid the Duke; "you, who while I was in priſon ſo firmly "exhorted me to receive all my ſufferings as "coming from the hands of Him who made "me—you, I ſee, are more afflicted than my-"ſelf! Comfort yourſelf; let me embrace you, "and take my laſt farewell of you." Then turning to his Confeſſor, he ſaid, "I am ready "to go to the ſcaffold."

The ſcaffold was erected in an inner court of the Town-houſe of Thoulouſe, in which the Duke was confined. In paſſing to it, he obſerved the ſtatue of Henry the Fourth, which ſtood in the middle of the area; the ſtatue of a Monarch who had been in ſome meaſure indebted to the Duke's father for the Crown of France. He ſtopped ſome minutes, and looked at it very attentively, reflecting, perhaps, on the ingratitude and cruelty of the King his ſon. His Confeſſor, who was beſide him, aſked him what was the matter, and whether he wanted any thing. "No, no, my good Father," replied the illuſtrious Criminal, "I was merely "looking at the ſtatue of Henry the Fourth. "He was a great and a noble-minded Prince. "I had the honour to be his godſon. Let us

"go on." Then pointing to the ſcaffold, he added, "That is my only road to Heaven."

As ſoon as he came upon the ſcaffold, he ſaluted the Commanding Officer, and all the perſons preſent, more particularly the Town-Guards, who had orders to attend this melancholy ceremony in the dreſs they wore on ſolemn occaſions. He entreated them all to bear their teſtimony to his Sovereign, that he died his moſt obedient ſubject, and penetrated with the deepeſt contrition at having offended him. He then placed himſelf upon the block, and having committed his ſoul into the hands of the Author of his being, received the fatal blow. The blood flew out upon the walls of the area; and ſuch is ſtill the veneration of the people of Thoulouſe for the memory of M. de Montmorenci, that a few years ago they affected, with tears in their eyes, to ſhew the marks of it upon the walls of the Court *.

* The Surgeons having opened the body to embalm it, found five muſquet balls within it. They remarked, that of the ſeventeen wounds which he had received at the battle of Caſtelnaudari, not one was mortal. Soon after the Duke was taken priſoner, his Surgeon offered to dreſs them. "Oh! no, my good friend," ſaid he, "it is by "no means neceſſary; one more will ſoon cure them "all."

It

It appears by the Memoirs of M. Puyſegur, that this illuſtrious culprit was decapitated by the *Doulvir*, an inſtrument of death much reſembling the modern Guillotine.

Thus, by the hands of the executioner, and as a public ſpectacle on a ſcaffold, periſhed Henri Duc de Montmorenci, a Nobleman highly diſtinguiſhed for the ſplendid virtues of munificence and of courage, of no incompetent parts and underſtanding, a Peer and Marſhal of France, Knight of the venerable Order of the Holy Ghoſt, and the firſt Chriſtian Baron of Europe *; qualities and titles which would have pleaded very ſtrongly in favour of the life of him who poſſeſſed them, had he not diminiſhed their power, and deſtroyed their influence, by committing treaſon againſt the executive government of his country; the greateſt crime which a ſubject can commit; in itſelf but too apt to contain all other crimes, and in its own pernicious germ to incloſe the ſeeds of rapine, devaſtation, and

* In a converſation with the late excellent Dr. Johnſon on the ſubject of this Nobleman, he ſaid, "Had I been "Richelieu, I could not have found in my heart to have "ſuffered the firſt Chriſtian Baron to die by the hands of "the Executioner."

 murder;

murder; the diſſolution of all order, and the deſtruction of civil ſociety *.

Pere Arnaux, the Confeſſor who attended the Duke to the ſcaffold, came to Louis immediately after the execution, to tell his Majeſty in what manner his illuſtrious penitent had behaved in that aweful moment. "Your Majeſty," added he, "has given a very ſtriking example to the "world, by the death of M. de Montmorenci; "but God, by his great mercy, has made him "a Saint in Heaven."—"Alas! my Father," replied the Monarch, "I ſhould have been "happy to have contributed to his ſalvation by "gentler methods."

To the Prince of Condé, a relation of M. de Montmorenci, this Prince ſaid, "How unhap-"py we Kings are, to hear accounts of things "that are made up partially on purpoſe for "us; to have no confidence in our neareſt re-"latives, in our principal officers, and in thoſe "of whom we are fondeſt; and to be obliged "to regulate our conduct by thoſe phantoms

* "*Le plus grand de maux eſt la guerre civile. La paix "eſt le ſouverain bien. La guerre civile étant un des plus grands "maux qu'on puiſſe commettre contre la charité du prochain, on "ne peut pas aſſez exaggerer la grandeur de cette faute.*"— "*Penſées de* PASCAL."

"of

" of politics that are but too often the inte-
" refts of other perfons affectedly made our
" own."

Richelieu, in his " Political Teftament," fays, " *La mort de Marillac et de Montmorenci ont* " *mis dans un inftant tous les grands dans leur* " *devoir.*"

The gentler Olivarez, Prime Minifter of Spain, faid to the French Ambaffador, on the execution of the Duke, " What! has Cardinal " de Richelieu dared to put to death the " greateft and moft powerful Nobleman of " France? Has he forgotten that he is himfelf " a fubject; that Kings die; and that the exe- " cration which executions like this procure is " eternal?"

Could an act of rebellion againft the Sovereign be ever pardoned in a powerful nobleman, what claims to mercy had this illuftrious Frenchman! His character feems to have been compofed of the virtues which fhould diftinguifh high rank, courage and liberality. When, after the fatal battle of Caftelnaudari, he was brought wounded in many places to be examined before the Parliament of Thouloufe, the Officer who had taken him prifoner was afked

aſked by him, how he could identify his perſon. "Alas, my Lord," replied he with tears in his eyes, "the flames and the ſmoke with "which you were covered prevented me at firſt "from diſtinguiſhing you; but when I ſaw in "the heat of the engagement a perſon who, "after having broken ſix of our ranks, was ſtill "killing ſome of our ſoldiers in the ſeventh, "I thought that he could be no one except "M. de Montmorenci. I did not indeed certainly know that he was the perſon till I ſaw "him lying upon the ground with his horſe "dead upon him."

After having beaten the Huguenot army near the Iſle of Rhé, he gave up to his ſoldiers all the plunder of the place which belonged to himſelf; and when he was told how very great it was, and what a ſacrifice he had made, he replied with a noble diſdain, "I "came not here to acquire money, but "glory."

On going to his Government in Languedoc, he called upon a young French Prince, to whom he was related by marriage, who was ſtudying at La Charité, and made him a preſent of a purſe of Louis d'ors. On his return, finding that the young Prince had kept it

locked

locked up in his bureau, he took it from him and threw it out of the window among the populace; then turning ſaid to his relation, "You "oblige me to do that for you which you ought "to have done for yourſelf. The firſt duty of "a Prince is to be liberal to thoſe who ſtand "in need of his aſſiſtance."

His Sovereign, Louis the Thirteenth, would moſt readily have granted him his pardon; but the vindictive Richelieu, whoſe favour he had refuſed to court, would not permit him. The Duke was ſo beloved in his province (Languedoc), that for fear of a revolt of the people in his favour, he ſuffered in the Inner Court of the Town-houſe of Thoulouſe, at the foot of a marble ſtatue of Henry the Fourth. This circumſtance occaſioned the following lines:

Ante patris ſtatuam, nati implacabilis irâ
Occubui, indignâ morte manuque cadens.
Illorum ingemuit neuter, mea fata videndo:
Ora patris, nati pectora marmor erant.

The Duke is made to ſpeak:

Doom'd by the ſon's reſentful rage,
Which neither tears nor prayers aſſuage,
Beneath the royal father's feet
A vile diſgraceful death I meet;

Yet

Yet ſympathetic with my ſtate,
Neither deplores my wretched fate:
The Father's face, the Son's hard breaſt,
Alike of marble ſtand confeſt.

When the Ducheſs of Montmorenci was informed of the death of her huſband, ſhe exclaimed, "What! is this, then, that King who "is called Louis the Juſt? Oh my God," ſaid ſhe, burſting into tears, "my Montmorenci "was the only thing that I loved in this world, "and you have taken him from me, that I "may love you only!" The Ducheſs retired to the Convent of the Viſitation at Moulins, where ſhe ſpent the remainder of her days in ſorrow and in penitence. She erected a magnificent mauſoleum in the chapel of the Convent to her beloved huſband, which ſhe viſited every day till ſhe died. She lived two years in this manner, when Louis paſſing through Moulins ſent one of his Gentlemen to enquire after her health. She received him in the room in which ſhe always ſat, which was hung with black cloth, and illuminated by tapers, with a crucifix on the table, and a whole-length picture of her deceaſed huſband over the chimney. "Tell his Majeſty, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "I entreat "you, how aſtoniſhed I am that he ſhould

"have

"have the leaſt recollection of a widow ſo "wretched, and ſo unworthy of that honour "which he does her, as myſelf; but I pray "you, do not forget to tell him all that you "ſee here."

Richelieu himſelf imitated his Sovereign, and ſent a Gentleman on his part to this diſconſolate Princeſs, as if to mock her, who looked upon him as the only cauſe of her misfortunes. She replied to his compliments in the ſame ſtyle of dignity and of moderation.

Madame de Montmorenci died at Moulins in 1664, after having in her retirement received the viſits of Anne of Auſtria, Louis the Fourteenth, and of Chriſtina Queen of Sweden.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

THIS great Stateſman was intended for the army; but, on his elder brother's giving up the Biſhopric of Lucan to become a Carthuſian, he was prevailed upon by his family to take orders, to be put in poſſeſſion of that benefice. He procured the neceſſary bulls for that purpoſe of the Pope, then Paul the Fifth, by falſifying

fying his baptiſmal regiſter, and gaining one year by this artifice, he made up the term requiſite by the Canons. The Pope, not finding out the trick put upon him till it was too late, contented himſelf with ſaying, "This young "man will not ſtop here, I fancy."

Richelieu performed his exerciſe for the degree of Doctor of Divinity at the Sorbonne in his epiſcopal robes, he being then not five-and-twenty years of age, and took for his theſis, "*Quis ſimilis mihi.*—Who is like to myſelf?"

He early in life attached himſelf to Mary de Medicis, and in the diſputes between her and her ſon, Louis the Thirteenth, took her part, for which he was baniſhed to Avignon. There he amuſed his leiſure by writing a "Catechiſm," and "The Inſtructions of a Chriſtian," which he afterwards printed at the Louvre Preſs with great ſplendor.

On his return to Paris with the Queen, he was admitted into the Council, as Secretary of State, againſt the opinion of his Sovereign, who told his other Miniſters that they would repent of their placing him in ſo eminent a ſituation. Soon, however, in this ſituation, his tranſcendant talents began to diſplay themſelves, and he became

became Prime Minifter, with a plenitude of power and authority which no Minifter in France before his time ever poffeffed.

He brought his brother from his retreat in a Carthufian Convent, and made him a Cardinal, Archbifhop of Lyons, and Grand Almoner of France. The brother was dragged unwillingly into public life, and was continually writing to his brother at Paris to perfuade him to refign a fituation in which he had fo little time to attend to his fpiritual concerns. Thefe letters the Cardinal never read, after he had been a little ufed to their contents.

Richelieu, amid all his other triumphs, was very defirous of the diftinction which literary fame affords. He offered M. Jay a confiderable fum of money, if he would permit him to have the credit of his learned Polyglot Bible; and the want of fuccefs of a political Comedy which he wrote, called "*L'Europe*," gave him ferious uneafinefs.

Richelieu had the merit of inftituting the celebrated French Academy, and of eftablifhing a ftandard of the French language. In a feminary which he founded in his native town of Richelieu, he directed that the French language fhould

ſhould be the only one taught at it, and that the ſciences ſhould be communicated to the pupils in that language alone.

So ambitious was the Cardinal to have every thing bend to his will, that he ſpoiled the convenience of the magnificent palace which he built at Richelieu, merely to preſerve the room entire of the old Château in which he was born.

One trait in the Cardinal's conduct muſt ever demand our applauſe. An officious perſon came to his Eminence to inform him of certain free expreſſions which ſome perſons of conſequence had made uſe of, reſpecting his character and his conduct, in his hearing. "Why how now, "you ſcoundrel," replied the Cardinal, "have "you the impudence to curſe and call me all "theſe names to my face, under pretence of "their having been ſaid by other particular "perſons, who I know entertain the higheſt "reſpect for me?" Then ringing his bell, and turning to the page who anſwered it, he ſaid, "Go, one of you, and turn this troubleſome "and malicious fellow down ſtairs."

Richelieu at one time, in the unproſperous events of public affairs, had cauſed his plate and

and jewels to be packed up, and was preparing to quit the kingdom: he was, however, advifed by his friend Cardinal de la Valette to get into his coach, and fhew himfelf openly to the people of Paris. This advice he very wifely took.—He was fome time afterward, if poffible, in ftill greater danger. Mary de Medicis, his old protectrefs, had prevailed upon his Sovereign to difmifs him from his high office, and a new Adminiftration was forming; he had, however, the good fenfe and firmnefs of mind to demand a private audience of his Majefty, at which he prevailed with that afcendancy which ftrong minds muft ever have over thofe of a weaker and feebler texture.

Voltaire had fuppofed the famous "Political "Teftament" attributed to this Cardinal to be a forgery. A copy of it has, however, been difcovered fince his death in the Library of the King of France, in his own hand-writing.

The Cardinal, according to Segrais, had four hundred thoufand livres a-year. He gave one hundred and twenty thoufand crowns of it in penfions to men of learning and fcience, beftowing in that manner the money which his table would have coft him. He was a valetudinarian, and never kept a table.

The Comte de Charoſt had two brothers, one a General, the other an Archbiſhop. Richelieu one day complained to him of the conduct of the Archbiſhop. "Does not your Eminence know," replied the Count, "that "where there are many brothers in a family, "the greateſt blockhead is always put into "the Church?"—"Thanks to you, M. de "Charoſt, for your compliment," replied the Cardinal.

Richelieu, whoſe genius aimed at every thing, gave Deſmaretz the plan of the Comedy of "*Les Viſionaires*," which he completed. The Lady repreſented in it as being in love with Alexander, was Madame de Sablé, who had paid no attention to the Cardinal's addreſſes. This made the World ſay, that ſhe was in love only with the Macedonian Hero. Richelieu likewiſe gave the plan of "*Mirame*" * to Deſmaretz.

In

* "I paſſed the winter of 1641 at Paris," ſays Abbé Arnauld, in his very entertaining Memoirs, "where the "Cardinal celebrated the marriage of his niece with the "Duc d'Enguien, afterwards the great Condé, with great "magnificence. The Comedy of *Mirame*, of which his "Eminence gave the plan to Deſmaretz, was repreſented "on the Cardinal's private theatre, when the Queen was "preſent; and myſelf as well as many others were much "aſtoniſhed

In the different provisions which were expedited for the several commissions which Richelieu held, it was declared that he was to be obeyed as the King's own proper person.

The Cardinal, while in the agonies of death, was asked by his Confessor if he sincerely pardoned all his enemies. "I never had any but "those of the State," was the answer of the dying Penitent.

Richelieu was resolved, that even his place of sepulture should partake of that magnificence which had distinguished whatever he had done throughout life. He ordered himself to be buried under the Dome of the celebrated College of the Sorbonne, which he had rebuilt with

"astonished that they had the boldness to invite her "Majesty to be a spectator of an intrigue which most "assuredly could not please her, and which, from reasons "of respect, I shall not explain. But she was obliged to "suffer this insult, which it was reported she had brought "upon herself by the contempt with which she had "treated certain solicitations of the Cardinal. Her Ma-"jesty was perhaps a little indemnified by the very small "applause the Piece met with, which mortified his Emi-"nence extremely. It was, indeed, the only satisfaction "to be had for the insults of a man who was master "of every thing, and formidable to every one, whatever "indignation might naturally enough be felt against him "for such a conduct."—*Memoires de l'Abbé* ARNAULD.

 great

great ſplendor. A mauſoleum was erected over him, at the expence of his niece; it is the *chef d'œuvre* of that great ſculptor M. Girardon. Not long after it was finiſhed, the Princeſs of Condé, ſiſter to the Duc de Montmorenci, whom Richelieu had cauſed to be beheaded, came to viſit it, and (pointing to the tomb) exclaimed, in the words of the Siſter of Lazarus to the Saviour of the World, "*Domine ſi* "*fuiſſes hìc, frater meus non mortuus eſſet*—Lord, "hadſt thou been here, our brother had not "died."

Richelieu was a great Theologian: his "*Me-* "*thodes des Controverſes ſur tous les Points de* "*la Foi*," is ſuppoſed to be the beſt book that had appeared on the ſubject in France, before Arnauld, Nicole, and Boſſuet. He ſeems to have been very anxious that the Huguenots ſhould become Catholics. "The Cardinal," ſays Choiſy, "after having made the Calviniſts "ſubmit by force of arms, deſigned to attempt "to win them over to the Catholic Faith by "gentle means. For that purpoſe he intended "to give penſions to their principal Miniſters, "that might prevent their being in diſtreſs; "and afterwards to appoint public conferences, "at which nothing ſhould be made uſe of as "proofs but the authority of the Scriptures "themſelves,

" themſelves, without admitting tradition. He
" entruſted his deſign to Pere du Laurent, who
" had been a Proteſtant Miniſter when he was
" young. I will neither, ſaid the Cardinal to
" him, make uſe of the Doctors of the Sorbonne,
" who are of uſe only againſt the heretics of
" old times; nor of the Fathers of the Oratory,
" verſed in myſtic divinity; nor of the Jeſuits,
" too open and too violent enemies to the Pro-
" teſtants. We muſt merely quote to them
" the pure word of God; they will then attend
" to us; and if they will but attend to what
" we ſay, they are our own."

When the Princeſs of Guimené, a Lady of great beauty, entreated the Cardinal to ſpare the life of the Duc de Montmorenci, who had been her lover, and to remember what marks of friendſhip he had given him very lately at Lyons when there was a plot formed againſt him, Richelieu replied in an angry tone of voice, " Madam, I did not break firſt with the " Duke."

On the day of the Duke's execution, he found ſome French lines on his table to this purport:

> In this degenerate and ungrateful age,
> Evils alone the memory engage:

On plates of braſs we injuries engrave,
And kindneſs truſt upon the trackleſs wave.

Richelieu died completely worn out with fatigue of body and of mind, at the age of fifty-eight. A few hours before he died he ſent for M. Chicot, his phyſician, and deſired him as a man of honour to tell him what he really thought of his ſituation. "In four-and-"twenty hours," replied he, "your Eminence "will be either dead or cured."—Richelieu knew very well what this meant, and ſent immediately for his Confeſſor, who adminiſtered the laſt Sacraments to him. With his eyes fixed attentively upon the veſſel which contained the holy element, he exclaimed, "O my "Judge, condemn me, if, in what I have done, "I have ever had any intentions but thoſe of "ſerving the King and the Country!"

His Sovereign, on being informed of his death, ſaid coolly, "*Voila un grand politique* "*mort!*"

Richelieu was, during the whole of his adminiſtration, very ſubject to ſleepleſs nights. He had always by his bedſide one of his pages to read to him when he was indiſpoſed to reſt. A young man who had been recommended to him as one of his readers, imagining that the

the Cardinal was aſleep, was looking over ſome papers that lay upon his bed. The Cardinal, who had feigned to be aſleep merely to try the young man's diſcretion and honour, darting ſuddenly a look of great ſternneſs upon him, ordered him immediately to leave the room, and never afterward to come into his preſence.

One of the Cardinal's maxims was, "That "an unfortunate and an imprudent perſon "were ſynonymous terms." Of his own method of acting, he gave this account to the Marquis de Vieuville. "I never dare under-"take any thing until I have well conſidered "it; but when I have once taken my reſo-"lution, I go directly to my point. I throw "down every thing that ſtands in my way; "I cut up every thing by the roots that op-"poſes me; and then I cover every thing with "my Cardinal's robe."—Richelieu uſed to ſay, "That the favourites of his Sovereign *, and "their intrigues, gave him more trouble than "all Europe taken together." The completeſt teſtimony that was ever given to the talents of Richelieu was by Peter the Great, on

* "*Le Cabinet du Roi & ſon petit Coucher me cauſent plus* "*d' embarras que l' Europe entiere.*"

"*Vie de* RICHELIEU."

 ſeeing

ſeeing the ſtatue of the Cardinal at the Sorbonne. "This," ſaid he, "was a man to whom "I ſhould very gladly have given one half of "my dominions, if he would have governed the "other half for me."

"The Cardinal," ſays Abbé Brotier, "knew "well the reſources of the great country which "he governed. He uſed to ſay of it, France "can raiſe ſix hundred thouſand foot and "one hundred and fifty thouſand horſe, and "be able to go to war with them in a fort-"night."

The Cardinal's device was an oſtrich, with this motto, in alluſion to the ſuppoſed power that bird has of digeſting iron: "*Fortis dura* "*coquit*." According to Brotier, he firſt put this motto on the cannon of his Sovereign Louis the Thirteenth, "*Ratio ultima Regum* *."

When Richelieu ſent the celebrated Abbé de St. Cyran to the Caſtle of Vincennes, his niece, the Ducheſs d' Aguillon, and many other perſons, entreated him to give him his liberty. He replied, "If in the laſt age Luther and "Calvin had been ſhut up in priſon, it would

* "*Paroles Memorables.*"

"have

"have ſaved Europe a great deal of trouble and "of bloodſhed."

A favourite ſaying of Richelieu was, that "ſecrecy is the ſoul of all great affairs."

The Cardinal had an odd whim of having a Comedy compoſed by five different perſons, each of whom took an Act. It was called "*La* "*Comedie de Tuilleries, par les cinq Auteurs.*" It was repreſented before the King and Queen and the Court of France with great magnificence. The Actors ſat by themſelves on a bench. Chapelain was ſuppoſed to have been the planner of it. He, however, only corrected the piece in ſeveral places. The Cardinal requeſted his help in this buſineſs; promiſing in return to give Chapelain his aſſiſtance on a ſimilar occaſion.

"How happens it," ſaid the Cardinal one day to M. de Valancey, the *diſeur des bons mots* of his time at Paris, "that you, who ſcatter your "abuſe upon every one, have never once taken "it into your head to find fault with me? Is "it becauſe you are afraid?"—"No, Sir," replied M. de Valencey, "it is becauſe your Emi"nence commits no faults."

A ſcarce

A ſcarce medal is ſometimes met with in the cabinets of the curious, repreſenting on one ſide the head of Louis XIII. with his uſual titles; and on the other, the head of his Prime Miniſter Richelieu, thus inſcribed, "*Nil ſine* "*Conſilio*;" alluding, perhaps, to the favourite ſaying of his Eminence, that an unfortunate and an imprudent perſon were in general ſynonymous terms. Juvenal had indeed ſaid long before him,

Nullum numen abeſt, ſi ſit prudentia.

Prudence to man each other aid ſupplies,
And claims him the protection of the ſkies.

"The Cardinal de Richelieu and M. de "Bullion, Surintendant of the Finances," ſays M. Bourbon, "making an average between "them, are enabled to do every thing they "deſire. The firſt hardly ever ſleeps at all, "and the laſt is always aſleep; and yet every "thing ſucceeds as they wiſh." May not Claudian's Epigram be applied to them?

Mallius indulget ſomno noctеſque dieſque
Inſomnis Pharius ſacra prophana rapit.
Omnibus hoc Italæ Gentes expoſcite votis
Mallius ut vigilet, dormiat ut Pharius.

Bullion through nights and days his ſleep extends,
His watchful Colleague all our treaſure ſpends;
Then, O ye Gods! in ſafety France to keep,
Let Bullion wake, and Richelieu ever ſleep!

ALPHONSE DE RICHELIEU,

CARDINAL DE LYONS,

was the brother of the great Cardinal of that name, and was preſented by Henry the Fourth to the Biſhopric of Luçon, which he gave up to his brother, and became a Carthuſian Monk of the Grande Chartreuſe near Grenoble, where he reſided for near twenty years, and was known in the Convent by the name of "Father Al-"phonſe." He was taken from this retreat by his brother (when he became Prime Miniſter), and made Archbiſhop of Lyons, Great Almoner of France, and Cardinal. When the plague broke out in his dioceſe, he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his attention and liberality to his diſeaſed flock, whom he never could be prevailed upon to quit, whilſt they were in this ſtate of danger and diſtreſs.

On his death-bed he ordered his body to be buried in the Chapel of an Hoſpital at Lyons, with this inſcription: "*Pauper natus ſum, pau-*"*pertatem vovi, pauper morior, et inter pauperes* "*ſepeliri volo*--I was born poor, I made a vow "of poverty, I die poor, and I am buried "amongſt the poor." He told his Confeſſor

in

in his laſt moments, that he had rather have died as Father Alphonſe than Cardinal of Lyons.

This Prelate, who, like his brother, was a valetudinarian, was the means of bringing chocolate into vogue as a diet in France. That diet requires no effort of maſtication to become nutritive, and, united with ſome ſaccharine ſubſtance, extremely well ſupports thoſe (as is particularly the caſe with perſons of a certain age in the Weſt Indies) who have been deprived of their teeth.

MARSHAL MARILLAC

was brought to the ſcaffold by the ſanguinary Richelieu in 1632. Forty years of ſervice, and his memory rehabilitated by the Parliament of Paris after the death of that Miniſter, have reſtored his name to that degree of reſpect and eſteem which it ever deſerved.

In order to be able to make out any accuſation againſt the Marſhal, his enemies were obliged to recur to ſome trifling abuſes in his conduct as Commander in Chief, to ſome profits he had made by contracts, or that ſome perſons under

under him had made on the building of the Citadel of Verdun. On hearing theſe charges read, he exclaimed to his Judges, " What an " extraordinary thing it is, that a man of my " rank ſhould be proſecuted with ſo much ſe- " verity and injuſtice! After all, there occurs " nothing in the charges againſt me but the " words hay, ſtraw, ſtores, and mortar."

When he was required to give up the ſtaff of Marſhal of France, previous to his being led to execution; " The King," ſaid he, " gave it " to me, and put the power of it into my hands, " which I have often ſtained with the blood of " his enemies: but now I return it to him in " a manner much more bloody."

As he was conducting to the Place de Grêve to be executed, he paſſed before the Hotel of Cardinal de Richelieu. " Alas!" ſaid he, " in " that houſe I was promiſed many things, which " to-day I find not to be true."

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

MICHAEL MARILLAC

was the elder brother of the Marſhal of that name, and was made Keeper of the Seals of France in 1626. They were taken from him in 1630, and he died in confinement in 1632. The two brothers were much attached to Mary de Medicis, and incurred the diſpleaſure of Richelieu for their attachment to that perſecuted Princeſs.

M. de Marillac uſed to ſay to the young Lawyers of his time, "Only take pains, and "be modeſt, and you muſt riſe in your pro-"feſſion."

He called his high office an office of perpetual denial: "For," ſaid he "I am in general "obliged to refuſe nine requeſts out of ten "that are made to me."

He often repeated what his predeceſſor M. de L'Hôpital ſays in his Poems of a Chancellor that uſed to refuſe nothing, whether the requeſts were juſt or unjuſt: "That it is no "praiſe to a wiſe man to have one quality

"which

"which he has in common with a young prodigal, or with a woman who has loſt her virtue."

DUC DE ROHAN.

THIS great General and excellent Politician firſt ſhewed his talents in the latter capacity at the meeting of the Proteſtants at Saumur in 1611, where he took the part of the great and good Sully, his father-in-law, againſt the Duc de Bouillon with ſucceſs. "It was here," ſaid he, "that I laid the foundation of that knowledge to which the great ought particularly to apply themſelves, that of managing mankind *."

The Duke had the courage to reſiſt Cardinal Richelieu, that idol of power to whom every other knee in France bowed. In ſpite of the diſtreſſes of the Huguenot party in France, of which he was the leader, he adopted the daring reſolution to aſſemble another army of that party, and took care to let the Cardinal

* "*J'ai jetté là les fondements de la ſcience que les grands doivent ſur toutes choſes apprendre, qui eſt de gagner les hommes.*"

know,

know, that pacification between the Catholics and Huguenots was the great object of his desires; that whatever might happen, he was resolved to persist, as well as to perish himself with all the remains of his party, rather than not obtain a general peace conformably to the acknowledged edicts for that purpose; and recommended to his Eminence to consider how dangerous it was to preclude a man of courage in arms from every hope of safety.

The pacification was soon afterwards signed by Louis the Thirteenth, at Aletz, June 27, 1629, being the third which the Duke had the honour to conclude with his Sovereign. He then retired to Venice, where he was received with every distinction due to his rank and character, and in which city he wrote the celebrated Memoirs of his Life and Negociations; by which means he filled up that leisure which to a man of his ardent and active mind would have been insupportable without some employment. He was often heard to say, that there was no misfortune could happen to a man so great as that of having nothing to do, and that he really wondered how a man of sense could ever find himself in that horrid situation; but which indeed always happened to those, who, having no powers of mind, exist only upon the favours of

of fortune; and that when her feeble power abandoned them, and they had loſt the idle and ſeductive air of the Court, they became expoſed to vexation, and fell into ſuch a ſtate of reſtleſſneſs as rendered them incapable either of eaſe or pleaſure.

His maxims as a General reſpecting his countrymen were, that they ſhould always be placed by their Commander in ſuch a manner that they might begin an engagement *. "I "know well," ſaid he one day, "the diſpo-"ſition of the French; they are incapable of "maintaining foot by foot any advantage they "may have gained over their enemies; they "ſhould always be kept in a poſture of attack, "and not of defence. Their quick and impe-"tuous character inclines them rather to act "than to ſuffer, and to advance rather than "wait the attack of their enemies."

The celebrated Pere Joſeph, the confidant of Richelieu, wrote by his order a letter, as from the Cardinal Infant of Spain to the Duke, by way of ſounding his inclinations toward that Court. The Duke replied, that he was too good a Frenchman, and too dutiful a ſubject

* "*Il faut mettre les François en eſtat de frapper les* "*premiers.*"—*Hiſtoire du Duc de Rohan.*

to his King, to pay the leaſt attention to any thing that was prejudicial to his Prince; and that however ill he was treated at his own Court, he had moſt aſſuredly very good reaſons for complaint, but none for being deficient in fidelity to his Prince.

The Duke de Rohan was mortally wounded at the battle of Rhinsfield. Previous to the engagement, the Duke of Weymar, one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Generals of his time, deſired him to give the word of command; adding, that he ſhould be aſhamed to give it himſelf, whilſt before the greateſt General in Europe. The Duke de Rohan replied, that he was only there to fight as a ſoldier under his orders, and to ſee the difference there was between military operations which depend upon the underſtanding and mere *coups du main*; but that if he really wiſhed to have his opinion on the preſent ſtate of the army, he would very readily give it to him, to the beſt of his abilities.

The Duke of Weymar conſulted him and took his advice, which proved unfortunate only to the Duke de Rohan, as he was wounded and taken priſoner. As they were taking him off the field, the Duke of Weymar, rallying his troops,

troops, took the party prisoners who were carrying off the Duke de Rohan, and had the melancholy satisfaction of giving him every assistance in his wretched situation. He died a few days after the engagement, on the thirteenth of April 1638, in the Abbey of Coningsfield, where his heart is deposited in a box: his body was carried with much funeral pomp to Geneva, and buried in the great church of that city.

When the Chiefs of his party accused this great man of having sold to Louis the Thirteenth some of their fortresses which they were unable to defend, he said with great indignation, presenting his breast to them at the same time, "Strike! strike! I am willing to die by "your hands, after having so often risqued my "life for your service."

The Duke, amongst his various other works, wrote a book on the Interest of Princes, with a dedication to the Cardinal de Richelieu; in which he tells him, after mentioning the great difficulties attendant on the government of a kingdom, that no certain and invariable rule can be laid down for it, and that what causes a revolution in the affairs of the world, causes also a compleat alteration in the fundamental maxims

of government, " therefore," adds he, " thoſe " perſons who conduct themſelves more by " examples of paſt times than by reaſons taken " from the preſent ſituation of things, of ne- " ceſſity make many miſtakes."

In his chapter on the Intereſt of England, he ſays,

" England, which is like a ſmall ſeparate " world, had nothing to do with other States, " unleſs when the neceſſity to protect its com- " merce obliged it, which was then its true " intereſt. It is by that it has acquired its " wealth, which, joined to its ſituation, has " rendered it ſo conſiderable. But ſince, under " the ſhadow of the myſterious marriage be- " tween Philip and Mary, the politics of Spain " have inſenſibly entered into thoſe of England, " which before that time had maxims of policy " of its own, it has, by little and little, ſome- " times accommodated itſelf to the intereſts of " France, and ſometimes to thoſe of Spain.

" Queen Elizabeth," added he, " who by " her prudent government has equalled the " fame of the greateſt Sovereigns that Chriſtian " Europe ever poſſeſſed, well acquainted with " the ſituation of her kingdom, thought that " the true intereſt of it was to keep it in a ſtate

" of

"of perfect union, having destroyed all the re-"mains of the former factions; very wisely "judging, that England is a great animal which "can never die unless it destroys itself: "*Que* "*l'Angleterre est un grand animal qui ne peut* "*jamais mourir s'il ne se tue lui mesme.*"

CARDINAL DE BERULLE.

THIS pious man died, as the late excellent Mr. Granger died, while he was celebrating the Sacrament. The Cardinal fell dead upon the steps of the altar, at the moment of Consecration, as he was pronouncing the words "*hanc* "*igitur oblationem.*" This occasioned the following distich:

Cœpta sub extremis nequeo dum sacra sacerdos
Perficere, at saltem victima perficiam.

In vain the reverend Pontiff tries
To terminate the sacrifice;
Himself within the holy walls
The Heav'n-devoted victim falls.

Cardinal Berulle came over with Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles the First, to England, as her Confessor, to the Court of which he endeared himself by the sanctity of his morals, and the

the extreme propriety of his behaviour. Like the late learned and excellent Dr. Balguy, he poſſeſſed the *nolo epiſcopari* in the extremeſt purity of intention; for when his Sovereign Louis the Thirteenth of France preſſed him to take the Biſhopric of Leon, he refuſed; and on that Monarch's telling him that he ſhould employ the ſolicitation of a more powerful advocate than himſelf (meaning the Pope) to prevail upon him to accept of it, he ſaid, "that "if his Majeſty continued to preſs him, he "ſhould be obliged to quit his kingdom."

He eſtabliſhed the venerable Order of the Fathers of the Oratory in France, founded by San Philippo Neri, and was a man of ſuch eminent goodneſs, that Pope Leo the XIth ſaid of him, when he ſaw him at Rome as a ſimple friar, "*Le Pere Berulle n'eſt pas un homme, c'eſt* "*un ange.*"

JACQUES CALLOT.

THIS excellent Engraver was born a ſubject of the Duke of Lorraine. When Nancy was taken from that Prince by Cardinal Richelieu, he wiſhed Callot to make a ſet of prints deſcriptive of the ſiege of that important place. The Artiſt

Artiſt refuſed; and, on the Cardinal's inſiſting with him very peremptorily, he replied, "My "Lord, if you continue to urge me, I will cut "off the thumb of my right hand with my "pen-knife before your face. I will never "conſent to perpetuate the calamity and diſ-"grace of my Sovereign and protector."

Callot wore, attached to his button-hole, one of his ſmall copper-plates, which he thought his *chef-d'œuvre*. Were every diſtinction of ornament as well applied, who would not envy Sovereigns the power of beſtowing them?

This great Artiſt's maſter-piece is his "Mi-"ſeries of War;" miſeries which, in the preſent diſtracted ſtate of Europe, do not require to be recalled to our minds by the powers of imitation.

CAMPANELLA.

THIS celebrated Dominican Friar of Naples is mentioned by Mr. Burke in his ingenious "Eſſay on the Sublime and Beautiful." He was accuſed of treaſon and of hereſy by an aged Friar of his own Order with whom he diſputed, and over whom, moſt probably, he had the advantage in the diſpute. He was impriſoned for

for twenty-ſeven years, and was put to the rack ſeven times, for twenty-four hours each time. By the power of abſtraction which his mind poſſeſſed, he bore the tortures inflicted upon him with the greateſt tranquillity. He was delivered from his confinement at the ſolicitation of Pope Urban VIII. in 1624, and came to Paris, where he was much conſidered by Cardinal Richelieu. Campanella wrote "*Atheiſmus* "*Triumphatus*" and "*Monarchia Meſſiæ*;" books now become extremely ſcarce, like many others, from their not being worth the reprinting.

AUGUSTE DE THOU.

It is ſuppoſed that the immediate cauſe of the proſecution of this excellent and intrepid man was, that his grandfather had mentioned Cardinal Richelieu's father in his celebrated Hiſtory of His Own Times, in a manner not much to his credit. His Judges were anxious to ſave him. "*M. le Chancelier a beau dire,*" ſays Richelieu, "*il faut que M. de Thou meure*; "The Chancellor may ſay what he pleaſes, "but M. de Thou muſt die *."

* "He has put my father in his Hiſtory," ſaid the vindictive Richelieu, "and I will put his grandſon's name in "mine."

De Thou, whilſt he was in priſon, had made a vow to endow a chapel whenever he gained his liberty. On the morning of his execution he compoſed the following inſcription for himſelf:—

Chriſto Liberatori
Votum in carcere pro libertate conceptum,
T. AUGUSTUS THUANUS
E carcere vitæ jam jam liberandus
Morte ſolvit xii Junii, 1642.
Confitebar tibi Domine, quoniam exaudiſti me & factus es mihi in ſalutem.

He died with great courage.

LA COMTESSE DE SAINT BALMONT.

"IT was in the year 1638," ſays Abbé Arnauld, in his very amuſing Memoirs, "that "I had the honour to become acquainted with "that Amazon of our times Madame de Saint "Balmont, whoſe life was a prodigy of courage "and of virtue, uniting in her perſon all the "valour of a determined ſoldier, and all the "modeſty of a truly Chriſtian woman. She "was of a very good family of Lorraine, and "was born with a diſpoſition worthy of her "birth. The beauty of her face correſponded "to that of her mind, but her ſhape by no

"means

" means agreed with it, being ſmall and rather
" clumſy. Providence, who had deſtined her
" for a life more laborious than that which
" females in general lead, had formed her more
" robuſt and more able to bear bodily fatigue.
" It had inſpired her with ſo great a contempt
" for beauty, that when ſhe had the ſmall-pox
" ſhe was as pleaſed to be marked with it as
" other women are afflicted on a ſimilar occa-
" ſion, and ſaid, that it would enable her to
" be more like a man. She was married to the
" Count de Saint Balmont, who was not infe-
" rior to her either in birth or in merit. They
" lived together very happily till the troubles
" that aroſe in Lorraine obliged them to ſepa-
" rate. The Count was conſtantly employed
" by the Duke his Sovereign in a manner ſuit-
" able to his rank and diſpoſition, except when
" he once gave him the command of a poor
" feeble fortreſs, in which he had the aſſurance
" to reſiſt the arms of Louis XIV. for ſeveral
" days together, at the riſque of being treated
" with the extremeſt ſeverity of military law,
" which denounces the moſt infamous and de-
" grading puniſhment againſt all thoſe Officers
" who hold out without any proſpect of ſucceſs.
" M. de Saint Balmont went indeed farther,
" and added inſolence to raſhneſs; for at every
" ſhot of cannon that was fired at the fortreſs,
" he

" he appeared at the windows attended by
" ſome fiddlers, who played by his ſide. This
" madneſs (for one cannot call it by a more
" gentle name) had nearly coſt him very dear;
" for when he was taken priſoner it was agi-
" tated in the Council of War, compoſed of
" the Officers whom he had treated with this
" inſolence, whether he ſhould not be hung up
" immediately; but regard was paid to his
" birth, and perhaps to his courage, however
" indiſcreet. Madame de Saint Balmont re-
" mained upon his eſtates to take care of them.
" Hitherto ſhe had only exerted her ſoldier-
" like diſpoſition in hunting and ſhooting
" (which is a kind of war), but very ſoon an
" opportunity preſented itſelf of realizing it,
" and it was this: An Officer in our cavalry
" had taken up his quarters upon one of her
" huſband's eſtates, and was living there at diſ-
" cretion. Madame de Saint Balmont ſent
" him a very civil letter of complaint on his
" ill behaviour, which he treated with great
" contempt. Piqued at this, ſhe was reſolved
" that he ſhould give her ſatisfaction, and
" merely conſulting her reſentment, ſhe wrote
" him a note, ſigned, *Le Chevalier de Saint*
" *Balmont*. In this note ſhe obſerved to him,
" that the ungentleman-like manner in which
" he had behaved to his ſiſter-in-law, obliged
" him

" him to refent it, and to defire that he would " give him with his fword that fatisfaction which " his letter had refufed. The Officer accepted " the challenge, and repaired to the place ap- " pointed. Madame de Saint Balmont met " him dreffed in men's clothes. They im- " mediately drew their fwords, and our he- " roine had the advantage him; when, after " having difarmed him, fhe faid, with a very " gracious fmile, You thought, Sir, I make no " doubt, that you were fighting with Le Che- " valier de Saint Balmont; it is, however, a " female of that name who returns you your " fword, and begs you in future to pay more " regard to the requefts of the Ladies. She " then left him, covered with fhame and con- " fufion; and, as the ftory goes, he immedi- " ately abfented himfelf, and no one ever faw " him afterwards. But be that as it may, this " incident ferving merely to inflame the cou- " rage of the fair challenger, fhe did not reft " fatisfied with merely preferving her eftates by " repelling force by force, but fhe afforded pro- " tection to many of the Gentlemen in her " neighbourhood, who made no fcruple to " take refuge in her village, and to put them- " felves under her orders when fhe took the " field, which fhe always did with fuccefs, her " defigns being executed with a prudence equal

" to

" to her courage. I have often, ſays the Abbé, " been in company with this extraordinary per- " ſonage at the houſe of Madame de Feu- " quieres, wife to the celebrated Marſhal of " that name, at Verdun; and it was quite " ridiculous to ſee how embarraſſed ſhe ap- " peared in her female dreſs, and (after ſhe " had quitted it in town) with what eaſe and " ſpirit ſhe got on horſeback, and attended the " ladies that were of her party, and whom ſhe " had left in her carriage, in their little excur- " ſions into the country.

" The manner of living, however, of Ma- " dame de Saint Balmont, ſo far removed from " that of her ſex, and which in all other females " who have attempted it, has ever been found " united with libertiniſm of manners, was in " her accompanied with nothing that bore the " leaſt reſemblance to it. When ſhe was at " home in time of peace, her whole day was " employed in the offices of religion; in " prayers, in reading the Bible and books of " devotion, in viſiting the poor of her pariſh, " whom ſhe was ever aſſiſting with the moſt " active zeal of charity. This manner of liv- " ing procured her the admiration and eſteem " of perſons of all deſcriptions in her neigh-

" bourhood,

" bourhood, and inſured her a degree of re-" ſpect that could not have been greater to-" wards a Queen *."

MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

" THE mere name of this Lady," ſays Abbé Arnauld, " deſerves an eulogium from thoſe " who know how to appreciate ſenſe, wit, and " virtue. I ſhall never forget," adds he, " the " firſt time that I had the honour to ſee this " excellent Woman in her coach with her ſon " and daughter. They realized what the " Poets have told us of Latona between Apollo " and young Diana, ſo much beauty and ele-" gance appeared in the Mother and her chil-" dren. She then did me the favour to pro-" miſe me her friendſhip, and I am not a little " proud of having preſerved to this day a pre-" ſent ſo dear and ſo precious. But I muſt ſay " indeed, to the honour of the Ladies, that I " have ever found them more conſtant in their " friendſhips than the Men. By the Men I

* The late excellent Ducheſs Dowager of Portland had a Print of this extraordinary woman in her Collection.

" have

" have often been deceived;—never by the " Ladies *."

LEMERIUS,

in the year 1618, quoted the following Latin verses, which, he says, were written by a Protestant Advocate of the Parliament of Paris fifty years before that time; " or rather," adds he, " by an Angel, who dictated them to " him:"

Festinat propero cursu jam temporis ordo,
Quo locus et Franci Majestas prisca Senatûs,
Papa, Sacerdotes, Missæ, Simulachra, Diique
Fictitii, atque omnes superos exosa potestas
Judicio Domini justo sublata peribunt.

In the dark volume of resistless Fate
What changes menace wretched Gallia's State!
In one, one luckless yet approaching hour
The Rōman Pontiff's arrogated power;
The Mass itself; the Priests, a sacred train,
Who each time-honour'd rite with zeal maintain;

* The sagacious Dr. Franklin used to say, that the purest and most useful friend a man could possibly procure, was a Frenchwoman of a certain age who had no designs upon his person; " they are," added he, " so ready to do you " service, and from their knowledge of the world know so " well how to serve you wisely."

Weak

Weak mortals raiſed to the empyrean throne,
Gods that man's baſe and wretched fabric own;
Powers that the ſoul in ſlaviſh fetters bind,
Debaſe the noble nature of mankind,
With their own phantoms ſcare his gen'rous breaſt,
And every ſway except their own deteſt;
Theſe, "whilſt eternal juſtice rules this ball,"
Theſe, theſe, by Heaven's own high beheſt, ſhall fall;
In endleſs ruin and confuſion hurl'd,
A dread example to a wond'ring world.

MARSHAL RANTZAU.

WHAT contrarieties often occur in the ſame perſon! How often the indulgence of one vice prevents the exertion and the advantage of many good qualities, and of many virtues! Auberi du Maurier, in his "*Memoires de Hambourg*," thus deſcribes the celebrated Marſhal Rantzau— "He was a German of high birth, and a Ge-"neral of ſuch great note, that Mazarin uſed "to oppoſe him to the Prince of Condé, when "that great Commander had the misfortune "to be in arms againſt his country and his "Prince." M. Rantzau poſſeſſed admirable qualities both of body and mind. He was tall, fair, and very handſome. To ſee him only, one would ſay he was born to command. He was the fineſt horſeman ever beheld. He would hit

a ſingle

a ſingle piece of money with a piſtol at a hundred paces diſtant. He was invincible with the ſmall-ſword. He ſpoke the principal languages of Europe, and had a general taſte for the ſciences. He was acquainted with all the great Generals of the age, having made war under them from the moment he was able to bear arms. He ſaid in converſation many lively things; and as an infallible proof of the force of his eloquence in any council of war in which he ever ſat, he always drew over the other Members to be of his ſentiments, ſo ably did he ſupport them with powerful reaſons. If he ſpoke well, he wrote ſtill better. To his courage nothing was impoſſible. He poſſeſſed perfect coolneſs in the greateſt danger, and found expedients under the heavieſt misfortunes. His liberality procured him the love and eſteem of his ſoldiers, and no General knew how to give his orders ſo well. But ſo many excellent and rare virtues were effaced by his great vices. Never was there a more determined debauchee. He loved wine and women to exceſs, and the moſt ſeaſoned drinkers were afraid of him. He ſought their company from all parts, and no one could equal him in this ſpecies of vice. He ſometimes remained in a ſtate of inſenſibility for whole days. The diſorder that reigned in his private affairs was inconceivable. He gave away whatever he had about him without diſcrimination, and he always

ways had much money in his pocket, which he was robbed of during his inebriety. Thus, like a cask without a bottom, all the riches of India would not have been sufficient for him, and he found himself compelled to sell all his effects for little or nothing. He often lost his best friends for a *bon-mot*. Du Maurier, who was Rantzau's great friend, told this extraordinary man one day, that his excesses and irregularities would destroy his health, and that they would prevent his rising to the principal employments in the State. "I would not," answered he, darting a most ferocious and haggard look upon Du Maurier, "I would not give up my "pleasures to become Emperor of Germany." His excesses, during the siege of Dunkirk by the Spaniards, are thought to have lost that place. He was, however, confined for some time in the castle of Vincennes for this supposed neglect, and was cleared from any imputation of treachery or of cowardice. He died soon after his release. During the siege of Gravelines, he had one day appointed the Duke of Orleans, and some of the principal French Nobility, to sup with him. He went, however, in the morning, to pay a visit to the famous Dutch Admiral Van Tromp, where he got so drunk with Malaga wine, that he fell under the table as if he was dead, and was obliged to be put to bed. His Aid-du-camp made an apology

logy to the Duke of Orleans for his maſter's not being able to attend him at ſupper, and put it upon an exceſſive ſwell of the ſea, which had prevented his leaving the Admiral's ſhip.

To ſhew the dangers of ebriety, the Catholic Legends tell us of ſome Hermit to whom the Devil gave his choice of three crimes; two of them of the moſt atrocious kind, and the other to be drunk. The poor Saint choſe the laſt, as the leaſt of the three; but when drunk, committed the other two.

The baneful effects of this pernicious vice upon the body are deſcribed by the ingenious Dr. Darwin, in his "Zoonomia," under an allegory which would not have diſgraced the ſplendid imagination of Lord Bacon himſelf.

"Prometheus," ſays the Doctor, "was
"painted as ſtealing fire from Heaven, that
"might well repreſent the inflammable ſpirit
"produced by fermentation, which may be
"ſaid to animate or enliven the man of clay;
"whence the conqueſts of Bacchus, as well as
"the temporary mirth and noiſe of his devo-
"tees. But the after-puniſhment of thoſe
"who ſteal this accurſed fire, is a vulture gnaw-
"ing the liver, and well allegorizes the poor

" inebriate lingering for years under painful " diſeaſes."

And that the graces and energies of poetry may come in aid of the figure ſo ſtrongly depicted in proſe, the ſame great Phyſiologiſt, in his " Botanic Garden," in the moſt ſublime imagery, and with the greateſt ſtrength of perſonification, has compoſed a picture which ſhould be painted and hung up in every chamber dedicated to Bacchanalian feſtivity.

Dr. Darwin perſonifies the Goddeſs of Wine under the name of VITIS, who thus addreſſes her votaries:

" Drink deep, ſweet Youths," ſeductive Vitis cries,
The maudlin tear-drop gliſtening in her eyes;
Green leaves and purple cluſters crown her head,
And the tall thyrſus ſtays her tott'ring tread:
" Drink deep," ſhe carols, as ſhe waves in air
The mantling goblet, "and forget your care."
O'er the dread feaſt malignant Chymia ſcowls,
And mingles poiſon in the nectar'd bowls.
Fell Gout peeps grinning thro' the flimſy ſcene,
And bloated Dropſy keeps behind unſeen.
Wrapp'd in her robe, white Lepra hides her ſtains,
And ſilent Frenzy, writhing, bites his chains.

MALHERBE.

THIS great Poet was apt to be a little cauſtic in converſation. Some one was talking before him of the nobility of his family: "Alas! my "good friend," replied he, "it is in the power "of one woman to taint the blood of Charle-"magne himſelf." Speaking one day of the wickedneſs of mankind, he ſaid, "Why, when "there were only three or four perſons in the "world, one of them killed his brother."

Malherbe, though perhaps the firſt good poet that France ever produced, thought ſo ſlightly of the merit of his productions, that he uſed to ſay, "a good poet was of no more uſe to a "State than a good player at quoits." He obſerved, "that the teſt of good verſes was, "when they were got by heart." Every one remembers his celebrated ſtanza upon the certainty of death:

La pauvre en ſa cabane,
Ou la chaume le couvre,
Eſt ſujet à ſes loix.
Et la garde que vielle aux barrieres de Louvre,
N'en defend pas nos Rois.

GODEAU,

BISHOP OF VENCE,

uſed to ſay, that to compoſe, was an Author's Heaven; to correct his Works, an Author's Purgatory; but to correct the Preſs, an Author's Hell.

PEYRESC.

THIS learned Frenchman was in England for a few months in 1606. He was preſented to King James, who often ſent for him to converſe with him, and was particularly pleaſed with the following incident, which Peyreſc related to him.

Peyreſc was preſent at a dinner given by ſome perſon of conſequence in London, who had invited many men of learning and of ſcience to meet him. In the middle of the dinner, one of them, Dr. Torie, drank to Peyreſc out of an immenſe cup, filled with ſtrong wine, and pledged him to drink it after him. Peyreſc excuſed himſelf, no leſs on account of the ſize of the cup, than on account of the liquor it contained; giving as reaſons, the weakneſs of his ſtomach,

and

and his not being at all uſed to drink wine. The excuſe, however, was not allowed, and he conſented to drink after Dr. Torie, provided he might afterwards be permitted to challenge him in any liquor that he pleaſed. To this the company as well as the Doctor conſented. Peyreſc then immediately taking the bowl in his hand, drank it off boldly, all at once, and filling it again with water, he drank to Dr. Torie. The Doctor, little uſed to ſuch potions, beheld him with aſtoniſhment and affright; yet, as he was not allowed to recede from his agreement, he puffed and blowed, put the cup often to his mouth, and as often took it away again, pouring out at the intervals ſo many verſes from the Greek and Roman Poets, that the day was near expended before he could get all the water down his throat, ſo little was he accuſtomed to ſo frigid a beverage.

Gaſſendi, who wrote the Life of Peyreſc in very elegant Latin, mentions this ſtory. Gaſſendi's Life was tranſlated into Engliſh by Dr. Rand, who dedicated it to Mr. Evelyn, the Author of "Sylva," whom, from the general extent of his knowledge, and his love of learning, he calls "the Engliſh Peyreſc."

Gaſſendi, in his Life of Peyreſc, mentions a very curious coincidence of an event after a

 dream,

dream, which, had it happened to a man of a leſs forcible mind than that of Peyreſc, might have rendered him ſuperſtitious for the remainder of his life.

Peyreſc and M. Rainier lodged together at an inn in the mid-way between Montpellier and Niſmes. They went to bed in the ſame room, and in the midſt of the night Rainier hearing his friend make a great noiſe in his ſleep, awoke him, and aſked him what was the matter with him that his ſleep was ſo diſturbed. "Alas! "my good friend," replied Peyreſc, "you have "ſpoiled the moſt agreeable dream I ever had. "I dreamed that I was at Niſmes, and that a "goldſmith of that city offered me a golden "coin of Julius Cæſar for four quart d'écus, "and juſt as I was giving him the money you "awoke me." Peyreſc, thinking no more of his dream, went to Niſmes, and while his dinner was getting ready he walked about the town, and went (as his cuſtom was) into a goldſmith's ſhop to aſk if he had any thing curious to diſpoſe of. The goldſmith told him that he had a coin of Julius Cæſar in gold. Peyreſc, taking the coin, aſked him the price of it, and was told that it was four quart d'écus. Peyreſc returned to the inn of his friend, and told him with great rapture, that his dream, which

his

his kindneſs had interrupted, was then realized indeed.

LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH,

CALLED THE GREAT.

[1643—1715.]

FROM a converſation the great Prince of Condé had with this Prince when he was very young, he ſaid of him to Cardinal Mazarin, "There is ſtuff enough in him to make three "Kings and one honeſt man." The flattery and ſervility of his ſubjects deſtroyed in Louis the kingly part of his character; that of the honeſt man remained, as Louis was ſuppoſed, during his very long reign, never to have broken any promiſe which he had made, nor ever to have betrayed a ſecret confided to him.

Louis, from very early life, appears to have been modeſt and prudent. Segrais ſays, that when this Monarch was about ſeventeen years of age, he followed him and his brother, the Duke of Orleans, out of the play-houſe, and that he heard the Duke aſk the King, what he thought of the play they had juſt then been ſeeing, and which had been well received by the

the audience. "Brother," replied Louis, "do "not you know that I never pretend to give my "opinion on any thing that I do not perfectly "underſtand?"

In Peliſſon's Works there are ſome notes of a converſation that paſſed between Louis, three noblemen, and himſelf, at the ſiege of Liſle in 1667. Louis, after mentioning the difficulties and dangers that had occurred during the ſiege of this town, adds, "All theſe circumſtances have "only ſerved to render my courage ſtronger; and "as they are in general known to my army, I "was afraid that they would intimidate my "ſoldiers; and ſeeing that our ſucceſs would "depend upon our extreme vigilance and ac-"tivity, and in our preventing the inhabitants "of the place from becoming ſoldiers, which "they would do, if they were to gain the leaſt "advantage over us, I thought that there was "nothing but my example, and that of my "Officers, and of my Nobility, that could in-"ſpire my army with an extraordinary courage, "that at firſt aſtoniſhed the enemy. On theſe "accounts, I have been anxious that my pre-"ſence ſhould animate every action of my ſol-"diers; and that nothing whatever might eſ-"cape me, I have paſſed every night with the "advanced guard, at the head of my ſquadrons,

"and

" and I have ſpent every day in the trenches,
" ſo that if the enemy wiſhed to make any at-
" tempt upon my lines, or thought fit to make
" any ſortie from the town, I might have been
" prepared to charge upon them with all my
" Court. Theſe then are the true reaſons that
" have made me appear perhaps a little more ac-
" tive at the head of my army than a King ought
" to be (who had not all theſe motives), and
" in my ſituation I am better pleaſed with be-
" ing a little too raſh, when I ſee the enemy,
" than with being a little too prudent. Yet
" ſtill you ſee the enemy have ſo far reſpected
" my perſon hitherto, that they have not yet
" fired at me, as they could eaſily have done;
" and I hope that God will yet preſerve my life
" a long time, for the good of my kingdom,
" and that I may live to acknowledge your
" ſervices and your friendſhip.

" I know well," added Louis, " that ca-
" lumny attacks the perſons of Kings as well as
" thoſe of other men; and though its arrows
" are more concealed, they do not fail to pene-
" trate the heart of every Sovereign, when they
" are only defended by the external marks of
" royalty. When a King is pleaſed with hear-
" ing himſelf continually praiſed, and when
" his heart is as little nice as his ears, he is not

" unuſually

" unuſually the only perſon in his kingdom
" that is ſatisfied with himſelf. Our ſacred per-
" ſon alone does not render our reputation
" ſacred; and though I know very well, that
" there ought to be a great deal of difference
" between the courage of a King and that of a
" private perſon, our good actions and our vir-
" tues can alone inſure us immortality.

" Kings are more cruelly treated with re-
" ſpect to their conduct than other men, as
" their hearts are not, like their actions, ex-
" poſed to the eyes of their ſubjects. Subjects
" in general judge of the actions of Princes
" from their own intereſts and their own paſ-
" ſions, and very rarely according to candour
" and juſtice. Thus it happens that Kings
" are often blamed for what they ought to be
" praiſed, and when perhaps, to perform their
" duty properly, they are forced to ſacrifice
" every thing to the good of their people. I
" have always thought, that the firſt virtue
" in a Sovereign is that of firmneſs of mind,
" and that he ſhould never permit his reſolu-
" tion to be ſhaken either by blame or by
" praiſe; and that to govern well the kingdom
" entruſted to his care, the happineſs of his
" ſubjects ſhould be the pole to which his
" actions ſhould point, without taking the leaſt
" notice

" notice of the ſtorms and the different tem-
" peſts that may agitate his ſhip."

Louis when he was thirty-three years of age, wrote ſome directions for his ſon (*le Grand Dauphin*, as he was called), which are preſerved in the King's Library at Paris. Peliſſon is ſuppoſed to have corrected them. They begin thus:

" You will find nothing, my ſon, ſo com-
" pletely laborious as great idleneſs, if you
" have the misfortune to fall into that vice;
" diſguſted in the firſt place with buſineſs,
" afterwards with your pleaſures, and at laſt
" with the idleneſs itſelf, and looking in vain
" for that which you can never find, the ſweets
" of repoſe and of leiſure, without ſome occu-
" pation or ſome fatigue that muſt always pre-
" cede that happy ſtate.

" The principal buſineſs of a King is to let
" good ſenſe have fair play in every thing.
" Good ſenſe acts naturally, and without any
" great effort. What employs us properly is
" very often attended with leſs fatigue than
" that which would merely amuſe us, and the
" utility of it is always evident. A King can
" have no ſatisfaction equal to that of being
" able

" able to obſerve every day how much he has " increaſed the happineſs of his ſubjects, and " how thoſe excellent projects ſucceed, of which " himſelf gave the plan and the deſign.

" Conſider after all, my dear ſon, that we not " only are deficient in gratitude, and in juſtice, " but in prudence and in good ſenſe, when we " do not pay the proper degree of veneration to " that Being whoſe vicegerents *(lieutenans)* only " we are."

In theſe obſervations the natural good ſenſe and good intentions of the Monarch break out, in ſpite of the wretched and confined education which Mazarin gave him, in order completely to govern him, and of which he and his people ever afterwards felt the ill effects. Abbé de Longuerue ſays of Louis, " that he was natu- " rally a great friend of juſtice, and of good " intentions, but that he was extremely igno- " rant in matters of ſcience and literature ;" or, as he puts it more ſtrongly " *il ne ſçavoit* " *rien de rien.* So," ſays he " his Majeſty was " continually deceived. He was really afraid " of men of parts. *Il craignit les eſprits*, that " was his expreſſion. A Foreign miniſter," adds the Abbé, " uſed to ſay, that there were

" moſt

" moſt aſſuredly in Louis the Fourteenth's " time many men of merit in France, but " that really he never ſaw one of them in " place."

Louis had a violent paſſion for building, and preferred, it ſeems, the marſhy and low ſituation of Verſailles to the dry and elevated ſite of St. Germain, that he might not ſee from his windows the ſteeples of the Royal Abbey of St. Denis, in which his predeceſſors had been buried, and in which himſelf was to reſt. How mortified would this Prince have been, had he known, that in all the public and private edifices taken together which he had cauſed to be built, there are according to the calculation of a celebrated Scotch Antiquary at Rome, fewer cubic feet of maſonry than in the ſingle fabric erected by a Roman Emperor, the Amphitheatre of Veſpaſian!

Louis had the merit of knowing his own ignorance in literary matters; for when once on his paſſage to the Army in Flanders, he had occaſion to ſpend ſome time at a ſmall Abbey of Benedictins, the Prior talked to his Majeſty about the charters it contained. " Alas, Sir," replied Louis, " you are much too learned for " me!

" me! My coufin the Prince of Condé will be
" here in a few days: you may tell all this to
" him; he is the Doctor of our family."

Louis one day afked Racine, who was the French writer that had done moft honour to his reign. Racine replied, " Moliere, Sire." " I did not think fo," anfwered Louis, " but " you are a better judge of thefe matters than " I am."

As Louis's walk was different from that of his Courtiers, fo was his pronunciation. *François*, the name of his fubjects, he always pronounced like the name of the Saint.

Louis, on hearing fome public Speaker make ufe of thefe words, "*Le Roi et l'Etat*," exclaimed loudly, "*L'Etat! c'eft* MOI." And well indeed might he make that exclamation; for when, in the diftreffes of his kingdom, in the latter part of his life, he confulted the Doctors of the Sorbonne whether he might raife taxes by his own authority, without the formality of their being regiftered by the Parliaments of his kingdom, they anfwered in the affirmative.

In

In an Inſcription under his ſtatue he was thus ſtiled: "The glory of Kings, the delight "of the human race, the terror of his enemies, "the idol of his ſubjects, and the admiration "of all."

——nihil eſt, quod credere de ſe
Non poſſit, cum laudatur Diis æquà poteſtas.

Ye ſhameleſs flatterers of a mortal's pride,
Your Monarch's power with that of Jove divide:
Cruſh'd by his dire and arbitrary ſway,
Yourſelves ſhall curſe th' idolatry ye pay.

Segrais ſays, "that ſome young Noblemen, "who were about the perſon of Louis the "Fourteenth, were talking one day before him "(when he was about eleven years old) of the "deſpotic power of the Emperors of Turkey, "and what great things they did in conſe-"quence of it. Aye," ſaid the young Prince, "this may be called reigning indeed." The Marſhal d'Eſtrées, who happened to be preſent, ſaid, "Your Majeſty perhaps does not know, "that even in the courſe of my life I have "known three or four of theſe Emperors put "to death by the bow-ſtring." Marſhal de Villeroi, Governor to the young King, imme-diately aroſe from his ſeat, went up to d'Eſ-trées, and thanked him for the excellent leſſon which he had given to his royal pupil.

Louis ſeems to have had one part of an honeſt and ingenuous mind: he was inclined to take advice, and to alter his conduct when he was convinced it was wrong. His perſon was very beautiful, and he was very fond of exhibiting it. He very often danced upon the ſtage of Verſailles in ſome of Quinault's Operas. Racine, in the Tragedy of Britannicus, had the boldneſs and the kindneſs to ſay of Nero,

Il excelle à conduire un char dans ſa carriere,
A diſputer des prix indignes de ſes mains,
A ſe donner lui méme en ſpectacle au Romains.

With futile ſkill and ill-directed grace,
He pants to outſtrip the chariots in the race.
Gazed at by millions of plebeian eyes,
From his own ſubjects hands he ſeeks the prize;
A prize that but proclaims the victor's ſhame;
How far below a Monarch's nobler aim!

The judicious Monarch took the hint, and never afterwards appeared upon the ſtage.

Louis, who had excellent natural ſenſe, and who was by no means ſanguinary, was moſt probably led into the cruelties which he permitted to be exerciſed againſt his Proteſtant ſubjects, by his fanatical Chancellor Le Tellier, and his Confeſſor of the ſame name; for in the Inſtructions to his Son before mentioned in this Article, he tells him, "It appears to me, my "ſon,

" ſon, that thoſe perſons who wiſh to employ
" extreme and violent meaſures do not underſtand the nature of this evil, occaſioned, in
" part, by the heat of the imagination; which
" ſhould rather be ſuffered to die away, and
" to extinguiſh itſelf inſenſibly, than to be inflamed afreſh by ſtrong oppoſition; more particularly when the corruption is not confined
" to a ſmall number of perſons who are known,
" but diffuſed through all parts of the State.
" And beſides, theſe Reformers ſpeak truth
" upon many ſubjects. The beſt method,
" then, to reduce by degrees the number of
" the Huguenots in my kingdom, was moſt
" certainly not that of continually haraſſing
" them with ſome new and rigorous edict."

" *Opuſcules Literaires*," *Paris* 1767.

Louis, who affected to ſtyle himſelf "*Le Doyen des Rois*," the Father of the Kings of his time, on account of his age, and the number of years in which he had reigned, uſed occaſionally to make this very melancholy obſervation: "When I beſtow a favour, I make one perſon ungrateful, and nineteen perſons diſcontented."

M. du Freſne took occaſion one day to remark to this Prince, that he did not appear to be

be ſufficiently cautious in the liberty which he gave to every-one to approach his perſon, and more particularly when he was at war with a Nation * that were irritated againſt him, and were capable of attempting any thing. "I have "received, Sir," ſaid Louis, "a great many "hints like this; in ſhort, if I were capable of "taking them, my life would not be worth "having: it is in the hands of God, he will "diſpoſe of it as he pleaſes, and therefore I do "not preſume to make the leaſt alteration in "my conduct."

Louis was once harangued by a very indifferent orator, to whom his Majeſty paid a handſome compliment. A Lady who was preſent appeared much ſurprized at the civil things that Louis ſaid to him. "I think indeed, Ma-"dam, as you do of the ſpeaker," ſaid the Monarch; "but if a civil word or two will "render a man happy, he muſt be a wretch in-"deed who will not give them to him."

This Prince had granted a pardon to a Nobleman who had committed ſome very great crime. M. Voiſin, the Chancellor, ran to him in his cloſet, and exclaimed, "Sire, you cannot par-

* The Dutch.

"don

"don a perſon in the ſituation of M. ——." "I have promiſed him," replied the King, who was ever impatient of contradiction; "go and "fetch the Great Seal."—"But, Sire, ——" "—Pray Sir do as I order you." The Chancellor returns with the ſeals, Louis applies them himſelf to the inſtrument containing the pardon, and gives them again to the Chancellor. "They are polluted now, Sire," exclaims this intrepid and excellent Magiſtrate, puſhing them from him on the table, "I cannot take them "again."—"What an impracticable man!" cries the Monarch, and throws the pardon into the fire. "I will now, Sire, take them again: "the fire, you know, purifies every thing."

One of this Monarch's favourite Valet-de-Chambres had a law ſuit with his uncle, and requeſted the King to take a part in it for him. "Alas! Sire," ſaid he, "it is no very great "difficulty; you have only to ſpeak one little "word."—"That, my friend," replied Louis, "gives me the leaſt apprehenſion. But, were "you now in your uncle's ſituation, ſhould *you* "like that I ſhould ſpeak that little word?"

In 1673 the Dauphin was afflicted with a diſorder of no great conſequence, which ſome of the tatlers about the Court of Verſailles af-

fected to attribute to the ſeverity with which he was treated by his Governor, the excellent Duc de Montauſier. Louis, however, ſoon ſilenced this nonſenſe, by ſaying, "I have only one ſon; "yet I had much rather that he ſhould die, "than that he ſhould not know his duty, and "ſo become a burden and a curſe to his "people."

"I had once," ſays Duclos, "the curioſity "to make out, from the papers of M. Colbert, the amount of the ſums of money "given away by Louis the Fourteenth, in "penſions to men of learning, of talents, and "of knowledge, as well in foreign countries "as in his own. It did not exceed 66,300 "livres; 52,300 livres to Frenchmen, and "14,000 to ſtrangers; making, in the whole, "about three thouſand and four hundred "pounds ſterling a year;" the expence of a few hours only of the deſtructive wars in which he engaged his country.

Louis, on his death-bed, thus addreſſed his infant grandſon, afterwards Louis XV.

"My dear child, you will very ſoon become the King of a great country. What I "wiſh particularly to recommend to you, is,

"never

"never to forget the obligations you have to "your Creator. Remember that by his power "alone you are every thing that you are.

"Strive to preſerve peace with your neigh-"bours. I have been too fond of war. Do "not imitate me in that, nor in the great ex-"pences in which I have been involved.

"Take advice in every thing; and be care-"ful to inform yourſelf what advice is beſt, "and always follow it.

"Eaſe your ſubjects from taxes as ſoon as "you can, and you will then have the happi-"neſs of doing that which I had the misfor-"tune never to be able to do*."

PRINCE OF CONDÉ.

THE term *petits maîtres* was firſt applied to this great General and his followers, who, fluſhed with the victories of Lens, &c. which they had gained, on their return from the army to Paris, gave

* Theſe ſentences were, till the beginning of the French Revolution, inſcribed, in gold letters, over the head of the bed in which the Kings of France uſed to ſleep.

gave themſelves a great many airs, and were inſufferably impertinent and troubleſome.

Richelieu, a very good judge of men, was much ſtruck with the precocity of talents that appeared in this Prince when he was very young. He told Chavigny, " I have been juſt now " having a converſation of two hours with the " young Duke d'Enghuein upon the art mili- " tary, upon religion, and upon the intereſts " of Europe: he will be the greateſt General " in Europe, and the firſt man of his time, " and perhaps of the times to come."

Louis XIV. who could never forgive the part Condé took againſt him in the Fronde, ſeems never to have entirely given him his confidence, or to have made that uſe of the talents of this Prince which he ſhould have made.

The Prince of Condé was a ſtriking illuſtration of the obſervation made by the acute Dr. Johnſon, that in public ſpeaking there was often more of knack and of habit than of real talent or knowledge: for whilſt Condé never roſe to ſpeak in the Parliament of Paris but to diſgrace himſelf, Gaſton his couſin, with a mind very inferior to his in every reſpect, was very well heard in that Aſſembly.

His

His Sovereign Louis XIV. once paid Condé a very handſome compliment. The Prince, in the latter part of his life, was very lame with the gout, and was one day in that ſituation apologizing to him for making him wait for him at the top of the great ſtair-caſe at Verſailles, which he was aſcending very ſlowly. "Alas! "my couſin," replied he, "who that is ſo "loaded with laurels as yourſelf can walk "faſt?"

The Prince was a man of ſome learning himſelf, and extremely fond of the converſation of learned and ingenious men. Moliere, Boileau, and the celebrated writers of their time, were frequently with him at Chantilly. He, however, expected as much deference from theſe great men in literary matters, as he had been uſed to exact from his Officers at a Council of War. Boileau, however, had once the ſpirit to contradict him on ſome ſubject of literature, of which moſt probably he knew more than the Prince. Condé ſoon fired, and darted his eyes upon him, ſparkling with rage and indignation. "Upon my word," ſaid the ſatiriſt, "in fu- "ture I will take particular care to be of the "ſame opinion with the Prince of Condé when "he is in the wrong."

Pains had been early taken by ſome of the Prince's ſuppoſed friends to ſhake his belief in Chriſtianity; he always replied, "You give "yourſelves a great deal of unneceſſary trou- "ble: the diſperſion of the Jews will always "be an undeniable proof to me of the truth "of our holy religion."

Some writer ſays, that the diſpoſition of a man is to be known by his hand-writing. This obſervation ſeems realized in this great Prince, who was a man of a very violent and haſty temper. Segrais ſays of him, "The Prince "of Condé uſed to write without taking his "pen from the paper till he had finiſhed a ſen- "tence, and without putting any points or "adjuncts to his letters."

"A good General," ſaid this great Prince, "may be beaten, but he can never be ſur- "prized."

One of his maxims was, that, to enable a General not to be afraid of his enemies when they were near to him, he ſhould have taken the precaution to have been afraid of them when they were at a diſtance from him.

Continually ſucceſsful himſelf, he ſtill made great allowances for the want of ſucceſs in

others; and when all the military men of his country were outrageous at M. de Crequi on the loſs of the battle of Conſarbech, he nobly exclaimed, like a man who judged of men from themſelves, and not from what had happened to them, "All that M. de Crequi "wanted to make him one of the beſt Generals in the univerſe, was to have been defeated."

In 1679 he requeſted his Sovereign to permit him to retire to his Chateau of Chantilly, on account of his ill health. Louis replied, "It is with the greateſt regret that I grant you "the permiſſion you deſire; for, alas! my "Couſin, I then ſhall be deprived of the advice of the greateſt man in my kingdom."

In his retreat he amuſed himſelf with the embelliſhment of his domain, with his books, and with the converſation of a few friends, amongſt whom were Moliere, Boileau, and Father Bouhours.

On his death-bed his Confeſſor told him, that he could not adminiſter to him the ſacraments, unleſs he pardoned every one who had offended him. "Alas! my good Father," replied he, "how can you inſiſt on that topic;

"you

"you who know very well that I never enter-
"tained the leaſt reſentment againſt any per-
"ſon during the whole courſe of my life?"

When he took leave of his ſon the Duc d'Enghuein, he gave him his bleſſing, and ſaid, fixing his eyes upon him in the moſt affectionate manner, "In this world, my ſon, which "I am about to quit, there is only one thing "that is ſolid and deſerves eſteem; that is, to "have been throughout life an honeſt man *."

GASTON, DUKE OF ORLEANS.

POSTERITY will not readily forgive this Prince for not exerting himſelf ſufficiently to ſave his friend, the illuſtrious Montmorency, from the ſcaffold; the ſame feebleneſs of mind infecting him in this, as on moſt other occaſions.

* "This life (ſays the excellent Mr. Locke, in the "laſt letter he wrote to his friend Mr. Anthony Collins) "is a ſcene of vanity that ſoon paſſes away, and affords no "ſolid ſatisfaction but in the conſciouſneſs of doing well, "and in the hopes of another life. This is what I can "ſay upon experience, and what you will find to be true "when you come to make up the account. Adieu, I "leave my beſt wiſhes with you.

"JOHN LOCKE."

During

During the time of the Fronde, had his mind been ſufficiently ſteady and determined, he might have been the arbiter of his divided and diſtracted country.

Antonio Priuli gives this melancholy account of the latter years of a Prince of the Blood, brother to one Monarch, and uncle to another:

"Gaſton," ſays he, "on the King's (Louis
"the XIVth) triumphant return into Paris,
"with his mother Anne of Auſtria and the
"Cardinal, ſet out for his palace near Blois,
"without ſeeing or taking leave of his Sove-
"reign; and having been in the former part of
"his life wholly managed by his ſervants, he
"gave himſelf entirely up in the latter part
"of it to the management of his wife, Marga-
"ret of Lorraine. He became a great ſportſ-
"man and a great botaniſt, and not only be-
"came devout himſelf, but inſpired the whole
"city of Blois with the ſame ſpirit. He died
"(as is ſuppoſed) of a lethargy, having had
"antimony improperly adminiſtered to him;
"and after having figured away as a Leader
"of a Party and a Prince, was buried in the
"Royal Abbey of St. Denis, with a private
"funeral, the Heralds who attended the corpſe
"being barely paid their charges. Thus end-
"ed,"

"ed," adds Priuli, "Gaſton Duke of Orleans, "who having been a hopeful child, paſſed his "youth in pleaſure, always under the direction "of his own ſervants, and never at his own "diſpoſal."

Gaſton, who was a man of parts though not of underſtanding, left behind him "Memoirs "of French Hiſtory from the Year 1608 to "1635." They are printed.

PHILIP, DUKE OF ORLEANS,

BROTHER OF LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

Abbe de Longuerue thus deſcribes this Prince:

"He was continually talking, without ever "ſaying any thing. He never had but one "book, his maſs-book, which his clerk of the "cloſet uſed always to carry in his pocket for "him."

He was a Prince of greater bravery than his brother, and in engagements expoſed his perſon much more. This made Louis ſay one day to him, after a battle, "*Mon frere, vous voulez*

"*donc*

"*donc devenir ſac-à-terre.*" The celebrated Mothe le Vayer was Preceptor to this Prince. His ſon, the Abbé de Vayer, printed in 1670 a tranſlation of Florus into French, made, as he ſaid, by this Prince. It was moſt probably the work of the Preceptor.

The Duke of Orleans married Henrietta-Maria, ſiſter of Charles the Second. His brother, after the moſt ſtrict inquiry that he was able to make into the death of that accompliſhed Princeſs, was perfectly convinced that the Duke of Orleans was not in the ſmalleſt degree implicated in it.

MADAME DE LA VALIERE,

MISTRESS OF LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

THIS beautiful and gentle-minded woman ſeems, differently from the other Miſtreſſes of that Prince, to have loved the man and not the Sovereign, in Louis the Fourteenth. When the death of the ſon ſhe had by that Monarch was announced to her, "Alas," ſaid ſhe, "I have "greater reaſon to be grieved for his birth "than for his death!" Many years before ſhe died ſhe retired into the Convent of the Carmelites

melites at Paris, where ſhe endeavoured to expiate her faults by the moſt exemplary penitence. Not long before ſhe expired, ſhe exclaimed, after having refuſed every conſolation that was offered her, "It is fit that ſo "great a ſinner as myſelf ſhould die in the "greateſt torments."

Whilſt ſhe was in the Convent ſhe wrote a ſmall devotional Treatiſe, entitled, "Reflec- "tions upon the Mercy of God." The eloquent Boſſuet preached the ſermon upon her taking the veil, at which were preſent Louis the Fourteenth's Queen and all the Court. He took his text from the following paſſage in the Apocalypſe: "*And he that ſat upon the Throne* "*ſaid, I will renew all things.*"

The celebrated picture of the Magdalen, painted by Le Brun for the Convent in which Madame de La Valiere reſided, has been falſely ſuppoſed to have been that of this beautiful and ſincere penitent. The features are entirely diſſimilar.

MADAME DE MAINTENON.

ABBE DE CHOISY dedicated his Tranflation of Thomas-à-Kempis to this celebrated lady, with this motto from the Pfalms:

"Hear my Daughter, and fee, and incline thine ear, "and the King fhall defire thy beauty."

The edition was foon fuppreffed.

Madame de Maintenon ufed to fay of herfelf, "I was naturally ambitious. I fought "againft that paffion. I really thought that I "fhould be happy when the defires that I had "were gratified. That infatuation lafted only "three days."

"Alas," fays fhe, in one of her letters to her niece, "why cannot I give you my experience? "why cannot I fhew you how the great are "devoured by *ennui*, and with what difficulty "they get through their day? Do not you "fee that I die of mifery in a fituation fo "much beyond my moft extravagant wifhes? "I have been young and pretty, and was a "general favourite. In a more advanced age, "I fpent my time in cultivating my under- "ftanding by reading and by converfation.

"At last I have procured the favour of my "Sovereign, and I can assure you that all these "different situations leave a terrible void in the "mind."

"Could any thing," says Voltaire, "undeceive mankind with respect to ambition, this "letter would have that effect."

Madame de Maintenon one day asked Louis the Fourteenth for some money to distribute in alms. "Alas, Madam," replied that Prince, "what I give in alms are merely fresh burthens "upon my people. The more money I give "away, the more I take from them. "This," "Sire is true," replied Madame de Maintenon, "but it is right to ease the wants of those whom "your former taxes to supply the expences "of your wars and of your buildings have re-"duced to misery. It is truly just that those "who have been ruined by you should be sup-"ported by you."

Madame de Maintenon was most assuredly married to Louis. She survived him some years, and the Regent Duke of Orleans took care that the pension the King had left her should be regularly paid.

Peter

Peter the Great, when he came to Paris, was very anxious to ſee Madame de Maintenon. She was very infirm, and in bed when he viſited her. He drew aſide the curtains to look at that face which had captivated her Sovereign. A bluſh o'erſpread her pale cheeks for an inſtant. The Czar retired.

MASQUE DE FER.

THE following account of this celebrated perſonage is given on the authority of M. Falconet, a learned and eloquent Counſellor of the laſt Parliament of Dauphiné.

" In the manuſcript Memoirs of M. de la
" Reinterie, lately in the poſſeſſion of the
" Marquis de Meſmon-Roman, at Paris, M.
" de la Reinterie ſays, That when he com-
" manded in the fortreſs of Pignerol, a priſoner
" who was confined in the citadel of that place,
" one day ſhut the door of his room with great
" violence upon the officer who waited upon
" him, and ran immediately down ſtairs, in
" order to eſcape from his confinement: he
" was, however, ſtopped by the centinel at the
" bottom of the ſtairs. The officer in the
" mean time cried out from the window, that

"the prisoner was making his escape, and requested the assistance of the garrison. The officer upon guard immediately came up and laid hold of the prisoner, who was scuffling with the centinel. The officer drew his sword, when the prisoner cried out in a very commanding tone of voice, *Songez à ce que vous faites, Monsieur: Respectez le sang de vos Souverains*—Take care what you do, Sir: Respect the blood of your Sovereigns. In the mean time the officer who had been locked in came down stairs, and, on hearing what the prisoner had said, put his hand upon his mouth, and desired all the persons present never to mention what they had heard him say; who was immediately reconducted to his old apartment, and guarded with more care than before.

"M. de la Reinterie says, that he told the story to a few confidential persons about the Court of Versailles, whose names he mentions in his Memoirs, and that, except to them, he always preserved the most profound secrecy of this very extraordinary circumstance."

In the opinion of one of the Ministers of the late King of France, Louis the Sixteenth, the

secret

ſecret of this extraordinary perſonage died with Louis the Fifteenth and M. d'Argenſon, Lieutenant de Police. He was buried in the church next to the Baſtile, at Paris, by the name of Marchiali.

HENRY,

FIFTH DUKE OF GUISE,

was the grandſon of Henry Duke of Guiſe, ſurnamed *La Balafré.* He was intended for the profeſſion of the Church, and at a very early age was preſented to the Archbiſhopric of Rheims, which he quitted, as well as the habit of a Prieſt, on the death of his brother, to marry Anne, Princeſs of Mantua. The Cardinal de Richelieu oppoſing the match, he fled with his miſtreſs to Cologne, where he quitted her for Madame de Boſſut, whom he married, and whom he likewiſe quitted and returned to Paris. The diſpoſition of his anceſtors however ſoon after diſcovering itſelf in him, he engaged in the conſpiracy of the Count de Soiſſons and the Court of Spain againſt Richelieu. After having fled from France to Rome on the diſcovery of the plot, he was condemned by the Parliament of Paris to loſe his head. He ſoon afterwards broke with the Spaniards, declared againſt

againſt them, and in 1647 was elected by the Neapolitans, who had revolted againſt Philip the Fourth, the General of their armies; and the defender of their liberty. He accepted theſe honours with great willingneſs, and with a ſingle felucca made his way through the Spaniſh fleet to Naples, where he was received with the greateſt acclamations of joy; and from whence, after experiencing ſome ſucceſs, and having behaved with greater courage than conduct, not being properly ſeconded by the Court of France, he was obliged to fly, and being taken priſoner by ſome Spaniſh troops, was carried to Spain, where he remained till 1652. After his return to Paris, he diſſipated amongſt the pleaſures of that Capital, the affliction which the loſs of a Crown ſo near to him had occaſioned. He made a conſpicuous figure with the Prince of Condé in the celebrated tournament of 1660 in Paris. They were ſtiled by the Pariſians, "*Les Heros de l'Hiſtoire & de la* "*Fable* *."

During the revolution of Naples, one of the mob, accompanied by a troop of banditti,

* The name of the Duke of Guiſe's Secretary was Ceriſantes. The Duke ſaid, on ſetting out for Naples, "Every "thing in this expedition exhibits ſomething of romance, "even to the name of the Secretary."

treated

treated him with great insolence; boasting, that as he had cut off the head of the Duke de Matalone, he would likewise cut off his head. The Duke, indignant at such brutality, clapped spurs to his horse, pushed him down, and rode over him. Some one asking him if he was not afraid to do this, as he should rather have endeavoured to appease than irritate the populace of Naples, he replied with a smile, "I "am not afraid of the mob. When God "forms a man of quality, he always puts some-"thing between his two eyes, which a common "man can never venture to look at without "trembling."

The Duke being one day pursued and surrounded by an immense number of the people of Naples, who threatened to kill him, he turned round with great *sang froid*, and laid hold of one of the principal rioters. This bold action produced such an effect upon the others, that they immediately dispersed.

When the Duke headed the revolt of the Neapolitans against their Sovereign, Philip the Fourth of Spain, it was a time of revolutions: The English had beheaded Charles the First; the Parisians had taken up arms against their infant Monarch, Louis the Fourteenth; the

Portuguese had regained their country from the Spaniards; the Turks had massacred their Sultan Ibrahim; the Algerines had killed their Dey; the kingdom of Indostan was agitated by civil wars; and the Chinese had been conquered by the Tartars.

The Marquis of Monte Sylvano was in prison at Naples, and was to have suffered death. The Duke delivered him from confinement on the day that he made his entrance into Naples. Soon after the Marquis engaged in a conspiracy against the Duke, and gave arms to the conspirators. Being taken and brought to the Duke, the latter contented himself with telling him, that the shame arising from his base action was the severest punishment that a man of quality and courage like him could suffer.

This spirited Nobleman, whose whole life seems to have consisted merely of so many scenes of romance, and to have partaken equally of bad and of good fortune, says of himself, "Neither in my exile at Rome, nor when I "was taken prisoner, nor during all the time "that I remained at Naples, could any person "observe the least alteration or change in my "countenance. The different events, as well

§ "of

" of my bad as good fortune, never gave me " the leaſt uneaſineſs or inquietude; having " always acted with the ſame *ſang froid* in every " thing in which I was concerned, as if I had " not the leaſt intereſt in it."

The Duke died at Paris, in 1664, at the age of fifty. The Memoirs of his Life are extremely entertaining. They are ſaid to have been compiled by St. Yon, his Secretary.

CARDINAL DE RETZ.

HENAULT applies the following paſſage in Tacitus to this celebrated Demagogue: " *Non* " *tam præmiis periculorum, quàm ipſis periculis,* " *lætus pro certis et olim partis, nova, ambigua,* " *ancipitia, mallebat.*" The ſagacious Richelieu early diſcovered the diſpoſition of De Retz, and, according to Segrais, though he was of an antient and illuſtrious family, never intended to give him a benefice of any value or conſequence. In very early life De Retz wrote the " Hiſtory of the Conſpiracy of Fieſqui againſt " the Ariſtocracy of Genoa," in which he took the part of the Conſpirator. He ſeems by nature to have had all the qualities requiſite to become

become a favourite with the people. Brave, generous, eloquent, full of refources, and fettered by no principle, he dazzled the multitude of Paris, who feem ever to have been more taken with actions of eclat and of enterprize, than with all the efforts of modeft and humble virtue. On feeing one day a carbine levelled at him by fome one he did not know, he had the prefence of mind to cry out, "If your Father, "Sir, were now feeing what you were about!" —This fpeech immediately difarmed the fury of the affaffin.

The Cardinal feems to have atoned for the follies and irregularities of his youth by the honeft confeffion he made of them in his Memoirs. He appears in them to have been a man of great talents, and of good natural difpofition, perverted by vanity, and the defire of that diftinction, which, if not acquired by honeft means, difgraces inftead of dignifying thofe who are fo unfortunate as to poffefs it. Had he directed his great powers of mind in endeavours to unite, inftead of efforts to divide his unhappy and diftracted country, he would have endeared himfelf moft effectually to his countrymen, and would have deferved the praifes of pofterity, by exhibiting an example which too rarely occurs, of

of a Politician ſacrificing his reſentment to the good of the State.

The Memoirs of this celebrated Perſonage, written by himſelf, are extremely ſcanty and imperfect: they give no account either of the early or of the latter part of his life. He entruſted the Manuſcript to ſome Nuns of a Convent near Comerci in Lorraine, who garbled them. James the Second, however, told the laſt Duke of Ormond, that he had ſeen a perfect copy of them, which was lent to him by Madame Caumartin.

Joli, his Secretary, deſcribes his Maſter in his retreat at Comerci in no very favourable manner; as idling away his time in hunting, going to puppet-ſhows, now and then pretending to adminiſter juſtice amongſt his tenants, writing a page or two of his own life in folio, and ſettling ſome points in the genealogy of his family—that of Gondi. The Cardinal's reply to Joli's remonſtrances to him on this ſubject was a curious one: "I know all this as well as "you do, but I don't think you will get any "one elſe to believe what you ſay of me." An opinion ſo highly advantageous to the Cardinal's talents and character had gone out into the world, that the people of France could not

not bring themſelves to think ill of one who had been a very popular Demagogue amongſt them.

On the day in which he was permitted to have an audience of Louis the Fourteenth at Verſailles, the Court was extremely full, and the higheſt expectations were formed of the manners and appearance of the Cardinal: when however they ſaw an hump-back'd, bow-legg'd, decrepit old man, who perhaps did not feel much elevated with his ſituation, their expectations were ſadly diſappointed; and particularly ſo, when his Sovereign merely ſaid to him, "Your Eminence is grown very gray ſince I laſt "ſaw you." To this the Cardinal replied, "Any "perſon, Sire, who has the misfortune to incur "your Majeſty's diſpleaſure, will very readily "become gray."

St. Evremond has preſerved an anecdote of the Cardinal's nobleneſs of mind and liberality during his retreat at Comerci. As he was riding out on horſeback, he was ſurrounded by ſome Spaniſh ſoldiers that were in the neighbourhood. The Officer however, on being told his name, ordered him to be releaſed, and diſmounting from his horſe, made an apology for the behaviour of his ſoldiers. The Cardinal, taking

taking a valuable diamond ring from his finger, preſented it to the Officer, ſaying, "Pray, Sir, "at leaſt permit me to render your little ex-"curſion not entirely uſeleſs to you."

De Retz reſigned the Archbiſhopric of Paris, and procured in exchange for it the rich Abbey of St. Denis. He lived long enough to pay all his debts, and divided his time between Paris and St. Denis: at the latter place he died at a very advanced age, and in the ſtrongeſt ſentiments of piety and devotion. He is occaſionally mentioned in Madame de Sevigné's Letters, as a man of great talents for converſation, and much afflicted with the head-ach. He had the honeſty to ſay of himſelf, "Mankind ſup-"poſed me extremely enterpriſing and daunt-"leſs when I was young, and I was much more "ſo than they could poſſibly imagine:" and this may be readily perceived, from an anſwer which he made to ſome one who reproached him, when he was young, with owing a great deal of money. "Why, man," replied he, "Cæſar, at my age, owed ſix times as much as "I do."

No one knew better how to manage and cajole the multitude than Cardinal de Retz did, yet he complains that they left him at the *Angelus*' bell

bell to go to dinner. One of his maxims reſpecting the aſſembling of that many-headed Monſter ſhould be diligently conſidered both by the Leaders of Parties and by the Governors of Kingdoms: "*Quiconque aſſemble le* "*Peuple l'emeut.*—Whoever brings the people "together, puts them in a ſtate of commo- "tion."

CARDINAL JULIUS MAZARIN,

on his triumphant return to Paris, after the Peace of the Pyrenees, created a great number of Dukes; and on being aſked why he was ſo profuſe of that honour, replied, "I will make "ſuch a number, that it ſhall be diſgraceful to "be a Duke and not to be a Duke." Though a very able, he was a very timid Miniſter. His brother the Cardinal of Aix uſed to ſay of him, "Only make a little buſtle, and he will "deſiſt." One of his favourite meaſures was procraſtination. "Time and I againſt any other "two perſonages," was his reply, when urged to briſk and violent meaſures.

Mazarin was an extremely handſome man, and had a very fine face: this he was ſo anxious to preſerve, that not many days before he died,

died, he gave audience to the foreign Minifters with his face painted. This made the Spanifh Minifter fay, "*Voila un portrait qui refemble à* "*M. le Cardinal.*" As Tacitus fays of Tiberius, though now his ftrength and his conftitution began to fail, yet his diffimulation continued as perfect as ever. He fent for the Prince of Condé, and told him fomething confidentially, which the Prince was the more inclined to believe, as he faw the dying ftate in which his Eminence was. A little time after his death, to his great aftonifhment, he found that even in that awful fituation the Cardinal had not told him one word of truth.

Mazarin exhibited in himfelf a fingular inftance of the viciffitudes of fortune. He was of a very low extraction, had been a gambler, became Prime Minifter of a great Country, was afterwards banifhed and a price fet upon his head, and then returned triumphantly to his Adminiftration with greater power than ever. Madame de Baviere fays, that he was married to his Sovereign Anne of Auftria, and that he treated her extremely ill.

The Cardinal was by no means a fanguinary Minifter. He let the People talk and write as they pleafed, and he acted as he pleafed. A collection

lection of the satires written against him was preserved in the Colbert Library at Paris: it consisted of forty-six volumes in quarto. When he laid any new tax, he used to ask his confidants what the good people of Paris were doing, whether they were ridiculing him, and making songs and epigrams upon him. When he was answered in the affirmative, he used to say, "I can never have any reason to fear a Nation "which vents its spleen so very gaily; let them "laugh on."

When the Cardinal was obliged to quit Paris, his effects were sold at public auction; his very valuable library was bought for the Court of Brunswick, and is at present in the capital of that Duchy.

Mazarin appears once in his life to have been in a very enviable situation. When the French and Spanish armies were drawn up in order of battle near Casal, in the spring of the year 1631, and were about to engage, Mazarin galloped between them with his hat in his hand, exclaiming loudly, "*Paix! paix!*" The armies immediately halted, and in a few days afterwards peace was signed at Querasque, under the mediation of Urban the Eighth, whose nephew, the Cardinal Legate, Mazarin attended on that

happy

happy occaſion. The talents diſplayed by the latter in the negotiation, and the good offices he rendered the French Nation, recommended him to Louis the Thirteenth and the Cardinal de Richelieu. Mazarin, when Miniſter, cauſed a Medal to be ſtruck in commemoration of this event, in which he is repreſented galloping between the two armies. On the reverſe is this motto "*Nunc orbi ſervire labor*;" and how indeed can a man ſerve the world better than by procuring it the bleſſings of peace; by ſtopping the ſighs of the widow, the tears of the orphan, and the anguiſh of the parent; by checking the ravages of diſeaſe, of peſtilence, and of famine; and by preventing the devaſtation of the univerſe, and the deſtruction of the human race! To any Prime Miniſter may we not ſay, "*Hæ* "*tibi ſint artes!*"

Don Louis de Haro, the Spaniſh Miniſter, ſaid of Mazarin, that he had one inſuperable defect as a Politician, that he always meant to deceive thoſe with whom he was treating, and of courſe put every one upon their guard againſt his tricks and fineſſes *.

* The Spaniſh Proverb ſays acutely, "A man is a fool "who does not conſider, that whilſt he is thinking, twenty "perſons are thinking likewiſe."

Not many days before the Cardinal died, a comet appeared in France. Some of his ſycophants, who were in his bed-chamber, told him, that as it was impoſſible for a man of his rank and talents to go out of the world in an ordinary way, this awful phenomenon of the Heavens was to announce to the world the death of ſo great a Stateſman and ſo conſummate a Politician as himſelf. Mazarin coolly replied, "*En verité, Meſſieurs, la comete me fait trop* "*d'honneur.*"

By way of ſecuring his eſtate to his heirs, and of quieting his conſcience on his death-bed, he made a donation to his Sovereign Louis the Fourteenth of all his immenſe property. The King very nobly returned it to his heirs.

Beſide one Biſhopric, the Cardinal poſſeſſed, as Commendatary Abbot, nine rich Abbeys in France.

Two Latin lines well diſcriminated the difference between the government of this wily and temporizing Miniſter, and that of Richelieu:

Magnus uterque fuit. Sed dignum vindice nodum
Richelius ſecuit, Julius explicuit.

Two men ariſe and bear a ſplendid name,
Richelieu and Mazarin, of doubtful fame;

One

One cuts the Gordian knot with ardour dread,
The other patiently evolves each thread.

When a General was presented to Mazarin for any particular expedition, his first question in his bad French was, "*Est il houroux (heureux)?*—Is he a fortunate General?" Cicero, when he recommended Pompey to the Roman people, to command against the Pirates, calls him, "*Semper felix*;" success in general attending upon those persons whose talents and whose diligence entitle them to it.

COLBERT.

SOON after this great Minister came into the management of the finances of France, he sent for the principal merchants of that kingdom, and, to ingratiate himself with them, and to acquire their confidence, asked them what he could do for them. They unanimously replied, "Pray, Sir, do nothing! *Laissez-nous faire*—"Only let us do for ourselves."

M. D'Argenson says, that a person unknown to M. Colbert requested an audience of him, as having something of great importance to communicate to him. Being admitted to see M. Colbert,

Colbert, he with great gravity adviſed him to encourage the trade and manufactures of his own country, which was large enough to ſupply itſelf and the other countries of Europe with what they wanted, and to give up all the French colonies in the Eaſt and Weſt Indies to the Dutch and the Engliſh, who had very little territory of their own. Colbert did not deign to make any reply, but turned his extraordinary counſellor out of the room.

Colbert ordered Chapelain, the Author of the Epic Poem of the "*Pucelle*," to make him out a liſt of the men of learning and talents in France who either wanted or deſerved penſions from the Sovereign, and at the end of each name to append the character of their merit. Moliere was thus deſcribed:—"He is acquainted "with the true character of comedy, and he "executes it naturally. The ſtories of his beſt "pieces are in general imitated from others, "but imitated with judgment. His plots "are good, and he has only to avoid buf-"foonery."

Of that elegant, voluminous, and inaccurate hiſtorian Varillas, Chapelain ſays: "He is full "of knowledge, particularly that of theology "and hiſtory. He has written an Account of

"the

“ the Riſe of the Houſe of Auſtria that is very
“ curious, and has been very much read. His
“ ſtyle is neither poliſhed nor ornamented, but
“ it is ſound.”

Louis the Fourteenth, at the inſtigation of Colbert, penſioned ſeveral men of learning and of ſcience in the different Courts of Europe. Colbert, by his orders, wrote the following letter to the younger Voſſius:

“ Sir,

“ Although the King is not your ſove-
“ reign, he is ſtill very deſirous to become your
“ benefactor, and has ordered me to ſend you
“ the incloſed bill of exchange as a mark of
“ his eſteem, and as a pledge of his protection.
“ Every one knows how worthily you follow
“ the example of your father, the celebrated
“ Iſaac Voſſius, and that having received from
“ him a name which he rendered illuſtrious
“ by his writings, you ſtill maintain the glory
“ of it by your own. This being known to
“ his Majeſty, he has great pleaſure in reward-
“ ing your merit; and I have the more ſatiſ-
“ faction in being ordered by his Majeſty
“ to make you that recompence, as at the

"same time I can assure you how much I "am, Sir,

"Your very humble and affectionate servant,

"COLBERT."

"Paris, June 2, 1663."

It has been computed, that Louis's well-judged liberality did not amount to more than eight thousand pounds a-year. Fifty or a hundred pounds a-year was the usual amount of each pension. Chapelain got something more for himself, and that, amongst other reasons, procured him the hatred and envy of his contemporaries and countrymen.

A few days before this great Financier died, Louis XIV. wrote to him with his own hand, to desire him to manage himself, and to take some sustenance. They brought him a bason of broth, which he refused. His wife said to him, "Will you return an answer to the King?" He replied, "There is time enough for that. "I now am about to answer to the King of "Kings."

On nearly the same occasion he said to his wife, "Madam, when I was in this closet "busied in his Majesty's business, neither you "nor any one else dared to attempt to

"come

"come in to diſturb me; and now that I "am employed in buſineſs relative to my "ſalvation, you are continually interrupting "me."

Colbert honeſtly told Louis XIV. that he would ruin his ſubjects, if he continued to go on with thoſe great buildings which he had begun. This ſpeech made Louis tell Manſard, his Architect, "*On me donne trop de degout.* "*Je ne veux plus ſonger à bâtir.*" It was, indeed, high time to ſay ſomething to Louis on the ſubject, as in one year, according to Racine's "*Fragmens Hiſtoriques,*" he ſpent ſixteen millions of livres in building.

The Miniſter of Colbert's pariſh, that of St. Euſtache at Paris, came to him on his death-bed to tell him, that he had ordered prayers to be put up in his church to the Almighty for the recovery of his health. "I hope not," replied Colbert: "let them be addreſſed to the Throne "of Grace that I may find mercy."

GOMBERVILLE

publiſhed the very curious "*Memoires du Duc* "*de Nevers,*" in two volumes. They begin at 1574 and go down to 1595.

 He

He was a quiet inoffenſive man of letters, and reſided chiefly with the illuſtrious hermits of Port Royal. He made this ſimple and elegant Epitaph for himſelf:

Les grands chargent leur ſepulture
De cent eloges ſuperflus;
Ma naiſſance fût fort obſcure,
Et ma mort encore plus.

Whilſt pompous epitaphs in trophied ſtate
The tombs embelliſh of the rich and great,
Few words my humble lot may teſtify,
Obſcure I liv'd and more obſcurely die.

DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

"THE Author of the celebrated Maxims "which bear his name, was not a man of "learning," ſays Segrais, "but he was a man "of great good ſenſe, and had a perfect know- "ledge of the world. This put him upon mak- "ing reflections, and upon reducing into apho- "riſms what he had been able to diſcover in the "heart of man, with which he was moſt inti- "mately acquainted."

M. de la Rochefoucault was ſo accurate in the compoſition of his little book, that as he finiſhed a Maxim, he uſed to ſend it to his friends

friends for their opinion upon it. Segrais aſſerts, that ſome of his Maxims were altered thirty times. The Maxim, "that it ſhews a "wretched poverty of mind to have but one "ſort of underſtanding," took its riſe from Boileau and Racine, who were extremely ignorant of every thing except poetry and literature.

"M. de la Rochefoucault," adds Segrais, "would have made a better Governor for "the Dauphin, Louis the Fourteenth's only "ſon, than the Duke of Montauſier;" being a man of great ſweetneſs of temper, extremely inſinuating in his addreſs, and exceedingly agreeable in converſation. M. de la Rochefoucault could never belong to the French Academy, as he could never muſter up courage enough to deliver to the Academy the ſpeech which it was neceſſary to make in order to be admitted into that body.

This acute Nobleman was an inſtance of the truth of one of his own Maxims;

"There are certain perſons who would never "have been in love, had they not been told "that ſuch a paſſion really exiſted:"

for he uſed to ſay, that he knew nothing of love

love but from Romances; and that he had never felt that paſſion in his own perſon.

Dr. Johnſon uſed to ſay of Rochefoucault's Maxims, that it was almoſt the only Book written by a Gentleman which Authors by profeſſion had any reaſon to be afraid of.

"The Duke very wiſely never diſputed in "company. If any perſon differed from him "in opinion, he merely ſaid, Sir, you are then "of that opinion? I am of mine: and ſo the "matter reſted," ſays Segrais *.

JOHN GERARD VOSSIUS,

according to Aubrey, always wrote his *Adverſaria* or Common-Places on one ſide only of a ſheet of paper, ſo that, as occaſion required, he only tore his papers, and fixed them together, and would ſo ſend them to the preſs without

* Sir Iſaac Newton would never diſpute in company. When he had delivered an opinion which any-one choſe to controvert, he never was at the pains to defend it, but contented himſelf with ſaying, "I believe, Sir, if you will "be at the trouble of examining my opinion, you will "find I have very good reaſons for it."

any

any more tranſcribing. This ſaved him a great deal of trouble.

According to the Authors of the *Journal de Trevoux*, no two men of learning ever differed more than Gerard Voſſius and his ſon Iſaac in the diſpoſition of their minds. "The father," ſay they, "formed his opinions upon what he "read; the ſon took up an opinion, and read "only to eſtabliſh it. The father was anxious "to get at the true meaning of an author whom "he conſulted—to add to him no opinions of "his own; the ſon took all poſſible pains to "make the authors whom he conſulted think "as he thought, and never piqued himſelf upon "making exact quotations from their writings. "The father looked upon the authors whom "he read as his maſters; the ſon looked upon "them as his ſlaves, whom he could by torture "force to ſay whatever he pleaſed. The father "was anxious to inſtruct, the ſon to aſtoniſh "mankind."

The ſon, Iſaac Voſſius, affected to believe in the pretended antiquity of the Chineſe nation, which he extended infinitely beyond the antiquity of the Hebrews. He eaſily gave credit to the exaggerated accounts of travellers, and ſeemed to have a paſſion for believing in the

marvellous

marvellous and the incredible. This made Charles the Second ſay of him, "This M. Voſſius "is indeed a very extraordinary man! he be- "lieves in every thing except in his Bible."

SALMASIUS.

THE lovers of literature muſt much regret that M. Lantin, who had converſed a good deal with this great ſcholar, and man of general knowledge, did not make, as he had once thought of doing, a "*Salmaſiana*." Salmaſius uſed to read and write in the midſt of his menage, in company with his wife and children, completely unaffected by their noiſe. By way of ſaving himſelf the trouble of turning the paper, he uſed to write upon rolls of paper; and when he was aſked how near he was to finiſhing any work, he uſed to ſay, not that he had ſo many ſheets, but that he had ſo many rolls of paper to finiſh. Voſſius tells an anecdote of Salmaſius, which ſhews how high an opinion he entertained of his own talents and learning.

"M. Gaulmin and Mauſſac meeting Sal- "maſius one day in the King's Library at "Paris, M. Gaulmin ſaid, I think that we three

"are

" are a match for all the learned men in Eu-
" rope taken together. Add to them all, re-
" plied Salmaſius, yourſelf and M. de Mauſſac,
" and I could be a match for you all."

" The laſt time," ſays M. Lantin, " that
" Salmaſius was at Dijon, I had ſome conver-
" ſation with him reſpecting the troubles and
" the civil war of England between Charles the
" Firſt and his Parliament. He ſeemed to be
" of the opinion of the High Preſbyterian
" party, who ſeemed to wiſh that the King
" ſhould be neither depoſed nor brought to
" the ſcaffold, but that his power ſhould be in
" ſome reſpects curtailed and reduced. Sal-
" maſius thought an union of the Catholic and
" of the Proteſtant Church impoſſible, and
" that the plan of Grotius on that ſubject
" would never ſucceed."

Salmaſius was born at Saumur in France, in the town and on the day on which the Duke and Cardinal of Guiſe were maſſacred by order of Henry the Third. On being aſked when he was born, he replied, in alluſion to theſe maſſacres,

Cum cecidit fato Conſul uterque pari.

Salmaſius

Salmaſius uſed to ſay, he had once ſeen the Journal of Meyric Caſaubon, which he kept in Latin; and that amongſt other entries was the following: "*Deus bone, hodiè catellus meus* "*pectine meo pexus eſt.*" Salmaſius had made collections for the hiſtory of the European ſurnames, which he ſaid were in general derived either from baptiſmal names, from the names of provinces and towns, from the names of trades and profeſſions, or from peculiarities of perſon.

At the time of the death of Cardinal Richelieu, a friend of Salmaſius was ſoliciting a penſion for him from that Miniſter, in order to keep in France a perſon of his (Salmaſius's) talents. Salmaſius ſaid, "that he believed he "ſhould with difficulty be prevailed upon to "receive a penſion from the Court of France, "as ſo much time and pains were employed "in procuring the payment of it." He ſaid, however, "he would very willingly receive the "profits of ſome landed property, if the King "would have the kindneſs to grant it him;" and having afterwards underſtood that this offer was made him on the condition that he ſhould write the hiſtory of the adminiſtration of Richelieu, he ſaid, "that he perhaps ſhould not de-

"ſerve

" serve it, as he was not a man to sacrifice his
" pen to flattery."

Madame de Saumaise was a great shrew, and led her husband a weary life; she however used to say of him, "that he was the best gentle-
" man amongst the scholars, and the best scholar
" amongst the gentlemen of his time."

Salmasius, after having quitted France on account of his religion, being a Protestant, resided in Holland. Sorbiere, in a letter to M. de Marre, thus describes his manner of receiving his literary friends:

" Every Sunday night he had a circle of
" fifteen or twenty persons of note; such as
" M. L'Empereur, De Laet, Grotius, &c.
" whose conversation afforded both instruction
" and amusement. The chief part of the time
" that we were with him we sat round a great
" fire, one corner of which he kept to himself,
" and Madame de Saumaise had the other.
" She occasionally mixed in the conversation,
" and took especial care that not one of the
" company should go away without having
" received a sharp word or two from her.
" Salmasius was not naturally inclined to talk,
" but when once he began he displayed a

" wonderful fertility of mind, and an immenſe
" erudition. I remember once, that I took to
" Salmaſius' circle a French gentleman who
" had never ſeen him; and as we were going
" thither, we agreed to make him talk about
" the amuſements of the field. We put him
" upon that ſubject, and my friend told me
" on his return, that himſelf, who was an old
" ſportſman, could not have talked more per-
" tinently upon the matter. He was aſtoniſhed
" that a man of letters, who had ſpent ſo much
" time in his ſtudy, and who was beſides ſo bad
" a horſeman, had been able to pick up ſuch
" variety of information upon a ſubject not
" peculiarly intereſting to him, for he told us
" not only what he had been able to get from
" thoſe who had expreſsly written upon the
" ſubject, but what he could not know, unleſs
" he had really been upon the ground, and
" had himſelf killed a great quantity of game.
" Our converſation was often infeſted," ſays
Sorbiere, " if I may ſo uſe the word to expreſs
" more ſtrongly our indignation, by a Scotch
" Profeſſor, by name David Stuart, a Regent
" of a College, who in the dulleſt and moſt
" inſipid manner contradicted every thing that
" was advanced; and this tireſome fellow made
" us loſe much of the converſation of Sal-
" maſius, to whom indeed we afterwards com-
" plained,

" plained, that he, who was in general pretty
" apt to be violent on ſuch occaſions, did not
" repreſs the pedantry of the Scotch Profeſſor;
" repeating to him, " *Oro qui* reges *conſuevis*
" *tollere, cur non hunc* regem *jugulas? Operum*
" *hoc mihi crede tuorum eſt.*"

Salmaſius, not contented with attacking Milton's arguments in defence of the execution of Charles the Firſt, attacked the Latinity of his verſes. He begins his Apology for Charles the Firſt in this ſingular manner:

" O ye Engliſh, who toſs about the heads
" of Kings as if they were tennis-balls, and
" play at bowls with crowns, and treat ſcepters
" with no more regard than if they were
" toys!"

GASSENDI

exhibits one of the moſt ſtriking inſtances of the precocity of the human intellect. " At
" the age of four years," ſays Bernier, " he
" uſed to declaim his little ſermons; at the
" age of ſeven he uſed to ſteal away from his
" parents, and ſpend a great part of the night
" in obſerving the ſtars. This made his friends

" ſay, that he was born an Aſtronomer. At
" this age he had a diſpute with the boys of
" his village, whether the moon or the clouds
" moved: to convince them that the moon
" did not move, he took them behind a tree,
" and made them take notice that the moon
" kept its ſituation between the ſame leaves,
" whilſt the clouds paſſed on. This early diſ-
" poſition to obſervation induced his parents
" to cultivate his talents; and the clergyman
" of his village gave him the firſt elements of
" learning. His ardor for ſtudy became then
" extreme; the day was not long enough for
" him, and he often read a good part of the
" night by the light of the lamp that was
" burning in the church of his village, his
" family being too poor to allow him candles
" for his nocturnal ſtudies. He often," adds
Bernier, " took only four hours ſleep in the
" night. At the age of ten, he harangued
" his Biſhop in Latin (who paſſed through
" Gaſſendi's village on his Viſitation) with ſuch
" eaſe and ſpirit, that the Prelate exclaimed,
" That lad will one day or other be the wonder
" of his age!"

" I had the curioſity," ſays St. Evremond,
" to viſit Gaſſendi. After a very long conver-
" ſation, in which he diſcuſſed ſome very ſeri-
" ous

" ous ſubjects, he complained that Nature had " given ſuch a degree of extent to our cu- " rioſity, and ſuch very narrow limits to our " knowledge. This, he aſſured me, he did not " ſay to mortify the preſumption of any per- " ſon, or from an affected humility, which is a " kind of hypocriſy. He did not pretend to " deny but that he knew what might be " thought on many ſubjects, but he dared " not venture to affirm that he completely " underſtood any one. His manner in conver- " ſation was extremely agreeable; he had a " very poliſhed and elegant underſtanding; he " had a great deal of delicate repartee; he was " in general ſilent, never oſtentatiouſly ob- " truding upon other people either the acute- " neſs of his underſtanding or the eloquence of " his converſation; he was never in a hurry to " give his opinion, before he knew that of the " perſons who were converſing with him. When " men of learning introduced themſelves to " him, he was contented with behaving to " them with great civility, and was not anxious " to ſurprize their admiration by letting him- " ſelf out before them. The entire tendency " of his ſtudies was to make himſelf wiſer and " better; and to have this intention more con- " ſtantly before his eyes, he had inſcribed all his " books with theſe words, *Sapere aude.*"

This great Philoſopher was perhaps one of the hardeſt ſtudents that ever exiſted. In general he roſe at three o'clock in the morning, and read or wrote till eleven, when he received the viſits of his friends. He afterward at twelve made a very ſlender dinner, at which he drank nothing but water, and ſat down to his books again at three. There he remained till eight o'clock, when, after having eaten a very light ſupper, he retired to bed at ten. His means of life were very ſmall; but, as M. Bernier in his Epitaph upon him ſays,

Vixit ſine querelâ, ſorte ſuâ contentus
Inferioris notæ, amicis jucundiſſimus.
Viris, imperio, auctoritate, doctrinâ,
Sapientiâ, præſtantiſſimus,
Acceptiſſimus, chariſſimus.
Non apud exteros ſolùm,
Sed in patriâ ſuâ
Amorem, venerationem,
Meritus, conſecutus.

Gaſſendi appears to have died of his phyſicians. They bled him fourteen times in a dyſentery, which he had at the age of ſixty-one years. During the courſe of his illneſs, he hinted to them that as he was not young, and was extremely debilitated, he thought they might as well, perhaps, diſcontinue the bleedings. In ſpite of this remonſtrance, they purſued their

 cruel

cruel operations till they reduced him to the greateſt extremity of weakneſs. Gui Patin told him of the danger he was in, and recommended to him to ſettle his worldly affairs. The patient, lifting up his head from his pillow, ſaid ſmilingly to him,

Omnia præcepi, atque animo mecum ante peregi.

As he was dying he deſired his Secretary to put his hand gently upon his heart, and ſaid to him, "*Mon ami, voila ce que c'eſt que la vie de* "*l'homme*—My friend, ſee what the life of man "is,"—Gaſſendi had, long before he ſaid this, received the Sacraments according to the rites of the Church of Rome.

Like our Dr. Johnſon, Gaſſendi was a great repeater of verſes in the ſeveral languages with which he was converſant. He made it a rule every day to repeat ſix hundred. He could repeat ſix thouſand Latin verſes, beſide all Lucretius, which he had by heart. He uſed to ſay, "that it is with the memory as with all "other habits. Do you wiſh to ſtrengthen it, "or to prevent its being enfeebled, as it gene-"rally happens when a man is growing old, "exerciſe it continually, and in very early life "get as many fine verſes by heart as you can: "they amuſe the mind, and keep it in a cer-

"tain degree of elevation which inſpires dignity "and grandeur of ſentiment."

Gaſſendi's adverſaries accuſed him of want of religion. This imputation ſeems ill-founded, as every Sunday and holiday he ſaid maſs as a prieſt: and, according to Gui Patin, the diſorder of which he died was owing to his keeping Lent too ſtrictly, contrary to the advice of that learned phyſician.

The principles of moral conduct which he laid down for the direction of his life were,—To know and fear God.—Not to be afraid of death; and to ſubmit quietly to it whenever it ſhould happen.—To avoid idle hopes, as well as idle fears.—Not to defer till to-morrow any innocent amuſement that may take place to-day.—To deſire nothing but what is neceſſary.—To govern the paſſions by reaſon and good ſenſe.

Gaſſendi was a moſt excellent aſtronomer, and had a mind ſo fraught with knowledge, and at the ſame time ſo diveſted of prejudice, that he wrote againſt Ariſtotle (a bold attempt in the times in which he lived), and offered to prove, that many things which that great genius had advanced in philoſophy were wrong.

Yet

Yet how vain are the ſpeculations of the moſt comprehenſive minds, when unaſſiſted by knowledge and experience! Gaſſendi, who was a dabbler in anatomy and medicine, wrote a treatiſe to prove that man was intended by nature to live only on vegetables.

In one of the letters of this celebrated philoſopher he ſays, that he was conſulted by his friend and patron the Count d'Alais, Governor of Provence, on a phænomenon that haunted his bed-chamber while he was at Marſeilles on ſome buſineſs relative to his office. The Count tells Gaſſendi, that for ſeveral ſucceſſive nights, as ſoon as the candle was taken away, he and his Counteſs ſaw a luminous ſpectre, ſometimes of an oval, ſometimes of a triangular, form; that it always diſappeared when light came into the room; that he had often ſtruck at it, but could diſcover nothing ſolid. Gaſſendi, as a natural philoſopher, endeavoured to account for it; ſometimes attributing it to ſome defect of viſion, or to ſome dampneſs of the room; inſinuating that perhaps it might be ſent from Heaven to him, to give him a warning in due time of ſomething that ſhould happen. The ſpectre continued its viſits all the time that he ſtaid at Marſeilles; and ſome years afterwards, on their return to Aix, the Counteſs d'Alais

d'Alais confeſſed to her huſband, that ſhe played him this trick, by means of one of her women placed under the bed with a phial of phoſphorus, with an intention to frighten him away from Marſeilles, a place in which ſhe very much diſliked to live.

Gui Patin, who attended Gaſſendi as his phyſician in his laſt illneſs, writes thus to M. Spon: "I have juſt now left Gaſſendi between "two Prieſts. *Sic itur ad aſtra*, where, great "Aſtronomer and Philoſopher as he is, he "will know more in a quarter of an hour "than he ever could know here in the courſe "of his whole life."

FATHER MABILLON.

Louis the Fourteenth was deſirous to ſee this celebrated Benedictin. Le Tellier, Archbiſhop of Rheims, preſented him to his Majeſty in theſe words: "Sire, I have the honour to preſent to "you the moſt learned man in your domi- "nions." Boſſuet, who was preſent, added, "Sire, and the moſt modeſt."

An Engliſh Gentleman, wiſhing to conſult M. Du Cange on ſome ſubject of antiquity, was

was referred by him to Mabillon. On applying to Mabillon, he desired him to consult M. Du Cange. Why, my good Father, he told me to "address myself to you."—"He is my Master, I assure you, Sir," replied the Benedictin. "If, however, you continue to honour me "with your visits, I will communicate to you "the little that I know."

Clement XI. on hearing of Mabillon's death, wrote to the illustrious Congregation of St. Maur, to desire that they would bury their deceased colleague in a place of distinguished sepulture; "for," added he, "all the men of "learning who come to Paris will not fail to "inquire where you have placed him—*ubi posuistis eum.*"

Dom' Roussel made an inscription for him. The eulogium it contains may be recommended to the notice of many persons who seem to make up in arrogance their inferiority of knowledge to this modest Benedictin.

Omnium hominum sibi conciliavit animos
Hominum mitissimus;
In ipsis etiam *literariis* discrepationibus
Nemini asper.
Nemini læsit, etiam læsus.
Scribentem incitabat veritas,

Certantem

Certantem moderabatur lenitas,
Vincentem coronabat veritas,
Coronatum ornabat humilitas.

* * *

Cœleſtis gloriæ cupidus,
Mundanam ſprevit.
Reſpexit mercedem
Quam dare ſolent homines
Vani, vanum.
Nullam in clauſtro tenuit dignitatem,
Omnes meruit,
Cum literarum ſtudiis
Virtutum ſtudia conjunxit,
Ut alterno fœdere.
Scientia pietatem
Pietas ſcientiam adjuvaret.

SANTEUIL.

PRINCES and great men are but too apt to degrade their own dignity, and to render the ſituation of dependence more ungrateful and unpalatable than it is of neceſſity, by playing practical jokes upon thoſe perſons who are about them. The celebrated Latin Poet Santeuil died of one of theſe princely gambols. Some Spaniſh ſnuff was put into a glaſs of wine, by order of the Ducheſs of Bourbon, which he was obliged to drink, and he died a few days

afterwards in the moſt horrid tortures, in conſequence of it.

Santeuil, who was a quibbler, and *un homme aux bons mots*, died as he lived; for, on her Highneſs's *(ſon Alteſſe)* ſending one day to know how he did when he was in the agonies of death, on hearing the word *Alteſſe*, he turned his eyes up to Heaven, repeating "*Tu ſolus* "*Altiſſimus*," and died immediately.

Santeuil wrote ſome excellent Hymns * for the ſervice of the Catholick Church, which are ſtill in uſe. He uſed frequently to ſay, that though every one was expected to go to church,

* The concluſion of his Hymn to Holy Women is exquiſite. He thus concludes his deſcription of the Virtuous Woman:

Non illa luxu veſtium,
Non crine torto ſplenduit.
Cultu nitens ſed ſimplici
Puris placebat moribus.

Se ſub *ſerenis* vultibus
Auſtera virtus occulit.
Timet videri, ne ſuum
Dum prodit, amittat decus.

Paſcenda cœleſti cibo,
Sacris ſtudebat literis,
Templo frequens, ſed ſedula
Redibat ad curam domûs.

he

he ſhould be excepted, as he could not prevent himſelf from hearing his own hymns ſung there, perhaps with too much ſatisfaction for a pious man.

Santeuil, who had never taken Prieſt's orders, ſeated himſelf one day in a Confeſſional Chair that belonged to his Convent, and leaned over the elbow of it, as if in expectation of receiving a Penitent. A handſome woman approached, knelt down, and began to enumerate her frailties. Santeuil, who was pleaſed with it at firſt, ſoon became tired of it, and by way of putting a ſtop to his Penitent, cried out, "Why, you "ſimpleton, I am no Prieſt! why do you trou-"ble me with all this detail?"—"Oh, Sir," replied the woman, "I ſhall go immediately and "tell your Superior of your improper and ſcan-"dalous conduct."—"Shall you ſo, my charm-"ing Penitent?" replied Santeuil: "then I "ſhall go and tell your huſband of your's."

PASCAL

exhibits a ſtriking inſtance of the earlieſt deſignation of the human mind to a particular purſuit, and the futility of an attempt to thwart and repreſs it. Paſcal's father was a man of ſcience,

ſcience, and was occaſionally viſited by the great mathematicians of his country. Paſcal, who was then quite a child, was preſent at their viſits, and heard their converſation, which chiefly turned upon ſcience, and more particularly upon that which they profeſſed. He was very attentive to what they ſaid, and conceived ſuch a paſſion for mathematics, that he preſſed his father very much to permit him to ſtudy them. This the father refuſed, as thinking it better that his ſon's early years ſhould be given to the knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages; and put out of his way all the books he might happen to have that treated of mathematics. Paſcal (then eleven years of age), at his leiſure hours, uſed to retire to an upper chamber in his father's houſe, where he employed himſelf in tracing, with ſand upon the floor, the figures of triangles, of parallelograms, of circles, &c. without knowing the names of them. "There "he compared," ſays his Biographer (Madame du Perrier, who was his ſiſter), "their ſeveral "relations and proportions; and by degrees, "without the leaſt aſſiſtance of any kind what-"ever, came to conclude, that the exterior "angle of every triangle is equal to the two "interior and oppoſite angles, and that the "three interior angles of every triangle are "equal to two right-angles, which is the 32d

"Propoſition

"Propoſition of the Firſt Book of Euclid.
"This and the ſeveral intermediately neceſſary
"Propoſitions he was able clearly to demon-
"ſtrate, making uſe of the terms rond and
"barre, &c. inſtead of circle and line (for as yet
"he was ignorant of the common appellations
"of thoſe lines), and grounding his reaſoning
"on definitions and axioms which himſelf had
"verified. He was thus employed when his
"father burſt in upon him, who diſcovering
"what he was about, and the progreſs and
"reſult of his exertions, remained for ſome
"time quite inſenſible, equally ſurprized and
"pleaſed, and ran to one of his intimate friends
"to tell him what he had ſeen. He after-
"wards encouraged his ſon in the purſuit of
"his favourite ſtudy with ſuch ſucceſs, that at
"the age of ſixteen young Paſcal had com-
"poſed his celebrated Treatiſe upon Conic
"Sections."

Paſcal was perhaps one of the beſt men that ever lived; his time was beſtowed on works of piety and utility, and his money was expended on thoſe who had occaſion for his aſſiſtance. His Provincial Letters will immortalize him as one of the fineſt writers that the French have ever poſſeſſed. One knows not which to admire moſt in them, his depth of learning, his

ſtrength

ſtrength of reaſoning, the delicacy of his ſatire, or the purity of his intention. In his " *Penſées*," with an honeſty perhaps only pardonable in a man of his known virtue and ſimplicity, he ſays, " I am aſked, If I do not repent that I have " written the *Lettres Provinciales?* I anſwer, " that ſo far from repenting that I have writ- " ten them, I would, if I were to write them " over again, make them ſtill ſtronger. I am " then aſked, Why I have mentioned the " names of the Authors from whom I have " taken all the abominable poſitions which I " have quoted in them? I anſwer, That if I were " in a town where there were twelve ſprings " of water, and I was certain that one of them " had been poiſoned, I ſhould think myſelf " obliged to adviſe the inhabitants not to get " their water at that ſpring; and as what I ſaid " might be taken for a matter of mere imagi- " nation, I ſhould think myſelf obliged to tell " the name of the perſon who poiſoned the " ſpring, rather than ſuffer the inhabitants of " the town to be poiſoned."

In ſpeaking of Epigrams, with what goodneſs of heart, and with what *bonhommie*, he ſays,

" The Epigram of Martial on ſhort-ſighted " perſons is good for nothing. It does not con-

" ſole

"sole them, and it shews only the wit of the "writer. All that makes only for the writer is "good for nothing——*ambitiosa recidet orna-* "*menta.*—One should endeavour to please only "those that possess sentiments of humanity "and kindness, and not persons of a cruel and "barbarous disposition."

Pascal, in the latter part of his life, retired to that illustrious seminary of science, learning, and piety, Port Royal. Many of the persons that composed it were men of learning and of rank, who thought it right to follow some trade or manufacture, and perform some manual operation for the good of their souls, as well as for that of their bodies; thinking with the celebrated Abbé du Rancé, the disciplinarian reformer of the famous Abbey of La Trappe, that manual labour was the first punishment inflicted upon sin, a proper exercise for the condition of a penitent, and a most powerful means of sanctification.

Pascal's employment was that of a maker of wooden shoes; this gave rise to the following witticism of Boileau: A Jesuit having one day asked Boileau with a sneer, whether his good friend Pascal was making shoes at Port Royal: "*Je ne sçais pas s'il fait à present des souliers, mais*

"*je*

"*je ſçais bien qu'il vous a pouſſé un bonne botte,*" was the ſatiriſt's reply.

Paſcal had, in common with many other learned men, ſome weakneſſes, upon which humanity will ever drop a tear. A book has been written upon the quackery of learned men, and in the opinion of the preſent learned and excellent Father of Medicine in this country (a Character as ſuperior to frailty as to vice), an entertaining book might be made of the follies of learned men. His name moſt aſſuredly would never enter into the compoſition of it: but the work would at leaſt conſole the ignorant and the fooliſh.

Paſcal, like many excellent and ſtudious men, ſeems to have had a horror of politics. "In a "Republican Government, as that of Venice, "it would be a great crime," ſays he, "to at-"tempt to introduce a King *, or to oppreſs "the

* Gui du Four de Pibrac, the celebrated Author of the Quatrains, ſeems to be of the ſame opinion:

Aime l'état tel que tu le vois être:
S'il eſt Royal, aime la Royauté;
S'il ne l eſt point, s'il eſt Communauté,
Aime-le auſſi, quand Dieu t'y a fait naître.

Whate'er its Government, thy Country love;
Thy lawful Monarch willingly obey;
And

" the liberty of any people to whom God has " given it. In a Monarchical Government, it " is not poſſible to violate the reſpect that is " owing to the Sovereign, without a ſpecies of " ſacrilege. Beſides," adds this great man, " a civil-war, which is the general conſequence " of the alteration of a form of government, " being one of the greateſt crimes that can be " committed againſt the happineſs of mankind, " it is impoſſible to ſpeak againſt it with too " much indignation." Paſcal ſubjoins in a note with great ſimplicity, " I have as great a

---

And let the State thy ready homage prove,
Should Few or Many bear the ſovereign ſway;
Convinced that God's paternal care
Has thought it fit to place thee there.

No one can ſuſpect this great man of ſervility and paſſive obedience, when the following Quatrain, written by him, prevented his being made Chancellor of France under Henry the Third:

Je haïs ces mots de puiſſance abſolue,
De plein pouvoir, de propre mouvement;
Aux ſaints decrets, ils ont premièrement
Puis à nos Loix la puiſſance tollue.

These words of " power ſupreme" and " ſovereign will,"
My mind with honeſt indignation fill;
For words like theſe have hurt Religion's cauſe,
Deſtroy'd all reverence for her ſacred laws;
Have injur'd Gallia's Monarch's temperate ſway,
And made his ſubjects as his ſlaves obey.

" dread

"dread of this crime as of murder and of rob-
"bing on the highway. There is nothing, I
"am ſure, that is more contrary to my nature
"than this crime, and to commit which I
"ſhould be leſs tempted.

"Thoſe perſons," ſays Segrais, "who write
"books for the public, ſhould let their friends
"ſee them who are men of judgment, and are
"capable of correcting them before they ap-
"pear at that redoubtable tribunal. M. de
"Menage did ſo, and that accounts for the
"correctneſs of his works. M. de la Roche-
"foucault acted in the ſame way by his Me-
"moirs and Maxims. Why are Paſcal's Pro-
"vincial Letters ſo perfect? It is becauſe they
"were ſeen and reviewed by at leaſt a dozen
"of the gentlemen of Port Royal, who were
"men of talents, and who had an exquiſite
"taſte in diſcovering what would pleaſe the
"public."

Thoſe perſons who from folly or from care-
leſſneſs tell one friend what another friend ſays
of him, would do well to conſider this obſerva-
tion of the acute and amiable Paſcal:

"All men naturally hate each other. I am
"certain, that if they were to know accurately
"what

"what they occaſionally had ſaid of one another, "there would not be four perſons in the world "who could long preſerve their friendſhip for "each other."

This great man obſerves acutely, "that the "longer we live in the world, the more diſſimi- "litude of character we find in mankind, and "are convinced that no two men are preciſely "alike." This reflection ſhould indeed render us more indulgent to each other than we are, to the virtues as well as the vices of others that are unlike our own, and not ſuppoſe ourſelves the models to which we are to refer every thing.

"See," ſays Paſcal, "the abſurdity of man- "kind. Many men have believed in the Mi- "racles of Veſpaſian, who have appeared to "give no credit to thoſe of Jeſus Chriſt."

In his Provincial Letters, he ſays: "This "letter is longer than any of the reſt; but in- "deed and in good truth I had not leiſure "to make it ſhorter."

OMER TALON,

ATTORNEY GENERAL OF THE PARLIAMENT OF PARIS.

THIS intelligent and inflexible Magiſtrate having, in a ſpeech which he made in the Parliament of Paris to Anne of Auſtria, during the minority of Louis the Fourteenth, touched gently upon the diſtreſſes of the common people of the kingdom of France, found himſelf treated with ſlight and coolneſs by her Majeſty at the next audience he had of her. "This," ſays he, "was owing to the miſrepreſentation of the "Miniſters, and ſome of the vermin who fre-"quent palaces."

Talon having on ſome occaſion taken a part which pleaſed the Queen and the Court, Cardinal Mazarin ſent for him, and, after paying him ſome compliments on his behaviour, offered him an Abbey for his brother. Talon very politely refuſed it, adding, that as his late conduct had nothing in view but the ſervice of the King and the ſatisfaction of his own conſcience, he ſhould be extremely unhappy, if there was the leaſt ſuſpicion afforded to the world at large that he had acted from other motives. "I love," added this honeſt French-

 man,

man, " both the King and the Parliament, " without being under any apprehenſion that " this apparent contradiction ſhould do me any " prejudice with mankind."

Mazarin ſent for him another time, to requeſt him to ſpeak in the Parliament of Paris in favour of ſome Edicts of the King, which were to be preſented by himſelf in perſon to be regiſtered by that Aſſembly. Talon replied, that he ſhould do his duty—that the preſence of the Sovereign on ſuch occaſions cauſed always trouble and diſcontent—that it was therefore the more neceſſary that he ſhould exerciſe properly the functions of his office without fear and without partiality.

M. Talon's reaſons for quitting public affairs were thoſe which but too often have inſpired men as honeſt and as well-intentioned as himſelf. " All reſiſtance and contradiction," ſays he, " to the Governing Powers was ineffectual and " uſeleſs, who carried every point they wiſhed " to gain by violence and conſtraint. I was " however," he adds, " very much aſtoniſhed " that many honeſt men, who wiſhed well to " the public peace, ſtill attended the Par- " liament, in which they were certain that " every thing muſt be carried as it pleaſed the

"Princes; ſo that in the ſituation in which "matters were, it would have been more for "their honour, that what was done ſhould "have been done by the voices of a few per-"ſons only, whoſe partiality might well have "been ſuſpected, than by the majority of the "Parliament, who had not the power either "to do the good, or to prevent the evil, as "they wiſhed. Nevertheleſs, the general ti-"midity was ſo great, that many perſons were "afraid of being ſuſpected, if they did not "attend that Aſſembly; and the majority of "thoſe who went there did not conſider ſo "much what opinion they ſhould give, as "how their perſons ſhould be ſecure, even "when they had betrayed their conſciences, "and had voted on the ſame ſide with the "Princes."

David Hume ſays, in his Eſſay upon Eloquence, that during the diſputes of the Parliament of Paris in the time of the Fronde, there appeared many ſymptoms of antient eloquence. "The Avocat-General Talon," adds he, from De Retz, "in an oration, invoked on his knees "the Spirit of St. Louis to look down with "compaſſion on his divided and unhappy peo-"ple, and to inſpire them from Heaven with "the love of concord and unanimity."

MOLÉ,

PRESIDENT OF THE PARLIAMENT OF PARIS.

De Retz ſays, that no ancient Roman ever poſſeſſed the virtues of courage and of public ſpirit in a degree ſuperior to this great Magiſtrate. In the time of the Fronde at Paris, a man preſented a dagger to his breaſt, threatening him with inſtant death if he would not conſent to ſome decree propoſed in the Parliament, which M. Molé thought prejudicial to his country. "Know, my friend," ſaid he, looking ſternly at him, "that the diſtance is "infinite from the dagger of an aſſaſſin to the "heart of an honeſt man."

FOUCQUET,

SURINTENDANT OF THE FINANCES OF FRANCE.

For the honour of letters, Peliſſon and the good La Fontaine remained faithful to the Surintendant during his diſgrace. Peliſſon ſent petitions to Louis XIV. in his favour, and La Fontaine wrote verſes in commiſeration of his hard fate, in a ſtyle of the higheſt pathos, a ſtyle totally diſſimilar from his uſual manner. Ma-

demoiſelle Deſhoulieres, the celebrated Poeteſs, whom he had patroniſed, contrived to ſend him intelligence even into that inacceſſible fortreſs the Baſtille. The Great, who had condeſcended to partake of his favours whilſt he was in power, completely forſook him when he had no longer any thing to give them; and this after he had ſo far attended even to their vices, as at all the entertainments he gave to put money under their plates to enable them to pay their loſſes at play.

Foucquet was confined many years in the fortreſs of Pignerol, where he compoſed ſome devotional Treatiſes. It is not known whether he was ever permitted to return to Paris. St. Simon, in his Memoirs, gives a very curious account of the meeting between him and his fellow-priſoner the Duke of Lauſun at Pignerol.

PELISSON.

THIS elegant Writer contrived to be ſent to the Baſtille, to give his patron M. Foucquet intelligence of what had been done reſpecting his trial. Whilſt he was confined there, he wrote a Poem called, *Eurymedon*; "per-

"ſuaded,"

"suaded," says his Biographer, "that by a "great effort of application of mind to a par-"ticular subject, he should alone be able to "soften the rigours of confinement." He wrote the following lines on the walls of his cell:

Doubles grilles à gros cloux,
Triples portes, forts verroux,
Aux ames vraiment mechantes
Vous representez l'enfer,
Mais aux ames innocentes
Vous n'êtes que du bois, des pierres, et du fer.

Voltaire says, there are no compositions in the French language, which in style and manner more resemble the orations of Tully, than the remonstrances of Pelisson to Louis XIV. in favour of M. Foucquet.

M. DUMOULIN.

"I LEAVE behind me," says this excellent Physician on his death-bed, "two most power-"ful remedies, diet and exercise."

Dryden has said,

God never made his work for man to mend.

This may be true of man as he came out of the hands of his great Creator; but he has since,

ſince, by his vices and his follies, debaſed his frame, and made it neceſſary for him often to apply for the aſſiſtance of thoſe who have made the diſeaſes of the body their particular ſtudy. Yet with what caution he ſhould apply, the learned Frederic Hoffman will warn him, who wrote a book entitled "*Medici Morborum* "*Cauſæ*;" Phyſicians the Cauſes of Diſeaſes *.

M. Dumoulin had this inſcription engraved over the Fountain of the Mineral Waters of Bourbon:

Auriferas dives jactet Pactolus arenas,
Ditior hæc volvit mortalibus unda ſalutem.

Unenvied now, Pactolus, roll along
Thy golden ſands, immortaliz'd in ſong;
Our favour'd ſtreams in richer torrents flow,
And health's great bleſſing on mankind beſtow.

* "The lives of many hyſterical and hypochondriacal "patients," ſays the ingenious Dr. Ferriar, of Mancheſter, in his excellent Treatiſe on the Converſion of Diſeaſes, "have been at once ſhortened and embittered by the "thoughtleſs encouragement given by ſome practitioners "to the uſe of ſpirituous liquors. I have ſeenmo ſt melan-"choly inſtances in which habits of dram-drinking have "been thus acquired, under the ſanction of the medical "attendant, by perſons not only temperate but delicate in "their moral habits. In this manner hyſterical diſeaſes of "no great moment are converted to ſchirrus of the liver "and dropſy, to apoplexy, palſy, and other diſeaſes; *ſed* "*manum de tabulâ*."

The

The three Greek words lately inſcribed by the learned and excellent Dr. Harrington on the Pump-room at Bath have a peculiar and ſpecific propriety. They are ſimple and elegant in themſelves, are taken from a great lyric Poet, and allude to the celebrated ſyſtem of an ancient Philoſopher, that water is the principle of all things; and they bear a ſpecific alluſion to the properties of the Bath waters, which are extremely ſalutary to thoſe who have indulged in wine and fermented liquors.

REGNARD.

The life of this celebrated French Comic Poet appears to have been a life of real romance. He was born at Paris in 1647. His great paſſion throughout life was that of travelling. In returning from Italy to France by an Engliſh merchant ſhip, he was taken priſoner by an Algerine veſſel, and carried with the reſt of the crew to Algiers, where he was ſold for a ſlave to one of the principal perſons of that city. Regnard, being a very good cook, was in conſequence of his knowledge in that very uſeful art taken notice of by his maſter, and treated with great lenity. He was however

however detected in an intrigue* with one of the women of his maſter's ſeraglio, and was ſentenced either to be impaled, or to turn Mahometan. The French Conſul at Algiers, who had juſt received a very conſiderable ſum of money to purchaſe Regnard's liberty, made uſe of it to procure him both that and his life. Regnard, again a free man, returned to France: having however the *goût de la vie vagabonde* (as he calls it) he travelled into Flanders and Holland, and from thence to Denmark; the Sovereign of which country adviſing him to viſit Lapland, he and two other Frenchmen (whom he chanced to meet at Copenhagen) went together into Lapland as far as the extremity of the Gulph of Borneo, and extended their travels even to the Frozen Sea. Stopping here, as they could not poſſibly go any farther, Regnard had theſe lines engraved upon a ſtone on a mountain near that immenſe repoſitory of ice:

Gallia nos genuit, vidit nos Africa, Gangem
Hauſimus, Europamque oculis luſtravimus omnem.
Caſibus et variis acti terrâque marique
Siſtimus hìc tandem quà nobis defuit orbis.

In Gallia born, by ſcorching Afric view'd,
And bath'd in Ganges' conſecrated flood,

* The principal circumſtances of this intrigue Regnard has worked up into a Novel called "*La Provençale.*"

We've

We've ſeen whate'er of nature and of art,
To wond'ring eyes, all Europe can impart;
By Fate's kind power enabled to withſtand
The various perils of the ſea and land.
Here then we ſtop, here fix our laſt retreat;
Where the world cloſes on our wandering feet.

No one ſeems to have felt more ſenſibly, or to have deſcribed more forcibly, the miſeries of an idle and undeſignated life than M. Regnard. In ſome port in which he was becalmed, he thus expreſſes his ſenſations on the ſubject: —" The whole time in which we were be- " calmed," ſays he, " was not entirely loſt to " me. Every day I went to the top of ſome " high and pointed rock, from which the view " of the ſea, and of the precipices that ſur- " rounded it, correſponded perfectly well with " my meditations. In theſe converſations with " myſelf, I laid open my own ſelf to myſelf. " I endeavoured to diſcover, in the very inmoſt " receſſes of my heart, the ſentiments that had " been before concealed from me; and I ſaw " them as they were in reality, and without " diſguiſe. I threw my eyes back upon the " agitations of my paſt life, where I ſaw deſigns " without execution, and enterprizes without " ſucceſs. I conſidered my preſent ſtate of " life, my continual change of place, my con- " ſtant though uſeleſs travels, and the continual " emotions

" emotions with which I was haraſſed. I
" recognized myſelf but too well under every one
" of theſe ſituations, into which mere caprice,
" mere fickleneſs had directed me, without
" being able to allow even my vanity and ſelf-
" love to tell me any thing in my favour. I
" then began to make a juſt eſtimate of what
" I had been doing; I became but too ſenſible
" how contrary all that I had ever done was
" to the proper buſineſs of life, which conſiſts
" in quiet and in tranquillity; and that that
" happy ſtate of mind is only to be found in
" ſome agreeable profeſſion or buſineſs, which
" arreſts the human mind in the ſame manner
" as an anchor ſtops a veſſel in the midſt of a
" ſtorm.

" There is perhaps," adds M. Regnard,
" nothing more difficult in human life than
" the choice of a profeſſion. Hence it hap-
" pens, that there are ſo many perſons who
" live without any profeſſion, and who exiſt
" in a perpetual and diſgraceful indolence, not
" ſpending their time in the way in which they
" would wiſh to ſpend it, but as they have been
" accuſtomed to ſpend it, whether from their
" apprehenſion of difficulty, from their love
" of idleneſs, or their diſlike to labour. The
" life of theſe miſerable perſons is a ſtate of
" perpetual agitation; and if, at an advanced

" period

" period of life, they ſeemed to be fixed to any " thing, it is not the diſlike to motion, but their " inability to move, that is the cauſe of it. " Theſe perſons are continually accuſing For- " tune of having treated them ill: they are " continually complaining of the badneſs of " the times, and the wickedneſs of the age. " They are continually flying from one place " to another, and are never pleaſed with any. " In winter they are too cold, in ſummer they " are too hot. If they make a voyage by ſea, " they are ſoon tired of the inconveniences " of being on ſhip-board; if they travel by " land, they are incommoded by duſt, by bad " horſes, by bad inns. If they go to any " place, they are ſoon tired of it, and go to " ſome other place. Thus flying ever from " themſelves, they always carry with them " their own inconſtancy of mind, yet appear " to forget that the cauſe of their wretchedneſs " is within themſelves, and do not remember " what Horace has long ago told them,

——Patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit?

thus exquiſitely tranſlated by Mr. Haſtings,

What vagrant from his native land
E'er left himſelf behind?

One

One of the moſt ſtriking pictures that was ever made of the wretchedneſs and miſery of an idle and unappropriated life is to be met with in Lord Clarendon's Dialogue on the Want of Reſpect due to Old Age, in the volume of his Tracts, where he gives the following melancholy account of one of his country neighbours:

"When I viſited this Gentleman in the
" morning I always found him in his bed, and
" when I came in the afternoon he was aſleep,
" and to moſt men beſides myſelf was denied,
" but was very willing to be called when I
" came, and always received me with cheerful-
" neſs. Once walking with him, I doubted
" he was melancholy, and by ſpending his
" time ſo much in his bed, and ſo much alone,
" that there was ſomething which troubled
" him, otherwiſe that it could not be that a
" man upon whom God had poured down ſo
" many bleſſings, in the comfort of ſo excellent
" a wife, who had brought him ſo many hope-
" ful children, and in the poſſeſſion of ſo
" ample an eſtate, ſhould appear in the courſe
" of his life, and in the ſpending of his time,
" to be ſo little contented as he appeared to
" be. To which, with a countenance a little
" more erect and cheerful, he anſwered, that
" he thought himſelf the moſt happy man

"alive in a wife, who was all the comfort he
"could have in this world; that he was at so
"much ease in his fortune, that he could not
"wish it greater. But he said, he would deal
"freely with me, and tell me, if he were me-
"lancholy (which he suspected himself of),
"what was the true cause of it: that he had
"somewhat he knew not what to do with; his
"time he knew not how to spend, which was
"the reason he loved his bed so much, and
"slept at other times, which, he said, he found
"did already do him no good in his health.
"I told him, that I had observed in his closet
"many books finely bound, which I presumed
"he might find good divertisement in reading.
"To which he replied, that they were all
"French romances, which he had read enough,
"and never found himself the better, for want
"of some kind of learning, which was neces-
"sary to make those observations which might
"arise even from these books useful; and he
"confessed that he could not read any book
"for half an hour together without sleeping.
"All which, he said with a deep sigh, was to
"be imputed to the ill-education he had had,
"which made him spend that time in which
"he ought to have laid up a stock of know-
"ledge, which would have made his age de-
"lectable to him, in dancing and such other
"trifles,

"trifles, the ſkill and perfection wherein men "grow weary of as ſoon as they are grown per-"fect men, and yet when it is too late to "cultivate their minds with nobler ſtudies, "which they are unapt then to enter upon, "becauſe they ſee what progreſs much younger "men have made in thoſe ſtudies before they "begin, and ſo chuſe rather to flatter them-"ſelves in their ignorance." In the courſe of the narration, it appears that the father of this unhappy man had, from a fooliſh notion that his ſon might learn ſome vices at the Engliſh Univerſities, ſent him to one of the French Academies, where, as himſelf told Lord Clarendon, "Truſt me, neighbour," ſaid he, "all "that is learned in theſe Academies is riding, "fencing, and dancing, beſides ſome wicked-"neſſes they do not profeſs to teach, and yet "are too eaſily learnt, and with difficulty "avoided, ſuch as I hope our Univerſities are "not infected with. It is true," added he, "they have men there who teach Arithmetic, "which they call philoſophy; and the art of "fortification, which they call mathematics;—"but what learning they have there I might "eaſily imagine, when he aſſured me, that in "three years which he ſpent in the Academy, "he never ſaw a Latin book, nor any Maſter "that taught any thing there, who would not "have

" have taken it very ill to have been ſuſpect-" ed to ſpeak or underſtand Latin. Oh, neigh-" bour," continued he, " I do promiſe you," that none of my children ſhall have that" breeding, leſt when they come to my age," they know not better to ſpend their time" than I do." Lord Clarendon adds, " that" this unhappy Gentleman's melancholy daily" increaſed with the agony of his thoughts," till he contracted thoſe diſeaſes which car-" ried him off at the age of thirty-ſix years."

SENECAI.

5

THIS celebrated French Epigrammatiſt was valet-de-chambre to Maria Thereſa, the Queen of Louis XIV. In early life he had been long wavering with reſpect to the choice of the profeſſion he was to follow; he however, at laſt, very dutifully, and very wiſely, deferred to the opinion of his Father *, who choſe for him the pro-

* On the ſubject of the choice of a profeſſion, Dr. Johnſon, with his uſual ſagacity of remark, ſays, " I have ever" thought thoſe happy that have been fixed from the firſt" dawn of thought to ſome ſtate of life, by the choice of" one whoſe authority may preclude caprice, and whoſe" influence may prejudice them in favour of his opinion.
" The

profeſſion of the Law. Whilſt he remained in his ſtate of uncertainty, he wrote the following lines; to which, from the peculiar neatneſs and felicity of expreſſion contained in them, it would be difficult to do juſtice in a tranſlation.

L'IRRESOLU.

Pendant que LUC *delibere*
Sur ce qu'il doit devenir,
Et s'il eſt bon de ſe faire,
Homme d'egliſe ou d'affaire,
Avocat ou mouſquetaire,
Plus vîte qu'un ſouvenir,
Le temps a l' aile legere
Part, pour ne plus revenir,
Ses beaux jours vont s'embrunir,
Et la vieilleſſe s'avance.

" The general precept of conſulting the genius is of little " uſe, unleſs we can tell how that genius is to be known. " If it is only to be diſcovered by experiment, life will be " loſt before the reſolution can be fixed. If any other in- " dications are to be found, they may, perhaps, be eaſily " diſcerned. At leaſt, if to miſcarry in an attempt be a " proof of having miſtaken the direction of the genius, " men appear not leſs frequently miſtaken with regard to " themſelves than to others; and therefore no one has " much reaſon to complain, that his life was planned out " by his friends, or to be confident that he ſhould have " had either more honour or more happineſs, by being " abandoned to the choice of his own fancy."

Auparavant qu'il commence
Il ſeroit temps de finir.
Flottant dans l'incertitude,
LUC *reſte inſenſiblement,*
Inutile egalement
Pour la guerre, pour l'étude,
Le monde & la ſolitude.
Quant à moi, je prévois bien
Que cherchant trop à ſe connoître,
Ce qu'il peut ce qu'il veut être,
Enfin LUC *ne ſera rien.*

Seneçai uſed to call cheerfulneſs of temper "*la beaume de la vie.*" He wrote ſome Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz, which are now procured with difficulty, and which differ in ſome reſpects from thoſe publiſhed by his Eminence.

LAINEZ

was an excellent Scholar and an elegant Poet. He divided his time between the pleaſures of the table and his ſtudies. Some one having expreſſed his ſurprize at ſeeing him in the King's Library at Paris early one morning, after he had ſpent the preceding night jovially

with him, he replied, in imitation of two well-known lines of Martial.

Regnat noĉte calix, volvuntur biblia mane.
Cum Phœbo Bacchus dividit imperium.

All night I drink, and ſtudy hard all day,
Bacchus with Phœbus holds divided ſway.

He ſaid of thoſe elegant little French volumes called the "*Ana**," that they were the *blanc manger* of Literature.

RACINE.

VOLTAIRE uſed to ſay, that nothing could be ſo eaſy as to make a commentary upon the writings of this elegant writer, for that the author would have nothing to do but to put under every paſſage, "fine, admirable, excel-"lent, charming, &c." The French ſcholars univerſally prefer his verſes to thoſe of any Poet in their unmuſical language. Racine was by no means a man of good temper, and was extremely rough and impetuous in converſa-

* A ſeleĉtion has been lately made from theſe little volumes by a Fellow of New College, Oxford, whoſe taſte in making it ſhews him to be the worthy *eleve* of Dr. Joſeph Warton. See "Seleĉtions from the French Anas, 2 vols. "12mo."

 tion.

tion. He had once a long and violent difpute with his friend Boileau;—when it was over, Boileau, with great *sang froid*, faid to him, "Had you any real intention juft now of mak-"ing me uneafy?"—"God forbid, my good old "friend," replied Racine.—"Well then," faid Boileau, "you have done what you did not "intend to do, for indeed you have made me "uneafy."

Yet Racine had fo great an attachment to Boileau, that when the fatyrift vifited him on his death-bed, he faid, throwing his arms around him, "I look upon it as a great happinefs that "I die before you."

Racine read extremely well. Louis the Fourteenth fent to him one day when he was indifpofed, to read fomething to him. Racine propofed the celebrated Tranflation of Plutarch's Lives by Amyot. "The language is "antiquated," faid the King.—"Well, then, "Sir," replied Racine, "I can correct that "defect; I will put him into modern French." This Racine did, and pleafed his Sovereign extremely.

Racine, foon after his appointment to the place of Hiftoriographer to Louis the Fourteenth,

teenth, requeſted an audience—"Sire," ſaid he, "an Hiſtorian ought not to flatter; he is bound "to repreſent his hero exactly as he is. He "ought indeed to paſs over nothing. In what "way does your Majeſty chooſe that I ſhould "ſpeak of your gallantries?"—"Paſs them "over," replied the King, coolly. "But, alas! "Sire," replied Racine, with great manlineſs, "what I omit, the reader will ſupply." Louis replied, "Paſs them over, I tell you."—Racine added, "As there are many incredible things, "Sire, in the life of your Majeſty, the ſincerity "with which I ſhould avow the weakneſſes of "my Hero to my reader, will perſuade him "that I regard the truth, and this regard to "truth will, in his mind, be a paſſport for my "hiſtory." Louis replied, "I am not yet de-"cided in my opinion what you ought to do: "All that I can tell you at preſent is, to paſs "over my intrigues,"

Racine uſed to ſay of Lucan, that he was Virgil drunk, "*Virgile ivre.*" There are ſtill, however, much fire and ſpirit in his inebriety—particular paſſages are exquiſite. Corneille preferred Lucan to Virgil.

Racine wrote ſeveral notes on the margin of his editions of the Greek Dramatic Poets. They

They are preſerved in the King's Library at Paris.

CHARPENTIER.

The *Charpentieriana* ſeems to have very good reaſons for ſuppoſing the author of that formerly much read book "*The Turkiſh Spy*," to have been an Italian of the name of Marana, who reſided at Paris.

FATHER BOUSSIERES.

One of the moſt ſingular dedications, perhaps, in the world, is that of this learned Monk's "*Parterre Hiſtorique*" to the Virgin Mary, whom he thus addreſſes:

"MATRI DEI REGINÆ MUNDI."

"To the Mother of God and the Queen of
"the World.

"After ſuch auguſt titles, O great Queen, "I am almoſt aſhamed to offer to you ſuch a "trifle as this book is; but I have ſo ſtrong a "deſire to let mankind know that I owe you "every thing, that I am tempted to do it, "without paying that reſpect which I ought

"to

" to do to your greatneſs; though indeed, to " ſpeak truly, I diminiſh not a tittle of your " greatneſs, when I have recourſe to your " kindneſs. Permit me then, O great Queen, " again to renew the offering which I make to " you in conſecrating to you the firſt-fruits of " my ſtudies, hoping that this work of mine " (however inconſiderable in itſelf) will be in " ſome degree eſteemed by the world on ac- " count of your adorable name, which it bears " inſcribed on the firſt page of it, and that the " Author choſe expreſsly to procure for it ſafety " and protection."

" *La Parterre Hiſtorique*," *Lyon*, 1672.

SEGRAIS,

the Author of the celebrated Romance of " Zaide," who lived in the reign of Louis the Thirteenth of France, and in the early part of that of Louis the Fourteenth, ſays, " I find " myſelf much more happy in France under its " preſent Government, than a Dutchman is " with all his pretended liberty. He pays ſo " many taxes, that ſuppoſing he had ſix thou- " ſand livres a-year, he muſt pay two thouſand " out of them; whilſt I, by paying ſometimes " for the regiſter of my coat of arms, and occa- " ſionally

" fionally fome other fmall fum for the necef-" fities of the State, live in peace and fecurity. " A Dutchman has no idea how any man can " bear a Government fo defpotic as that of " France. But with us, at prefent, individuals " are more happy than they were before, when " the leaft bit of a Gentleman would play the " petty tyrant upon his eftate. In our whole " Province of Normandy we had only two or " three Noblemen who behaved themfelves " like brave and honeft Gentlemen. The reft " of them, who ufed to tyrannize over their " Farmers, and beat them, are all gone to the " Devil. Was it not a fhameful and a fcan-" dalous thing, that a miferable Counfellor of " Parliament had it in his power to make " every-body within twelve miles afraid of " him!"

" Cardinal de Retz," fays Segrais, " told as " a truth fomething of which I knew pofitively " the contrary. To avoid mentioning that his " Eminence had told a lie, I obferved to him, " that he ought to do as the late Madame de " Montpenfier did, who ufed to fay, that fhe " never told an untruth, but that fhe made ufe " of her imagination to fupply the defect of " her memory."

" When

"When I was young," ſays Segrais in his Memoirs, "I was fond of making verſes, and "of reading them indifferently to all ſorts of "perſons. But I perceived, that when M. "Scarron, who was however my intimate friend, "took out his portefeuille, and read me ſome "of his verſes, he bored me exceſſively, al- "though his verſes were very good. I then "began to reflect, that as my verſes were not "near ſo good as his, I muſt in a greater degree "bore my friends (who moſt probably did not "like poetry as well as I did); and I then laid "myſelf down a reſolution, never to read my "verſes except to thoſe who aſked me, and "even then to take care that I did not give "them too many of them."

Segrais, ſpeaking of the diſturbances at Paris in his time called La Fronde, ſays, "The party "that oppoſed the Court had no real reaſon "for doing ſo. It was to them an agreeable "amuſement, in which there was a good deal "of laughing, and in which every thing was "made fun of in doggerel verſes." Would to Heaven that the late Frondeurs in that Country had been as harmleſs and as pleaſant!

SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

LULLI.

THIS great Muſician was one day reproached with ſetting nothing to muſic but the languid verſes of Quinault. He ran immediately to his harpſichord, and after having for a few minutes run over the keys in a moſt violent manner, and with great violence of geſture, ſang from Racine's tragedy of "Iphigenie" the following terrific lines:

Un Prêtre environné d'une foule cruelle
Portera ſur ma fille, une main criminelle
Dechirera ſon ſein, et d'un œil curieux
Dans ſon cœur palpitant conſultera les Dieux.

What, ſhall a Prieſt with ſacred fury wild
Extend his ruthleſs hands upon my child!
And whilſt with ſtupid cruelty profound
The lovely victim the vile herd ſurround,
Pierce her ſoft boſom, and with curious eye
The future in her quivering heart deſcry?

Lulli, thinking himſelf dying, ſent for his Confeſſor, who would not give him abſolution unleſs he burnt the laſt Opera he had compoſed, and which was in manuſcript. Lulli diſputed for ſome time, but all in vain; at laſt he threw it into the fire before the Prieſt's face, and received abſolution. On his getting better, the Prince of Condé came to ſee him, and told him

what

what a ſimpleton he had been to deſtroy one of his fineſt compoſitions. "Do not condemn "me, Sir, unheard," replied the Muſician to the Prince, "I knew very well what I was "about: I have another copy." Lulli died at laſt of a wound which he had given himſelf in his foot, by beating time with too much violence with his cane. Agitated by the extremeſt remorſe for the free life which he had led, he ordered himſelf to be placed upon aſhes, and a rope to be put about his neck, and with tears in his eyes expired, chanting from the "*Proſa Eccleſiaſtica*" of the Romiſh Church, "Oh "wretched ſinner, you muſt die!"

When Cardinal d'Eſtrées was at Rome, he praiſed Corelli's Sonatas very much before that exquiſite Author. "Sir," replied Corelli, "if "they have any merit, it is becauſe I have ſtu-"died Lulli." Handel himſelf has imitated Lulli in many of his Overtures.

M. ARNAULD D'ANDILLY.

THIS learned and pious head of the illuſtrious family that bears his name, was intended by Anne of Auſtria for a very conſiderable employment

ployment at her Court, which he refuſed, and retired to the celebrated ſeminary of learning and of piety near Paris, ſo well known by the name of Port Royal des Champs. As by the rules of that venerable Society every member of it was obliged to have ſome manual employment, Arnauld purſued that of gardening. He ſent every year a preſent of fruits which he had cultivated himſelf to Anne of Auſtria: Cardinal Mazarin uſed to call them "*les fruits bénits.*" He died at Port Royal at the age of eighty-four years. He is thus deſcribed by a perſon who knew him at the latter part of his life:

"His ſparkling eyes, his firm and quick "ſtep, his voice of thunder, his body upright "and vigorous, his gray hairs that ſo well con-"traſted with the ruddineſs of his cheeks, his "grace in mounting and in ſitting his horſe, "his ſtrength of memory, the readineſs of his "wit, the force of his hand both to hold his "pen and to prune his trees, inſure him a kind "of immortality amongſt the Society to which "he belongs."

M. Arnauld tranſlated the Hiſtory of the Jews from the Greek of Joſephus; the Lives of the Saints and Fathers of the Deſert, compiled

piled from the Fathers of the Church; ſome books upon Gardening, and ſome ſacred Poems, which he calls "*Œuvres Chrétiennes.*" Theſe Poems were lately preſented to a Lady, between whom and this virtuous Nobleman a parallel might be very fairly drawn. The following lines accompanied them:

What! "*Œuvres Chrêtiennes*" to B—— ſend?
What, teach ev'n pious excellence to mend?
No; but to ſhew her how in Arnauld's lines
Her ſaint-like life in his reflected ſhines. S.

"M. Arnauld D'Andilly is a man," ſays Balzac, "who, poſſeſſing the moral as well as the "Chriſtian virtues, was neither vain of the firſt, "nor aſhamed of the laſt."

It was one day obſerved to M. Arnauld, how wonderful it was that his brother's book, the celebrated "*Livre de la Frequente Communion,*" though written by a young man who had juſt finiſhed his ſtudies, and who had not lived in the great world, ſhould have been written with ſuch elegance and politeneſs. He replied, "that "there was no ground for aſtoniſhment, for "that his brother merely ſpoke the language "of his family."

M. D'Arnauld went to Verſailles to return Louis XIV. his thanks for appointing his ſon

M. de Pomponne Secretary of State. Louis very obligingly told him, "that he was well "rewarded for what he had done for M. de "Pomponne, by the applaufes that were uni"verfally given to the choice he had made of "him for that employment;" and after having paid M. Arnauld fome compliments upon his virtues and his learning, he faid to him with a fmile, "Yet, Sir, I cannot help thinking but "that you have a fin upon your confcience of "which you have not repented."

"Your Majefty," replied M. Arnauld, "will, "I hope, tell me what it is, that I may attempt "to diveft myfelf of it, either by correcting it "or by doing penance for it."—"That, Sir," added the polite Monarch, "is to have told "the world in your fine Preface to Jofephus, "that you tranflated that author at the age of "eighty. For furely you muft be a little proud "to fee yourfelf at that age ftill capable of pro"ducing a work fo excellent and fo highly "efteemed."

M. Arnauld wrote likewife the Memoirs of his own Life, which are excellent.

ARNAULD, BISHOP OF ANGERS.

It ſeems as if all who bore this illuſtrious name were deſigned to be eminent for ſome excellent quality or other; for learning, for bravery, for virtue, or for piety. The Biſhop of Angers, as his Nephew tells us in his Memoirs, was never once out of his dioceſe * after the care of it was committed to his charge. His delicacy about his epiſcopal duties was ſo great, that being one day at Saumur within his dioceſe, where Louis the Fourteenth was with his Court, and as he was walking with ſome other Biſhops, hearing a ſoldier ſay, "What, ſhall we never ſee "any thing but Biſhops here?" he felt himſelf much mortified, as if it could poſſibly have regarded himſelf. The Biſhop was ſo unneceſſarily ſcrupulous, that paſſing a river in a boat, where one of the boatmen fell into the water through drunkenneſs, and was drowned, after having ſent ſome money to the widow, he often made a pilgrimage on foot to an hermitage at ſome diſtance from his place of reſidence to pray for the ſoul of the boatman.

* This may be very commendable in a Catholic Biſhop. In England, our Prelates being Peers as well as Biſhops, their attendance in Parliament becomes a part of their duty.

ABBÉ ARNAULD

was the ſon of M. Arnauld D'Andilly, and wrote ſome very entertaining Memoirs of his Life. "My mother," ſays he, in one part of them, "was brought up in England, whilſt "her father, M. de la Boderie, was Ambaſ-"ſador from the Court of France to James "the Firſt. She has often told me, that at "one of the combats between bull-dogs and "lions, in London (a fight very common at "that time in England) at which the King "and his Court were preſent, one of the Maids "of Honour to the Queen was attended by "a young man of faſhion who was much "attached to her, and to whom ſhe ſhewed "very little kindneſs. The Lady, either to "prove the ſtrength of his paſſion, or perhaps, "as the Abbé ſays, to get rid of him, dropped "one of her gloves upon the ſtage, and turning "to the Gentleman, affected to appear ex-"tremely concerned at her loſs. He well "knew what this meant, and coming down "very coolly from his ſeat, walked upon the "ſtage with his ſword drawn, and his left arm "wrapped up in his cloak. He then picked "up the glove, which had expoſed him to "ſuch imminent danger. By good luck the

"lion was too much engaged on the oppoſite "ſide of the ſtage with the bull-dogs to take "notice of him. He next retired to his ſeat "with the ſame coolneſs with which he had "quitted it, when turning to the Lady, and "giving her a very gentle tap on the cheek "with the glove, Here, Madam, is your glove! "Indeed you do not deſerve to have a man "like myſelf attached to you. From that "time he took no further notice of her. His "behaviour was the admiration of the whole "Court; her's was the ſhame and the con- "tempt."

ANTHONY ARNAULD,

DOCTOR OF THE SORBONNE.

Boileau calls him

Les plus ſçavant mortel que ait jamais écrit,

the moſt learned man that ever wrote; and, indeed, when one conſiders the number and quality of his writings, we ſhall have leſs ſcruple to admit the Satiriſt's eulogy upon him *.

* His works conſiſt of upwards of one hundred volumes, on Logic, Grammar, Metaphyſics, and Controverſial Divinity.

Madame de Guimené had written to him on the education of her only ſon with great maternal ſolicitude. After anſwering her letter with ſome detail, he adds, " Permit me to " aſſure you, Madam, that it is merely from " the ſuggeſtion of the Devil that you affect " to fear, that in the attempt to render your " ſon a man of piety, his mind may become " confined and prejudiced, and that being " well with God he may be ill with the world. " On the contrary, I can aſſure you, that if " he is placed under the direction of proper " maſters, his underſtanding and his courage " will be conſiderably enlarged by his piety, " becauſe there is nothing in the world ſo " truly grand as the Chriſtian philoſophy, nor " any perſon ſo noble-minded as a true Chriſ- " tian*. Particular care will be taken to " render him poliſhed, civil, and well-bred, " at the ſame time that he is taught the proper " uſe of all theſe qualities, and to employ them " rather for the ſervice of God than for the " vanity of the world †."

* " A Chriſtian is the nobleſt ſtyle of man."

DR. YOUNG.

† " Every virtue enjoined by Chriſtianity as a virtue, " is recommended by politeneſs as an accompliſhment. " Gentleneſs, humility, deference, affability, and a rea- " dineſs to aſſiſt and ſerve on all occaſions, are as ne- " ceſſary

MARSHAL DE NAVAILLES.

At the battle of Senef the Prince of Condé ſent word to M. de Navailles to be ready to engage the enemy. The meſſenger found him hearing maſs: at which the Prince, being enraged, muttered ſomething in abuſe of over-pious perſons. But M. de Navailles, having performed wonders during the engagement, ſaid after it to the Prince, "Your Highneſs, "I fancy, ſees now that thoſe who pray to "God behave as well in a battle as their neigh-"bours."

ST. EVREMOND

was Captain of the Guards to the great Prince of Condé. That Prince had the malignant humour of amuſing himſelf with the foibles of

"ceſſary in the compoſition of a true Chriſtian, as in that "of a well-bred man. Paſſion, moroſeneſs, peeviſhneſs, "and ſupercilious ſelf-ſufficiency, are equally repugnant "to the characters of both, who differ in this only,—that "the true Chriſtian really is what the well-bred man pre-"tends to be, and would ſtill be better bred if he was."—Mr. Soame Jenyns's Works, vol. iv. p. 198.

perſons of his acquaintance. St. Evremond wrote a Comedy, in which there was a character ſo much like that of the Prince, that he ſaw his own foible depicted in it, and was ſo much diſpleaſed with the author, that he took his regiment from him. A model of perfect narration is to be found in the Hiſtory of La Buſſiere in the St. Evremoniana.

CARDINAL D'ESTE.

"IN the diſpute between this magnificent "Prince of the Roman Church and the Ami-"rante of Caſtile, Viceroy of Naples, on the "latter's refuſing to pay a certain mark of "reſpect to the Cardinal in the ſtreets of "Rome; the Italians ſaid of the bravery "which the French that were at Rome ex-"hibited in a ſkirmiſh between them and the "Spaniards upon this trifling occaſion, Do we "not ſee that the French go to death as if "they were certain of riſing again the next "day?"

Memoires D'ARNAULD.

DOM' NOEL D'ARGONNE.

THIS Carthuſian Monk, of Gallion in Normandy, ſeems the only one of his venerable fraternity who has ever written upon ſubjects of Belles Lettres. The firſt two volumes of that learned and agreeable Miſcellany "*Les* "*Melanges de la Literature*," which go under the name of Vigneuil de Merville, were compiled by him. The third volume was put together by the Abbé Banier, perhaps from the papers of the elegant Carthuſian, who appears to have lived very much in the world. He occaſionally ſpeaks of his travels to Rome; and his obſervations ſeem replete with that knowledge and diſcrimination of character which a ſecluded life can never afford.

"The Painters," ſays he, in the ſecond volumes of his *Melanges*, "who are enraptured "with their art, take every opportunity of "ſketching any fine heads they happen to "meet with, particularly when they have ſome-"thing extraordinary about them. An hum-"ble imitator of thoſe Artiſts, I make pictures "of thoſe perſons in whom I perceive any "thing remarkable. Mr. M. N. is now under "my pencil. He is a man of quality, ſenſible,

"handſome,

" handſome, and genteel. He is extremely " pleaſant in ſociety, but knows not what it " is to love, or to have a real regard for any " one. He is of opinion, that the heart is " given us merely to purify the blood, to ſet it " in motion, and to render it perfect, and not " to receive any impreſſions of tenderneſs or " of attachment to mankind. He looks upon " this principal part of ourſelves as a ſimple " machine, and nearly as the principal pump " of Paris, which ſerves merely to raiſe the " water of the Seine, and to diſtribute it " through the city. Mr. M. N. pays viſits, " and is viſited in his turn: he is polite to " every one. Every perſon who meets him " is always glad to ſee him, and when he quits " him, it is always with ſome degree of regret. " His underſtanding turns itſelf as he pleaſes, " and he accommodates himſelf to the talents, " and the turn of mind, and the capacity of " every one who comes near him. He is a " Divine with Divines, a Philoſopher with " Philoſophers, a Politician with Politicians, " a man of frolick with thoſe who have that " turn of mind. In ſhort, prepared for any " thing, he is the man of every perſon, and " ſtill the man of no one. He forgets you as " ſoon as your back is turned, and never thinks " but of pleaſing thoſe who are immediately

" before

"before him. He paſſes imperceptibly from "one ſcene to another, and from one character "to another. He is always himſelf, and yet "he is never himſelf. He takes time as it "comes. The day of yeſterday remains not "in his memory, and he never by care and "by foreſight anticipates that of to-morrow."

Dom' Noel wrote upon "Education," or, the "Hiſtory of M. de Monçade," accompanied with ſome Maxims and Reflections. Rouſſeau appears to have read this work, and to have made ſome uſe of it in his "*Emile.*" Dom' Noel's Treatiſe "*Sur la* "*Lecture des Peres de l'Egliſe,*" or on the manner in which the Fathers ſhould be read, was a book much eſteemed in the Catholic Church of France.

SORBIERE

tranſlated Hobbes's famous political Work "Leviathan" into French. In his Preface he draws a parallel between his Author and Machiavel. "The reaſonings of Machiavel," ſays he, "proceed from a cruel and a ſavage mind; "thoſe of Hobbes flow from a diſpoſition good, "tender, and benevolent. Yet after all," adds

he,

he, "who will become a ſkilful politician by "reading Hobbes? All that he ſays, to ſpeak "after the Italians, is merely an impoſſible "chimera, a wild invention, a chaos of confu- "ſion. Buſineſs and not declamation, and "ſtill leſs the empty imaginations of a learned "man in his ſtudy, make politicians. *Più vale*, "ſays Boccalini, *un' oncia da fatto che mille di* "*ragione. Laſciamo diſcorſi, poniamo il negozio* "*in prattica.*"

BAYLE.

THIS learned and acute writer was no Mathematician. According to Le Clerc, he ſaid, that he never could be brought to underſtand the demonſtration of the firſt propoſition of Euclid*. The ſame defect of mind ſeems to have followed him in every thing which he did. He doubts and does not prove any thing, and deſerves well what was once ſaid of him,

* Dr. Free uſed to ſay, that the proper definition of man was, a being who could prove the three angles of a triangle to be equal to two right ones.

Quintilian ſays of Geometry, "*Cum Geometria diviſa ſit* "*in numeros & formas numerorum quidem. Notitia non* "*oratori modo ſed cuicunque primis ſaltem literis erudito* "*neceſſaria eſt.*"

that he was the Attorney-General of the Philosophers, that he merely ſtated their different arguments, but gave no opinion on them.

He ſaid once to Father Tournemine, "I "am only 'cloud-compelling Jove.' My ta-"lent conſiſts in forming doubts; but to my-"ſelf they are only doubts." It is unfortunate for the generality of his readers that they are really doubts to them; they do not ſee ſo clear as himſelf, who

Sub pedibus vidit nubes et ſidera.

Bayle died, as he lived, in obſcurity, and with great tranquillity of mind. His will was diſputed in France (from which country he had fled to avoid perſecution), and the Parliament of Thoulouſe determined it to be valid; giving as a reaſon, that a man who had enlightened mankind as Bayle had done, ſhould be conſidered as belonging to no particular country, but as a Citizen of the Univerſe *.

* In the *ancien regime* of France, the ſtate of a man of letters was more conſidered than in any other country. The Parliament of Paris decreed, in the caſe of the profits ariſing from Catilina, a Tragedy of Crebillon, that in no caſe whatever the manuſcripts of an author were ſeizable, nor the profits accruing to him from any of his literary performances liable to be taken in execution for any debts that he might have contracted.

JEAN D'ALBA.

This ſervant of the Jeſuits College at Paris, called that of Clermont, having ſtolen ſome pewter plates belonging to that Society, was taken up for the robbery, and examined by the Parliament of Paris. He ſaid in his defence, that he moſt aſſuredly had taken the plates from the College, but that he had not *ſtolen* them, having acted merely in conformity to a maxim of a Father of their Order, Father Bauny, and who, in his "Caſes of Conſcience," article "Servants," ſays, "That ſervants who "are not contented with their wages, may "augment them by getting into their hands as "much property belonging to their maſters, as "they in their conſciences think adequate to "proportion their wages to their ſervices; and "that it is even permitted them to act in this "manner, if they are ſo diſtreſſed in their cir-"cumſtances, when they offer themſelves to a "maſter, that they are obliged to accept of the "wages offered to them by him, whilſt other "ſervants, not more capable than themſelves, "gain greater wages *."

The

* This account is taken from the Provincial Letters of Paſcal; a work in which this great and good man ſhews himſelf

The Parliament of Paris very wifely and very juftly paid no regard to this wretched fophiftry, and condemned Jean d'Alba to be whipped before the door of the College of Clermont by the common hangman, who was at the fame time to burn the book in which this deteftable and pernicious maxim was contained.

The Jefuits were at this time in great favour at the Court of Louis the Fourteenth. The matter was hufhed up, and Jean d'Alba was no more heard of.

It has been obferved, that the teachers of mifchievous and deftructive doctrines appear in general to expect that their fatal confequences will never reach themfelves. The "poifoned "chalice, however, fometimes returns to their "own lips."

Thofe who inflame the people to tumult and to fedition, are often the firft to perifh in the conflagration which they have occafioned; and the propagators of immoral and irreligious

himfelf as much fuperior to ordinary mortals, as in fome parts of his "*Penfées*" he fhews himfelf inferior to them. A felection from the "*Penfées*," made with care, and tranflated into Englifh, would prove a valuable acquifition to the literature of this country.

 opinions

opinions have many times, in their own families and connections, ſuffered from their too ſucceſsful efforts to ſhake off the ſalutary reſtraints impoſed upon mankind *.

ABBÉ DE RANCÉ,

the Reformer of the Convent of La Trappe in Normandy, had in early life been a man of elegance and of pleaſure. At the age of fourteen, he publiſhed an edition of Anacreon; and at a very early age was appointed coadjutor to his uncle the Archbiſhop of Tours. Having narrowly eſcaped being ſhot by the burſting of a gun on his ſhoulder, he became a penitent, bade adieu to the world and its votaries, gave up his pretenſions to ſucceed his uncle, and retired to the Convent of La Trappe: there he planned that very ſtrict reform in its diſcipline, to which it has rigidly adhered for above a cen-

* A ſervant of a Gentleman but too apt to blazon his infidel opinions robbed his maſter, who reproached him very ſeverely with the crime which he had committed. The ſervant replied, that as his maſter had in his converſations taken away the ſuperior conſideration of a life to come to reſtrain his conduct, he ought not to be ſurprized if his frequent auditor riſked the inferior conſideration of puniſhment in this life.

a century, and which has rendered it ſo deſervedly famous throughout Europe. It was ſaid of him, as of an ancient Philoſopher,

"*Eſurire docet, et invenit diſcipulos.*"

Some of his regulations are as follow:

"A perpetual ſilence is to be obſerved in "the Cloyſters. If a ſtranger has occaſion for "any thing in the Convent, he muſt addreſs "himſelf to the Porter, or to him that receives "the ſtrangers; becauſe the Monks, being "obliged to keep a moſt ſtrict ſilence, never "give any anſwer to thoſe who ſpeak to them.

"For the diet of the Monks, vegetables, "roots, herbs, bread, and milk, alone ſhall be "ſerved up in the Refectory. They ſhall "never be permitted to taſte there either fiſh "or eggs.

"The firſt Monks of the Order (that of St. "Benedict) ever looked upon working with "their hands as one of their principal obliga-"tions. The Monks ſhall proceed to the "different labours that are aſſigned to them in "a manner that has nothing light, nor haſty, "nor indolent in it. They ſhall not permit "their ſenſes to be intereſted in the moſt in-

" different objects, nor ſhall they uſe any vio-" lent exertion even in the very works about " which they are employed; conſidering that " manual labour is the firſt puniſhment an-" nexed to ſin, and an exerciſe extremely well " ſuited to the ſtate of the poor and of the " penitent, and that it is a very powerful " means to ſanctify them in their profeſſion.

" They ſhall never mention any ſtory re-" lating to common life, under pretence of " drawing inſtruction from it; and they ſhall " baniſh from their converſation any news " from the public papers, as well as thoſe of the " times, and of the world, and of the Court, " and of the College: thoſe having a tendency " to indiſpoſe the minds of the Monks to " their preſent ſituation, and lead them into " diſſipation, and into the remembrance of " things that they ought to have forgotten."

The Monks, except at bed-time, are generally together. The Reformer, like that acute obſerver of human life, Dr. Johnſon, knew but too well how much more dangerous ſolitary vices are than ſocial ones; and that many perſons are reſtrained from vice by the eyes of their fellow-creatures, who would not pay the ſame

reſpect

reſpect to the vigilant eye of Omnipotence and Omniſcience itſelf.

The remains of this venerable Community are, by the pious kindneſs of Mr. WELD, of LULWORTH CASTLE, ſettled in his extenſive and beautiful domain, where every thing is furniſhed to them for which their abſtinence and ſelf-denial can poſſibly have occaſion.

During the late prophanation of all things human and divine in France, theſe illuſtrious Aſcetics made a vow, that if they ever found a permanent aſylum in Europe, they would drink nothing but water in future. To this they have conformed with the ſame ſcrupuloſity that has ever diſtinguiſhed the Monks of La Trappe.

Their Convent in Normandy is, as if in deriſion of its ancient deſignation, converted by the preſent ruling powers of France into a foundry for cannon; in which the former ſolitude and ſilence that prevailed there, the whiſpered prayers of the afflicted, and the ſuppreſſed ſighs of the penitent, are ill exchanged for the horrid din of thoſe

———mortal engines, whoſe rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread thunders counterfeit.

FRANCOIS CASSANDRE,

who tranſlated Ariſtotle's "Poetics" into French with great fidelity, was a man of very violent temper and of very imprudent conduct, and lived in great want. He is thus deſcribed by Boileau:

"*Je ſuis ruſtique & fier, & j'ai l'ame groſſiere.*"

His diſcontented turn of mind followed him to the grave; for as he was dying, extended on a miſerable pallet bed, his Confeſſor exhorted him to return his thanks to the Deity for all the bleſſings he had received from him. "Yes, to "be ſure," exclaimed Caſſandre; "he has "ſuffered me to play a very pitiful part here "indeed. You know how he has permitted "me to live, and you now ſee how he lets "me die."

From the preſent imperfection of things, every ſtate of life is obnoxious to diſcontent and complaint. They however ſhould indulge them with great caution whoſe miſery is procured by folly and by vice, and who have no reaſon to expect the interference of Omnipotence in thoſe diſtreſſes of which themſelves are the authors.

GUI PATIN.

THIS learned phyſician was a great hater of the Engliſh nation on two accounts: the firſt, for having put their King, Charles the Firſt, to death; the ſecond, for giving antimony in fevers. In one of his letters to M. Spon, of Lyons, he ſays,

"Paris, 6 Mars 1654.

"NOTRE accord eſt fait avec Cromwell. "Nous reconnoiſſons la nouvelle Republic "d'Angleterre, et nous aurons pour cet effet "un Embaſſadeur à Londres. Celui qui y "eſt, ſera continué; c'eſt M. Bordaux, Maître "des Requêtes. J'ai oui dire quatre vers "Latins à un honnête homme, qui l'on dit "avoir été envoyez d'Angleterre. Les voici:

"*Cromwello ſurgente, jacet domus alta Stuarti*
"*Et domus Auriaci Martia fracta jacet.*
"*Quod jacet haud miror, miror quod Gallus Iberque*
"*Et Danus, et regum quicquid ubique jacet.*

"At Cromwell's riſing ſun, in glory bright,
"Naſſau and Stuart's ſtars ſet deep in night.
"This is no wonder—but I much admire
"That Europe's Sovereigns do not all conſpire
"To cruſh th' Uſurper's ill-acquired ſtate,
"And injur'd Royalty to vindicate."

 Patin's

Patin's Sovereign Louis XIV. having recovered from a fever after having taken antimony, he mentions with raptures the Latin lines that were made upon the occasion:

Vivis ab epoto, cur Rex Lodovice veneno
Quid mirum? ſtibio plus valuére preces.
Id cœli, non artis opus, ſine lege medentum
Nec datus ante Deo, ſic potes inde mori.
Civibus illa quidem fuerit medicina feralis,
Nil lædunt unctos viva venena Deos.

Great Louis, after poiſon you ſurvive!
No wonder, for our prayers have made you live!
More powerful than the metal's pointed ſting,
Up to the throne of grace their way they wing.
This is the work of Heav'n and not of art,
Sacred to God, his care thou ever art!
The drug, thy ſubjects ſure and deadly bane,
The Lord's anointed's life aſſails in vain.

PAVILLON.

THIS Frenchman was aſſuredly no great Poet. He was fond of books, yet could not afford to buy them. He therefore made uſe of this expedient: He addreſſed a ſonnet to every author of note who publiſhed at Paris. This procured him a copy of the book *ex dono auctoris.*

Public

Public Libraries ſhould contain (if it were poſſible) every book that has been printed upon every ſubject. Their funds are in general not very large. This defect was very well ſupplied under the *ancien regime* of France. Every author who had acquired permiſſion to print his book at Paris, forfeited that permiſſion unleſs he printed it on good paper and excellent type, and depoſited a copy in the Royal Library at Paris. By theſe means the King's Library was ſupplied with every new book at no expence. This regulation might, in ſome degree, take place in this kingdom. By an Act of the Legiſlature, every author might be obliged to ſend a copy of his book to the Library of the Britiſh Muſeum in London, and to the Public Libraries of the two Univerſities of England. This would occaſion little or no defalcation of the profits of the work to the author, and would eminently promote the diffuſion of learning and of knowledge.

PRINCE EUGENE.

THIS great General was a man of letters: he was intended for the Church, and was known at the Court of France by the name of the Abbé de la Savoie. Having made too free in

a letter with ſome of Louis the Fourteenth's gallantries, he fled out of France, and ſerved as a volunteer in the Emperor's ſervice in Hungary againſt the Turks, where he ſoon diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his talents for the military art. He was preſented by the Emperor with a regiment, and a few years afterwards made Commander in Chief of his armies. Louvois, the inſolent War Miniſter of the inſolent Louis XIV. had written to him to tell him that he muſt never think of returning to his country: his reply was, "*Eugene entrera un* "*jour en France en dépit de Louvois et de* "*Louis.*" In all his military expeditions he carried with him *Thomas à Kempis de Imitatione.* He ſeemed to be of the opinion of the great Guſtavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, "that a "good Chriſtian always made a good ſoldier." Being conſtantly buſy, he held the paſſion of love very cheap, as a mere amuſement, that ſerved only to enlarge the power of women, and abridge that of men. He uſed to ſay, "*Les* "*amoureux ſont dans la ſociété que ce les fana-* "*tiques ſont en religion.*"

The Prince was obſerved to be one day very penſive, and on being aſked by his favourite Aid-de-Camp on what he was meditating ſo deeply, "My good friend," replied he, "I

"am thinking, if Alexander the Great had "been obliged to wait for the approbation "of the Deputies of Holland before he at-"tacked the enemy, how impoſſible it would "have been for him to have made half the "conqueſts that he did."

This great General lived to a good old age, and being *tam Mercurio quàm Marti*, "as much "a Scholar as a Soldier," amuſed himſelf with making a fine collection of books, pictures, and prints, which are now in the Emperor's collection at Vienna. The celebrated Cardinal Paſſionei, then Nuncio at Vienna, preached his funeral ſermon, from this grand and well-appropriated text of Scripture:

"Alexander, ſon of Philip the Macedonian, "made many wars, took many ſtrong holds, "went through the ends of the earth, took "ſpoils of many nations: the earth was quiet "before him. After theſe things he fell "ſick, and perceived that he ſhould die."—*Maccabees.*

MARSHAL TURENNE.

Otho Venius, Rubens' maſter, publiſhed a book on the reſemblance of the countenances of

of men to thoſe of animals. Turenne's was ever likened to that of a Lion; the bravery, the magnanimity, and the humanity of which animal he poſſeſſed in an eminent degree. The ETCHING of TURENNE prefixed to this Article, is taken from a Drawing of Mr. Richardſon, after a Terra Cotta made by the celebrated Puget.

Who will exculpate Turenne from the ravages and horrors which the troops under his command committed in the Palatinate? His admirer and pupil, M. de St. Hilaire, ſays, "The "violence of the ſoldiers at no time whatever "knew leſs bounds *. They ſet fire to every "thing, and pretended to authorize their vio- "lences by thoſe which had been practiſed "upon their comrades in the ſame country "by the peaſants, who came down from the "hills upon them, to which they afterwards "betook themſelves, after they had cut their "throats. But," adds St. Hilaire, "as if to "refine upon the cruelty of our ſoldiers, they "cut off the hands of thoſe poor wretches "whom they met with, and killed them after- "wards."

* "*La fureur des ſoldats ne connût jamais moins des bornes.*"
Memoires de St. HILAIRE.

The

The Elector Palatine was ſo indignant at the cruelties committed in his country by our ſoldiers, that his firſt emotion was to make it a private matter between himſelf and the General, and to ſend to him a trumpet, with a cartel of defiance.

In his letter he reproached him with his change of religion, and with the aſylum which his (the Elector's) father had given in his Electorate to the Duke of Bouillon, Turenne's father. He taxed him with ingratitude in having deſtroyed and burnt that very country. It finiſhed by deſiring ſatisfaction of him in ſingle combat, either on foot or on horſeback, as he pleaſed.

Turenne made no reply to the firſt two articles. With reſpect to the third, he took great pains to perſuade the Elector, that his own ſubjects were the aggreſſors, and that they provoked theſe exceſſes by the unheard-of cruelties they had exerciſed againſt the French army; and that he could not be ſurprized that ſuch conduct had excited his ſoldiers to that degree of fury, of which himſelf was the firſt to lament the exceſs. That with reſpect to the ſingle combat to which he defied him, he was not at liberty to accept of it, as he was not in a ſitua-

tion to diſpoſe of his own perſon as he pleaſed; but that he ſhould preſent himſelf at the head of the army which he commanded, againſt any that his Electoral Highneſs ſhould think fit to oppoſe to him.

Turenne never forgave himſelf for diſcloſing a ſecret of ſtate to the beautiful Madame Coetquen. He uſed to ſay ever afterwards with ſome ſpleen, "that it was never worth while "for a man of honour to loſe any of his time "with a pretty woman." Many years after his diſcloſing the ſecret with which Louis the Fourteenth had entruſted him, he ſaid, "We "will talk of this matter by and by, if you "pleaſe, but let us firſt put out the can-"dles."

The following account of the death of this great General is taken from the Memoirs of M. de St. Hilaire, a Brigadier-General in the ſervice of Louis XIV. and who ſerved under Marſhal Turenne in Germany.

"M. de Boze had twice ſent to Marſhal "Turenne to deſire him to come to a parti-"cular poſt. Turenne replied to his ſecond "meſſage, as if he had foreſeen what was to "happen, that he was determined to ſtay "where

"where he was, unleſs ſomething very extra-"ordinary ſhould take place. Le Boze ſent "a third time by Count Hamilton, to repre-"ſent to him the abſolute neceſſity there was "that he ſhould come in perſon to give his "orders. Turenne directly mounted his horſe, "and in a gentle gallop reached a ſmall valley, "through which they took him, that he might "be out of the reach of two ſmall cannons "that were continually firing. In his way, he "perceived my father upon a height, to whom, "as he had the honour of his confidence, he "made up. The Marſhal, when he had joined "him, ſtopped ſhort, and aſked where was that "column of the enemy's troops, for which they "had made him come thither. My father "was ſhewing it to him, when unfortunately "both theſe ſmall cannons fired. The ball of "one of them paſſing over the croupier of my "father's horſe, ſhot off his left arm, took off "part of the neck of my father's horſe, and "ſtruck M. de Turenne in his right ſide, who "rode on a few paces, and then fell dead "from his horſe.

"Thus died that great man, who never had "his equal, and I am confident that all the "particulars relating to his death are ſtrictly "true. All thoſe who have written about it

"had

" had not the opportunity of being acquainted " with all the circumſtances which I had. So " ſhocking a ſight affected me with ſuch vio- " lent grief, that even at this day I find it " more eaſy to renew my ſenſations than to " deſcribe them. I knew not to which to fly " firſt, whether to my General or my Father. " Nature, however, decided me. I threw my- " ſelf on the neck of my father: on whom as " I was anxiouſly looking after thoſe remains of " life which I nearly deſpaired to find, he ſaid " theſe words to me, words which the whole " French Nation thought ſo noble, that it " compared the heart which had dictated them, " to any heart that had ever animated the " breaſts of the old and of the true Romans, " and I think they will not ſoon be forgotten: " Alas! my ſon!" exclaimed he, " it is not " for me that you ſhould weep, it is for the " death of that great man," pointing to the dead body of M. de Turenne. " In all proba- " bility you are about to loſe a father, but your " Country and yourſelf will never again find " a General like to him whom you have juſt " loſt." Having ſaid theſe words, the tears fell from his eyes: he then added, " Alas! poor " army! what will become of you?" Then recovering himſelf, he ſaid to me, " Go, my " dear, leave me, God will diſpoſe of me as he

" pleaſes.

" pleafes. Mount your horfe again, I infift on " your doing fo. Go, do your duty, and I de- " fire to live only long enough to be affured " that you have done it well."

" My father refifted all the entreaties I " made to him to permit me to ftay with " him till a furgeon came, and he could be " taken off the ground. I was under the ne- " ceffity of obeying him, and of leaving him in " the arms of my brother. I galloped away to " our batteries, to make them fire, in hope of " avenging the lofs which my Country and " myfelf had fuftained.

" Some Officers of the army whom I faw " afterwards, affured me, that the perfon who " had fired that cannon fo fatal to our army, " had been killed the fame day by one of our " field-pieces. We indeed, foon after the " death of M. de Turenne, heard a great cry " on the height where was the left wing of the " enemy, and we faw an Officer fall, apparently " ftruck by one of our field-pieces. He was " immediately furrounded by a number of " perfons who took him up; but he was not " hurt, the head of his horfe only was taken " off. We were informed that it was M. de " Montecuculi himfelf (the General of the army

" of

"of the enemy) who had eſcaped ſuch immi-
"nent danger.

"It is impoſſible to imagine the alarm and "the conſternation with which an army is af- "fected, who loſes in the very ſight of the "enemy a General on whom it has the moſt "reliance, and whom it has as much reaſon to "love as to reſpect. The firſt emotion which "every ſoldier in our army felt on hearing of "the death of M. de Turenne, was an impe- "tuous deſire to avenge it by immediately at- "tacking the enemy. Whatever danger there "might be in doing this, it ceaſed to be dread- "ed: whatever difficulties might ariſe, they "were immediately ſurmounted. In the midſt "of all this ardour, which animated every heart, "terror and indignation were ſtill impreſſed "upon every countenance; and that grief "which weighed down the ſoul, unnerved "every arm, and rendered the body motion- "leſs. I could not paſs near ſix or ſeven ſol- "diers or officers together without ſeeing that "they were ſhedding tears. The two Lieute- "nant-Generals, not agreeing well together, "were in a ſtate of uncertainty and perplexity. "One of them wiſhed to give the enemy "battle; the other, more prudent, kept him "back; and it was not till after a very violent

"diſpute

"dispute, that they agreed to attempt nothing "that day at least. The enemy were informed "of the death of M. de Turenne by one of our "dragoons, who deserted to them on purpose "to acquaint them with it. It is well known "that M. de Montecuculi could not conceal the "joy he felt at being delivered from so formi- "dable an enemy; and that he could not help "giving on the spot too public and too visible "signs of that joy, at which he afterwards was "obliged to blush, when he wrote to his Sove- "reign the Emperor on the death of this great "Commander: for, after having congratulated "him on that event, he added, that he was still "obliged to regret a man like M. de Turenne, "who had done so much honour to human "nature *."

Memoires de ST. HILAIRE, 1766.

No greater testimony was ever given of the military merit of Turenne than that afforded by the great Condé himself. Previous to some battle in which he was about to be engaged, a difficulty occurred not easily settled even by his great powers of resource and of combination.

* "*Etant serviteur de l'Empereur, je ne peux m' empecher "de me en rejouir; mais je regrette, & je ne saurois assez re- "gretter, un homme au dessus l'homme, & qui faisoit l'honneur "à l'humanité.*"

 "What

"What now," ſaid he to his favourite Aid du Camp, who was waiting for orders, "what now "would I give for a quarter of an hour's con-"verſation with the Ghoſt of Turenne!"

Louis the Fourteenth, on hearing of Turenne's death, ſaid, "We have loſt every thing. "M. de Turenne is dead!" He ſoon afterwards promoted many General Officers to the rank of Marſhals of France. Madame de Cornuel, the famous *diſeuſe de bons mots* of her time, ſaid, "*Que c'étoit la monnoie de M. Turenne*— "That they were change for M. de Tu-"renne."

When Louis made him Commander in Chief of his camps and armies, he ſaid, "I wiſh that "you had permitted me to have done ſome-"thing more for you;" giving him to underſtand, that if he had not remained a Proteſtant, he would have given him the ſword of Conſtable of France.

"Conviction alone," ſays Brotier, "effected "the change of religion in M. de Turenne. "His frequent converſations upon the contro-"verted points of religion with his nephew, "the Cardinal de Bouillon, whom he loved "very much, and who had great influence

"over his mind, ſtaggered and ſatisfied him.
"His converſion was finiſhed by reading the
"works of Boſſuet, and by perſonal diſcuſſions
"with him. He ſpent three years in conſider-
"ing the ſubject; and when in 1668 he had
"taken his final reſolution, and had told his
"Sovereign of it, the King ſaid to him, I look
"upon your converſion, Sir, as one of the
"moſt honourable things that can happen to
"the Church, and as one of the moſt uſeful to
"my kingdom."

By a letter in MS. in the Hôtel de Bouillon at Paris, it appears that the Pope offered Turenne a Cardinal's Hat on this occaſion, which he refuſed.

It is ſaid, that this great General was originally intended by his parents for the church, in ſpite of his very early diſpoſition to a military life. The reaſon that was aſſigned for thus thwarting his natural genius, was the ſuppoſed feebleneſs of his conſtitution. Turenne, to ſhew them how completely they were miſtaken in that reſpect, at the age of fourteen ſtole away one night from his tutor, and was found the next morning aſleep upon a cannon, on the ramparts of Sedan, the ſeat of the Court of his father the Duke of Bouillon. He was then permitted to

follow his inclination, and ſerved as a volunteer under his uncle the Prince of Orange, with great diſtinction; and by the uſual gradations roſe to the honour of being a Marſhal of France, and a Commander of the Armies of that Nation. To the greateſt prudence and courage, Turenne added the moſt perfect integrity and ſimplicity of character; ſo that Madame de Sevigné, in one of her letters, does not hyperbolically deſcribe him as one of thoſe men who are to be met with only in Plutarch's Lives.

Turenne was eaſily diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of his army by a pyed horſe, of which he was very fond, and on which he conſtantly rode. One of the Officers in the army of the enemy, knowing this, procured a Swiſs Officer in their ſervice, a celebrated Engineer, to level a cannon particularly at Turenne.

Turenne's ſoldiers, on ſeeing their General dead, ſurrounded his body, which they covered with a cloak, and watched over it the whole night. It was afterwards carried in great pomp to the Royal Abbey of St. Denis, near Paris, and interred with thoſe of the Kings of France. In the late general wreck and ravage in that country, of every thing that has hitherto been deemed diſtinguiſhed and ſacred among mankind,

kind, it was torn from its peaceful and honourable ſepulture, and was found entire and perfect.

MONTECUCULI.

THIS celebrated Commander uſed to ſay, that a great number of Generals is as pernicious to an army, as a great number of Phyſicians is to a ſick man. He entertained no very high opinion of the efforts of allied armies in general. "They come together," ſaid he, "without "properly underſtanding what each other "means; they have different intereſts to pur- "ſue, which they will not ſufficiently explain "to each other; their language is different, "their manners not the ſame, and their diſci- "pline diſſimilar. Defenſive war," adds he, in his Commentaries, "requires more knowledge "and precaution than offenſive war. The leaſt "failure is mortal, and the want of ſucceſs is "exaggerated by fear, which acts always as a "microſcope to calamities."

Montecuculi was called by ſome of his raſh and unexperienced officers, the Temporizer; for, knowing but too well the uncertainty and the

misery of war, he was never in a hurry to risk a battle, unless he was well assured of its success. He however told those who were dissatisfied with his conduct, "I glory in a name which was that "given to the Roman General who saved his "country,

"*Qui cunctando restituet rem.*"

Montecuculi wrote "Commentaries on the "Art of War," in Italian. They have been translated into French.

DUC DE MONTAUSIER.

This excellent Nobleman was the original of the celebrated Misanthrope of Moliere. He was a man of learning, of honour, and of virtue. His disposition was a little caustic and severe, which made Madame de Choisy compare him to a bundle of nettles, which, in whatever way it is turned, always stings.

Montausier was the only one of the Courtiers of Louis the Fourteenth, who had the honesty and the spirit to remonstrate with him on the subject of his ruinous and oppressive wars. Louis,

Louis, on theſe occaſions, uſed merely to ſay to thoſe about him, "I cannot be diſpleaſed at "any thing the Duc de Montauſier ſays to me, "for I know he always wiſhes me well."

Louis, however, ſtill perſiſted in his fatal ſyſtem; yet ſuch attractions does integrity poſſeſs, even for the mind of a deſpotic and a flattered Sovereign, that Louis entruſted the care of the education of his only ſon (*le Grand Dauphin*, as he was called) to M. de Montauſier, and appointed him his Governor. The Duke diſcharged the high truſt confided to him with equal ability and honeſty; and in this ſituation his memory will ever be held dear by ſcholars, as he procured the celebrated Delphin Editions of the Latin Claſſics to be made for the uſe of his Royal Pupil; in which deſign he was ably ſeconded by the learned Huet, who was one of the Preceptors to the Dauphin.

Montauſier very often gave practical leſſons of virtue to his pupil. He took him one day into the miſerable cottage of a peaſant near the ſuperb palace of Verſailles. "See, "Sir," ſaid he, "it is under this ſtraw roof, "and in this wretched hovel, that a father, "a mother, and their children exiſt, who "are inceſſantly labouring to procure that gold

 "with

"with which your palace is decorated, and who "are nearly periſhing with hunger to ſupply "your table with dainties."

On the day in which M. de Montauſier reſigned his ſituation of Governor to the Dauphin, on his coming of age, he ſaid to him, "If your "Royal Highneſs is a man of honour, you "will eſteem me: if you are not, you will hate "me; and I ſhall but too well know the rea-"ſon of your diſlike."

Louis the Fourteenth told M. de Montauſier one day, that he had at laſt given up to public juſtice a man of rank who had killed nineteen perſons. "Sire," replied he, "he only killed "one perſon, your Majeſty killed the other "eighteen. My anceſtors, Sire," added he, "were always faithful ſervants to their Sove-"reigns your predeceſſors, but they never were "their flatterers. Your Majeſty ſees, there-"fore, that the honeſt liberty of ſentiment "which I poſſeſs is a right inherent in my fa-"mily, a kind of entailed eſtate, and that truth "deſcends from father to ſon, as a part of my "inheritance."

Montauſier was Governor of the extenſive Province of Normandy, and was ſetting out for the

the capital of it, when he was informed that the plague had begun to make its appearance in it. His family endeavouring to prevail upon him to defift from his intention, as his health might be endangered by his refidence in an infected city, he nobly replied, "I have always "been firmly convinced in my mind, that "Governors of Provinces, like Bifhops, are "obliged to refidence. If, however, the obli-"gation is not quite fo ftrict on all occafions, "it is at leaft equal in all times of public cala-"mity."

Montaufier reprefented one day to his Sovereign Louis the Fourteenth, the poverty of the learned Madame Dacier, and requefted a penfion for her. Louis told him that fhe was a Proteftant, and that on that account he did not like to diftinguifh her. "Well then, Sire," replied the Duke, "I will myfelf give her three "hundred louis d'ors in your Majefty's name, "and when you think fit you fhall return me "the money."

Louis, who was not fond of books, afked Montaufier why he was always reading, and what good it did him. "Sire," replied he, "books have "the fame effect upon my mind, that the par-"tridges your Majefty is fo good as occafionally

"to

" to ſend me, have upon my body, they ſup-
" port and nouriſh it."

" M. de Montauſier," ſays his Biographer, " died in 1691, at the age of fourſcore, regret- " ted by his virtuous countrymen, to whom he " was the model; and by the men of letters, of " whom he was the protector."

CARDINAL DE POLIGNAC.

THIS celebrated ſcholar and negotiator is thus deſcribed by Madame de Sevigné:—" Car- " dinal de Polignac is a man of the moſt agree- " able underſtanding that I have ever known. " He knows every thing, he talks upon every " thing; and he has all the ſoftneſs, all the " vivacity, and all the politeneſs, that one can " wiſh to find in the converſation of any " man."

Louis the Fourteenth ſaid of M. de Polignac when he was very young, " I have juſt been " talking with a man, and a very young one " too, who has never once been of the ſame " opinion with myſelf, yet he has never once " offended me by his difference of opinion."

" I do

"I do not know how it is," ſaid Pope Alexander the Eighth to Polignac, "you always appear to be of my way of thinking, and yet your opinion at laſt gets the better."

At the Conferences of Gertuydenberg, ſo mortifying to the pride of Louis the Fourteenth, Buys, the head of the Dutch Deputation, interrupted the reading of the preliminaries that were to be ſettled between his nation and that of France, by ſaying in barbarous Latin (alluding to the towns taken by Louis in Flanders), "*Non dimittetur peccatum niſi tolletur ablatum.*" Polignac with great indignation replied, "Gentlemen, you talk too much like perſons who have not been accuſtomed to be victorious." However, at the negotiations previous to the Treaty of Utrecht, when the Dutch, at the inſtance of their Allies, were obliged to conſent to a peace, Polignac took ample revenge on them, and told them, "Gentlemen, we ſhall not ſtir from this place; we ſhall negotiate in the very heart of your Provinces: we ſhall negotiate reſpecting you; and we ſhall negotiate without you." The ſucceſs of this negotiation procured Polignac a Cardinal's hat. Soon afterwards, being concerned in ſome intrigues againſt the Regent Duke of Orleans, he was baniſhed to one of his

Abbeys,

Abbeys, where, verifying the ſentiment of Ariſtotle, "that a good education enables a man "well to employ his leiſure," he compoſed his celebrated Latin Poem againſt the ſyſtem of Epicurus, called "Anti-Lucretius." The natural philoſophy it contains is that of Deſcartes, which was at that time in vogue in France, that of Newton not being then ſufficiently known in that kingdom *.

Cardinal de Polignac remained at Rome many years, Ambaſſador from the King of France to the Pope. While he was in that city, the capital of the fine arts, he had a project for turning the courſe of the Tiber for a ſhort time, and to dig in the bed of that river for the remains of antiquity which he ſuppoſed had been thrown into it. "In all the civil wars of the "Roman Republic," ſaid he, "the party that "prevailed threw into the Tiber the ſtatues of "the oppoſite party. They muſt ſtill remain "there," added he: "I have never heard that "any of them have been taken out, and they "are of too heavy materials to have been car"ried away by the ſtream of the river." Polignac uſed to complain, that he was not rich

* Benedict Stay, a German, has ſince put the ſyſtem of Sir Iſaac Newton into Latin verſe.

enough

enough to put his project in execution, even if the Pope, by whom he was much beloved, would have given him all the neceſſary powers.

The Cardinal was no leſs a man of dignity of mind than of wit; he was the protector of the Engliſh at Rome; and when one day, at his table, an Engliſh Gentleman was very witty at the expence of the Houſe of Stuart, the Cardinal put an end to his improper and ill-timed converſation by telling him, "Sir, I have orders to protect your perſon, but not your diſcourſe."

The Cardinal uſed to ſay, that as he paſſed through Rotterdam in his way to Poland, he paid a viſit to the celebrated Bayle, and on aſking him of what religion he then was (Bayle having changed his religion three times before he was five-and-twenty), that ingenious and celebrated writer told him, that he was a Proteſtant. "You know, Sir," added he, "that I proteſt againſt every thing that is ſaid, and every thing that is done."

ANTONIO PRIOLO,

A noble Venetian, followed the fortunes of the great Duke of Rohan, and became afterwards Secretary to the Duke of Longueville at the Treaty of Munſter. He wrote a little volume, "*de Rebus Gallicis*," relating to what paſſed in France in his own Times, in which he repreſents himſelf as a man perſecuted by fortune, and writing that hiſtory to drive away the melancholy that hung over him, without any reference to the honour that was to be acquired by ſuch an undertaking. "*Non famâ* "*ſed requies mihi quæſita, fallendis innumeris tæ-* "*diis, ipſe me damnavi in hanc arenam.*" He thus deſcribes the French Wits of his time: "They haunt great men's tables, frequent "their own academies, and trick and trim "their native tongue without end. They run "about this way and that way to make viſits, "but do not delight in ſecret ſolitude, the only "ferment of ſtudies *."

* From the Tranſlation of Chriſtopher Waſe, London 1671, octavo.

DUC DE LONGUEVILLE.

When this high-minded Nobleman was one day teized by ſome of his ſycophants, to proſecute ſome neighbouring Gentlemen who had ſhot upon his manor, he replied, " I ſhall not follow " your advice : I had much rather have friends " than hares, I aſſure you."

The Duke, from friendſhip to the Prince of Condé, engaged with him in the intrigues againſt Mazarin, and prevented him from calling in the aſſiſtance of England againſt his country and his Sovereign.

MADAME DE LONGUEVILLE

ſeems completely to have anſwered the deſcription given of the French Ladies of his time by Antonio Priolo, in his " Hiſtory of " the Troubles of France during the Minority " of Louis the Fourteenth."—" The Ladies," ſays he, " following ſcholars, would make " uſe of detraction, in their ruelles, and in " their circles, curiouſly unravelling the myſ- " teries of Government, and catching at the " words and actions of the Cardinal (Mazarin).

" Some

"Some of them proſtituting themſelves to get
"at the ſecrets of the State, and making rebels
"of their huſbands (thus doing more hurt
"by their lives than good by their exertions),
"ſet all France in a combuſtion. Afterwards,
"when their deſigns failed, they pre-condemned
"themſelves, and became nuns by a falſe ſem-
"blance of religion, and a groſs ſuperſtition,
"the door being ſhut to their vices, now
"grown out of ſeaſon, and when ſickly old
"age, condemned by the looking-glaſs, and
"by its peremptory ſentence, death, doth dread
"itſelf."

Madame de Longueville took a very decided part in the troubles of the Fronde againſt Cardinal Mazarin, and by the power of her charms brought over the celebrated Duc de Rochefoucault to take part with the Princes, and had even prevailed upon the god-like Turenne to make the army revolt which he commanded. La Rochefoucault ſaid indeed in the words of Racine,

Pour ſatisfaire ſon cœur, pour plaire à ſes beaux yeux,
J'ai fait le guerre aux Rois, je l'aurois faite aux Dieux.

After the death of the Duke of Longueville, and when the troubles of France ceaſed, ſhe retired

retired to a Convent, where ſhe ended her days in penitence and auſterity.

In the zenith of her charms and of her conſequence, Madame de Longueville was taken to paſs ſome days at a nobleman's houſe in the country. She was aſked, as uſual, how ſhe intended to entertain herſelf there, whether in walking, in reading, or in any of the amuſements of the field. She put the negative on theſe, and frankly anſwered, "*Je n'aime* "*point les amuſemens honnêtes.*" Her brother the Prince of Condé was one day reading to her part of an epic Poem, and aſked her what ſhe thought of it. "*Il eſt très beaux, en verité,* "*mais très ennuyeux*—It is very fine, to be ſure, "but it is very tireſome."

Madame de Longueville became quite another perſonage when ſhe became religious. For her firſt advances to that diſpoſition of mind ſhe was indebted to her aunt the Ducheſs of Montmorency (widow of the Duke of that name who was beheaded by the ſanguinary Richelieu), who had taken the veil, and was made the Abbeſs of a Convent at Moulins *, to conſecrate the remainder of her life to

* At the Convent of the Urſulins of that Town, in the Church of which Convent ſhe erected a moſt magnificent

to lament the loſs and to pray for the ſoul of her accompliſhed and beloved huſband. Madame de Longueville was obſerved one day, at the Convent of Port Royal, ſitting and converſing with a gentleman who belonged to that celebrated ſeminary of learning and of piety, and who was the gardener of the place. The gentleman ſaid to her, "What would the world "ſay of your Highneſs, if they ſaw a gardener "converſing familiarly with you, and ſeated "in your preſence?"—"The world," replied Madame de Longueville, "would ſay that I "am much altered."

At the conference between Cardinal Mazarin and Don Louis de Haro, which took place previous to the celebrated Treaty of the Pyrenees, whilſt the latter negotiator was telling the Cardinal that one woman, meaning Madame de Longueville, could not poſſibly diſturb the tranquillity of a great kingdom like that of France: "Alas, Sir," replied Mazarin, "your "Excellence talks much at your eaſe upon "theſe matters. Your women in Spain med-"dle with no intrigues but thoſe of gallantry, "but it is not ſo in France; we have there "three women that are capable either of go-

nificent Mauſoleum to the memory of this illuſtrious Nobleman.

"verning

" verning or of deſtroying three great king-
" doms—Madame de Longueville, the Prin-
" ceſs Palatine, and the Ducheſs of Chev-
" reuſe."

NICOLO POUSSIN.

" DURING my reſidence at Rome," ſays the ingenious Author of " *Les Melanges de " Literature*," which go under the name of Vigneuil Merveille, " I often ſaw Pouſſin, both " at his own houſe, and at that of the Chevalier " del Poſo, one of the moſt accompliſhed Gen- " tlemen of Italy of his time.

" I have often beheld with aſtoniſhment " the great zeal that this excellent painter had " to become perfect in his art. I have often " met him, at a very advanced age, amongſt " the ruins of antient Rome, and often in the " Campagna, and often on the banks of the " Tiber, obſerving and drawing what he found " there moſt to his taſte. I have often ſeen " him bringing home in his handkerchief flints, " moſs, flowers, and ſuch like ſubſtances, which " he was anxious to paint after the objects " themſelves.

" I remember to have aſked him one day,
" by what means he had arrived to that great
" degree of eminence in his art, which had
" placed him ſo very high amongſt the great
" Italian painter. He modeſtly replied, " *Je*
" *n'ai rien negligé*," I have neglected nothing
" that in any way related to my Art. And,
" indeed," adds the Chevalier del Poſo, " it
" appears by his pictures that he neglected no-
" thing that could enable him to become one
" of the beſt painters in the world."

According to Felibien, who was an intimate friend of Pouſſin, his pictures did not very much pleaſe the Romans; ſo that for a picture painted by him, repreſenting a Prophet, he was paid only eight livres, whilſt a copy of it, made by a young artiſt, was ſold for four crowns. He was, however, no complainer of his want of patronage, and uſed occaſionally to return money to thoſe perſons who, in his opinion, had paid him too much for his labours.

Pouſſin was a man of great ſimplicity in his manner of living and in his converſation. His whole mind was occupied with his art, and rendered him inſenſible to thoſe gratifications of luxury of which ſome refined minds are but too fond. He was an Athenian in his taſte,

yet

yet a Spartan in his habits of life, and united the elegance of the one with the austerity of the other.

Poussin, when his dissolution was approaching very fast, had received from M. de Chambrai his Treatise on Painting. He wrote with difficulty, on account of his bodily infirmities, and thus addressed him:

"I must, Sir, endeavour to rouse myself "after so long a silence. I must make myself understood by you whilst my pulse has "still power to beat a little. I have read "and examined at my leisure your book On "the perfect Idea of Painting, which has served "as a kind of nourishment to my disordered "mind; and I am rejoiced that you are the "first person of our nation who has opened "the eyes of those, who, seeing only by the "eyes of other persons, permitted themselves "to be deceived by public opinion. Indeed, "you have so well explained and enlightened "a subject very harsh and difficult to manage, "that, perhaps, by-and-by some one may be "found who will be able to improve the art of "painting *."

"There

* This person, indeed, we have the honour to possess at present in this country: "an ingenious Critic," as Dr.

" There are nine things in painting," adds Pouſſin, in this Letter to M. de Chambrai, " which can never be taught, and which are " eſſential to that art. To begin with the " ſubject of it, it ſhould be noble, and receive " no quality from the perſon who treats it; " and, to give opportunity to the painter to " ſhew his talents and his induſtry, it muſt " be taken as capable of receiving the moſt " excellent form. A painter ſhould begin with " diſpoſition; then ornament ſhould follow, " then agreement of the parts, beauty, grace, " ſpirit, coſtume, regard to nature and pro- " bability; and judgment above all. Theſe " laſt muſt be in the painter himſelf, and

Dr. Johnſon, in his Life of Milton, with great Juſtice deſignates him; a Gentleman whoſe ardour for art is exceeded only by his intelligence in it; whoſe extreme delicacy of taſte is reſtrained by his candour; whoſe great power of judging critically is ſuſpended by his earneſt deſire to find out beauties, and whoſe liberality toward the profeſſors of art is bounded only by his faculty of extending it: in whom the love of the beautiful yields only to the love of the good; in whoſe intellectual character ſagacity is combined with inveſtigation, and knowledge with ingenuity; and whoſe moral character the union of the Graces with the Virtues renders no leſs amiable than exemplary. The ſketch of this character muſt have been delineated with more than the uſual infelicity of the pen that attempts it, if it ſhould be neceſſary to append to it the name of WILLIAM LOCK, ESQ. of Norbury Park, Surry.

" cannot

"cannot be taught. It is the golden bough "of Virgil, that no one can either find or "pluck unlefs his happy ftar conducts him to "it. Thefe nine points contain many things "worthy to be defcribed by good and by in- "telligent pens."

A perfon of quality having one day fhewn this great Painter a picture done by himfelf, he faid, "*Signore, non vi manca ch'un poco di* "*neceffita*—You only want a little poverty, Sir, "to make you a good Painter."

Cardinal Maffimi, who was a great admirer of Pouffin, vifited him often when he was at Rome, and one evening ftaid with him till it was dark. On his taking leave of him, Pouffin followed him to the door with a lamp, and conducted him to his carriage. "How I pity "you, M. Pouffin," faid the Cardinal, "for "not having a fervant!"—"And I, Sir," replied Pouffin, "pity you much more for having "fuch a number."

Pouffin's great work is his fuite of the Seven Sacraments, which are wonderfully well compofed, and moft exquifitely executed; that of Marriage is faid to be reprefented in a more feeble manner than the reft. This gave rife

to the French Epigram, "*Qu'un bon marriage* "*eſt difficile à faire même en peinture.*"

This great Maſter did not meet with that patronage and applauſe in his own country, to which he was ſo eminently entitled. His ſimplicity of ſtyle and his chaſtity of colouring did not, perhaps, pleaſe his countrymen; ſo that he twice took refuge in Rome, where his talents met with minds congenial to them. At that city he died in 1665, at the age of ſeventy-one. His life is written by M. Bellori, who likewiſe honoured his memory with theſe lines:

Parce piis lachrymis, vivit PUSSINUS *in urnâ.*
Vivere qui dederat, neſcius ipſe mori.
Hic tamen ipſe ſilet; ſi vis audire loquentem,
Mirum eſt! in tabulis vivit et eloquitur.

Weep not for Pouſſin; he lives in the grave!
How can he die, who life to others gave!
Yet there he is ſilent. Would you hear him ſpeak?
His voice in his impreſſive pictures ſeek.

As Pouſſin was one day attending a ſtranger to ſhew him the ruins of Rome, the traveller expreſſed a deſire to take with him into his own country ſome piece of antiquity. Pouſſin told him that he would gratify his wiſh; and ſtooping down to the ground, brought up a handful

handful of earth, mixed with ſome ſmall pieces of porphyry and marble nearly reduced to powder. "Take them for your Cabinet," ſaid Pouſſin, "and ſay boldly, *Queſta è Roma* "*Antica.*"

The Crucifixion is a ſubject on which the art of Painting has been long employed, and has been in general treated in the ſame unintereſting manner. Pouſſin has treated it like a Poet, and has added circumſtances of horror which have eſcaped other Painters. He has choſen the moment at which the Son of God and the Saviour of Mankind has juſt expired on the Croſs, under a black and a lurid ſky, rendered ſtill more *ſombre* and horrid by ſome glimpſes of the Moon, which appears to have hid its head, in execration of the dreadful act juſt committed. On a line with the Croſs, is the Centurion with his guard, and ſome women; and underneath it are ſome ſoldiers, who are caſting lots for the veſture of Him who is on the Croſs. Three or four figures of the Dead riſe out of the ground (a circumſtance mentioned by the Evangeliſts to have taken place at the time), and are ſeen by one of the ſoldiers; who, in an attitude of the extremeſt terror, draws his ſword.

Pouſſin ſtudied the Antique with the greateſt diligence, and engrafted its various beauties and excellencies into his works. Raphael was his favourite among the Moderns, of whom he uſed to ſay, "that the Moderns were aſſes "in compariſon of Raphael, yet that he was "an aſs when compared with the Antients."

The great Prince of Condé was deſirous to have a picture painted by this maſter. Pouſſin thus wrote to his friend upon that occaſion:

"I thank you very much for your remem-"brance of me, and the kindneſs you have "done me in not reminding his Highneſs of "his intention to have one of my pictures. "He applied too late to have juſtice done to "his application. I am become too infirm, "and the palſy prevents me from working. It "is now ſome time ſince I have left off painting, "and I think of nothing but of preparing "myſelf for death, My body is already gone. "There are no hopes of life: it is all over with "me!"

The inſcription put upon Pouſſin's monument by his friend M. Nicaiſe begins thus, and well

well deſcribes the ſucceſsful diligence of this great Artiſt:

D. O. M.
Nic. Pouſſino Gallico
Pictori ſuæ ætatis Primario
Qui Artem
Dum pertinaci ſtudio proſequitur,
Brevi aſſecutus, poſteâ vicit.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

RUBENS,

no leſs a Scholar than a Painter, animated the efforts of his pencil by enriching his imagination with paſſages from Homer and from Virgil. Theſe he occaſionally repeated as he was working at his eaſel, and called in the aſſiſtance of the ſiſter Art to aid the poetry of the pencil by the painting of words. With what ſucceſs he thus conjoined the Siſter Arts, his celebrated Gallery of the Luxemburgh will evince, which has long been the admiration of mankind, for magic of colouring, fertility of invention, and grandeur of compoſition. Guido uſed to ſay, that no one put figures together ſo well as Rubens; and indeed, whoever attends to the laſt picture in the Gallery of the Luxemburgh, that of the Coronation of the Queen at St. Denis, muſt allow that it has never been exceeded

ceeded in juſtneſs, or in ſplendor and magnificence of compoſition.

Sir Joſhua Reynolds uſed to ſay, that the moſt grand as well as the moſt perfect piece of compoſition in the world, was that of Ruben's picture of the Fall of the Damned, in the Gallery of Duſſeldorf. The ſubject is dreadful; and the ſkill and artifice of deſign which are diſplayed in combining together ſo varied, ſo heterogeneous, and ſo horrid a maſs is wonderful, and exhibits the great invention no leſs than the compoſition of the maſter.

Rubens is a ſtriking inſtance, how much eaſier it is to give precepts than to practiſe them. In his "Treatiſe on Painting," he adviſes the ſtudent to ſtudy with the utmoſt diligence the works of the Antients, in the remains of their ſtatues and bas reliefs; yet in his Luxemburg Gallery, when he introduces the Apollo Belvidere, he makes rather an Apollo of Flanders than of Greece.

The Crucifixion of St. Peter with his head downwards, was the laſt of Rubens' Works, and that which he admired the moſt: he gave it to a Church in his native town of Cologne. The compoſition of his celebrated Taking Down from

from the Crofs is faid to have been borrowed exactly from an old Print: the original is indeed excellent; and Rubens, in a moment of idlenefs, might perhaps think that he could not go beyond it.

To the talents of a Painter, Rubens added all the virtues of a Chriftian, and the graces of a Gentleman. He feems to have been extremely liberal, and to have painted many pictures for Churches and Convents from motives of piety and charity. Thefe appear to have been fome of the happieft efforts of his pencil, no lefs with refpect to their execution, than the motives which infpired them.

LE SUEUR.

THIS excellent Painter was pupil to Simon Vouet. He foon furpaffed his mafter, and, though he had never quitted France, became, in fome points of the art, one of the firft painters of his time. His contemporary Le Brun appears to have been very jealous of his fuperior talents; for, on hearing of his death, he malignantly faid, "I feel now as if I had a "thorn juft taken out of my foot."

Le Sueur died young, and left behind him many works; ſuch as The Cloiſter of the Chartreux at Paris, Alexander and his Phyſician, &c. that might rival the works of the greateſt painters for elegance of deſign, beauty of form, and truth of expreſſion. In colouring he was defective, that meretricious and ambitious appendage of the art where it is exerciſed upon great ſubjects, and embraces extenſive compoſitions, the appropriated effects of which can be as well produced in *chiaro oſcuro.*

BOUCHARDON.

A MORE unbiaſſed and more unequivocal teſtimony was never afforded to the merit of the Iliad of Homer, than that given by this ſculptor. By ſome accident he ſtumbled on the old miſerable tranſlation of Homer into French verſe, and the images which it ſupplied to a man of his ardent imagination ſtruck him ſo forcibly, that he told one of his friends ſoon afterwards, "I met the other day with an old "French book that I had never ſeen before. "It is called Homer's Iliad, I think. I do "not know how it is, but ſince I have read it, "men appear to me to be fifteen feet high, "and I cannot get a wink of ſleep at night."

D'Alembert,

D'Alembert, who mentions this anecdote, ſays, that he once heard an artiſt talk nearly the ſame language to him, " and who," adds he, " in ſpeaking like Bouchardon, did not ſpeak " after him."

The ſpeech of Bouchardon to his friend reſpecting Homer induced the celebrated Count Caylus to ſet about a little work, of great uſe to painters and to ſculptors, entitled, " *Tableaux* " *tirées d'Homere*," octavo.—" Subjects for Ar- " tiſts, taken from the Iliad and the Odyſſey of " Homer."

CHARLES THE FIFTH,

DUKE OF LORRAINE.

[1675—1690.]

THIS great and unfortunate Prince, according to Henault, ſucceeded to his uncle Charles the Fourth, not ſo much in his Duchy as in the hopes of recovering it, it having been wreſted from him by Louis the Fourteenth. He took as the motto to his ſtandards, " *Aut nunc, aut* " *nunquam*;" but was not the more ſucceſsful, the Marſhal Crequi continually preventing his entrance into his dominions. He was more

fortunate, however, when he fought for others, and gained for his relation Leopold Emperor of Germany (whoſe cauſe he had eſpouſed) many victories, both over his rebellious ſubjects and over the Turks. He was a Prince of great honour and piety, and, according to Marſhal Berwick, ſo diſintereſted, that when the Emperor was diſpoſed to go to war with France (which was the only chance the Duke had of recovering his Duchy), he wrote to him to tell him, that he ought to prefer the general good of Chriſtianity to his private animoſities, and that if at that particular period he would employ all his forces in Hungary againſt the Turks, he could nearly promiſe him to drive thoſe infidels out of Europe.

The Emperor agreed to this magnanimous propoſal of the Duke of Lorraine, and ſent to him to come to him at Vienna, to take the command of his armies. On his journey he was taken ill of a fever, and, a few hours before he died, wrote the following letter to the Emperor, which breathes the ſpirit of a Man, a Hero, and a Chriſtian:

"Sire,

"Aussitot que j'ai reçu vos ordres, je "ſuis parti d'Inſpruk pour me rendre à Vienne,

"mais

" mais je me trouve arrêté ici par les ordres
" d'un plus grand Maître. Je pars, et je vais
" lui rendre compte d'une vie que j'aurois con-
" ſacrée à votre ſervice. Souvenez-vous, Sire,
" que je quitte une femme qui vous touche,
" des enfans auxquels je ne laiſſe que mon
" epée, et mes ſujets dans l'oppreſſion.

" CHARLES *."

Louis the Fourteenth, on hearing of the death of the Duke of Lorraine, nobly exclaimed, " I " have then loſt the braveſt and the moſt ge- " nerous enemy I ever had. His leaſt excel- " lence was that of being a Prince."

* Sire,

" As ſoon as I received your commands, I ſet out for
" Inſpruck, on my way to Vienna; but I find myſelf
" ſtopped in that city by the orders of a greater Maſter. I
" depart, and am going to give him an account of a life,
" that I would otherwiſe have conſecrated to your ſervice.
" Remember, Sire, that I leave behind me a wife who is
" your relation, children to whom I have nothing to give
" but my ſword, and my ſubjects who are in a ſtate of
" oppreſſion.

" CHARLES."

LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH,

SURNAMED THE WELL-BELOVED.

[1715—1774.]

THIS Monarch, on ſeeing the tombs of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and of Margaret of Auſtria, exclaimed, "Behold the "cradle of all our wars!"

When he was before the walls of Menin, in Flanders, he was told, that if he choſe to riſk an attack, that place would be taken four days ſooner than it otherwiſe would be. "Let us "take it then," replied he, "four days later. "I had rather loſe theſe four days, than one of "my ſubjects."

He was a man of good ſenſe, but of no great reading: he uſed, however, to aſtoniſh the Noblemen who made up his party in the evening, by the apparent knowledge he had of what was going on in the literary world at Paris. He received every week a *precis* of every new book that was publiſhed in that Capital, made for him by one of his attendants.

"On hearing of his death," ſays Brotier, "a "great Monarch exclaimed, "Louis was a "man

" man of uprightneſs and integrity. I have " known him by a long epiſtolary correſpond- " ence which we kept up together."

Louis had, however, the weakneſs of giving to his Miniſters only a part of his confidence: he ſet ſpies upon them; and the Count de Broglio, brother of the Marſhal of that name, was at the head of his ſecret and private Cabinet, which not unfrequently counteracted the plans of his public and acknowledged Adminiſtration.

LOUIS, DAUPHIN,

SON TO LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH.

This French Germanicus was educated by the virtuous and intelligent Marſhal de Muy, and did complete juſtice to the pains that his excellent Governor took for his education. "A " Dauphin," ſaid this Prince, "ſhould be a " mere cypher in the Government of France, " whilſt a King of that Country ſhould endea- " vour to do every thing."

When Louis the Fifteenth preſented the Dauphin, then a very young man, to the Prince of Conti, he ſaid, "Well, couſin, what do you

"think of my ſon?"—"Sire," replied he, "*Il* "*lui manque ſeulement un air du College:*—All "that he wants, Sire, is to have been brought "up at a public ſeminary; he wants that free- "dom and openneſs of manner, that poſſeſſion "of himſelf, which an aſſociation with young "men of his own age alone can give him *."

He uſed to ſay, "That a Sovereign ſhould "avoid war, without appearing to be afraid of "it; carry it on with ſpirit, without loving it; "be the firſt to brave that danger that other "perſons were incurring; ſhed his own blood "with courage, and ſpare that of his ſub- "jects."

To induce the Dauphin to aſk for a greater allowance than his father granted him, ſome of the perſons about his Court told him, that the Dauphin, the only ſon of Louis the Fourteenth, had a larger income than himſelf. "Indeed," ſaid he, "I ſhould be very happy to have my

* The French Writer who tells this anecdote obſerves, "That all the French Princes who have diſtin- "guiſhed themſelves were educated at a public ſeminary, "as the great Prince of Condé and his Brother at the "College Royal, and the late Prince of Conti at that of "Harcourt."

"penſion

"pension increased, were it not raised upon my "father's subjects."

"Ignorance," said he, "is the greatest mis-"fortune that can happen to a Prince. It is "but seldom that a King forms, in cool blood, "a design to enslave his people. Humanity "opposes it, and his own interest deters him "from it. Ignorance alone prevails upon him "to attempt it. Ignorance then is the source "of all his miseries."

"A Prince," he observed, "holds his exist-"ence in the political world by his authority "only. Not to be perfectly acquainted with "its origin, its extent, and its bounds, or to "know them but superficially, is neither to "know the nature nor the properties of his "existence."

The names of the children of the Royal Family of France were used to be inscribed in the parish register of Versailles; the Dauphin took his children one day with him to the Church of that Town, and, opening the register before them, thus addressed them: "Observe, my good "children, your names following, in regular "order, the names of the poorest and of the "lowest of my father's subjects. Religion and "Nature know no distinction: Virtue alone

"makes the difference between one perſon and "another; and perhaps he whoſe name you "precede in this book may appear greater in "the eyes of God, than you may appear in "thoſe of mankind."

The Dauphin, with his uſual paternal ſolicitude, cauſed a book to be written for the uſe of his eldeſt ſon, the late unfortunate King of France (a book now become uſeleſs) *ſur le droit public de France.*

DUKE OF ORLEANS,

REGENT OF FRANCE.

Duclos ſays of this Prince, "He was by "nature humane, compaſſionate, liberal, and "brave. He would have been a virtuous man, "could any one be virtuous without princi- "ples." His Uncle (Louis the Fourteenth) ſaid of him, "that he was *un fanfaron des crimes*; "and," added this Monarch, "I really believe, "that if the Duke of Orleans were to be ſe- "riouſly ill, he would have recourſe to relics "and to holy water."

Mr. Pope, ſpeaking of him, ſays,

"A Godleſs Regent tremble at a Star!"

§ Duclos,

Duclos, in confirmation of his ſarçaſm upon the Duke's fooliſh fears and idle ſuperſtition, ſays, "that the Duke uſed to run after every "fortune-teller and aſtrologer that came to "Paris, and exhibited in his character all the "credulous curioſity of a chamber-maid."

The Duke was a man of talents, a Muſician, a Chemiſt, and a Painter; and he was more pleaſed with the compliments paid to him on his ſuppoſed excellence in any of theſe arts, than on any attention or flattery beſtowed upon his rank or his courage.

The Regent one day gave his drawing-maſter the choice of two pictures from his Gallery. He ſolicited two that were painted by his Royal Highneſs. They were of courſe preſented to him, with a thouſand louis d'ors, as a reward for the juſtneſs of his taſte.

The Duke diſtinguiſhed himſelf extremely as a General in Spain, and was a man of great ſenſe and great eloquence; yet, from the want of the proper direction of this aſſemblage of talents, his life was paſſed in a manner neither happy nor honourable to himſelf, nor uſeful to others. His mother uſed to ſay of him, that at his birth all the fairies in the neighbourhood

 were

were invited to beſtow their favours upon him, except one who was left out by accident. She in revenge ſaid, that ſhe would make all their gifts inefficacious, by rendering the child incapable of making a good uſe of them

Many of the Regent's *bons mots* remain: His definition of the perſons who frequent the Courts of Sovereigns, and are in place with every Adminiſtration, is excellent: "*Ce ſont des parfaits* "*courteſans; ils ont ni honneur ni humeur.*" To ſome Eccleſiaſtic of diſtinction whoſe character was indifferent, and who on ſoliciting the Regent for a Biſhopric told him that he ſhould be diſhonoured if he was not placed in that ſituation, he replied, "Sir, I had much rather that you "ſhould be diſhonoured than myſelf."

The good Staniſlaus King of Poland, driven from his dominions by the ferocious Charles the Twelfth, took refuge in Paris, where he was ſupported at the expence of the Court of France. Some one complained to the Regent of the great ſum of money which this exiled Monarch's ſupport coſt, and wiſhed him to leave France. "Sir," replied the Duke of Orleans nobly, "France has been, and I truſt ever will "be, the refuge of unfortunate Princes: and I "ſhall moſt certainly not permit it to be vio-

"lated,

" lated, when ſo excellent a Prince as the King
" of Poland comes to claim it."

England has done itſelf immortal honour, by the protection it has afforded to the Emigrant Nobility and Prieſthood of France during the late unparalleled Revolution in that country.

The liberality and generoſity which the Britiſh Nation in general ſhewed to the unfortunate French who have reſided among them gave occaſion to the following lines in 1791, to introduce a Lady of birth, of elegance, and of talents, to the notice of the Public as a ſinger.

TO MADAME DE S——.

FROM Gallic horrors, and Sedition's roar,
Welcome, ſweet Syren, to the Britiſh ſhore!
From his fam'd lyre ſuch notes Amphion drew,
And ſtraight Bœotia's ſtones to order flew,
Leap'd into form, obedient to command,
And own'd the magic of the maſter's hand.

Hadſt thou attun'd thy ſweetly-ſounding ſtring,
Thine and thy injur'd Country's wrongs to ſing;
Hadſt thou bewail'd, in thy all-powerful ſtrain,
Thy King a captive, and his Nobles ſlain;
Whilſt law and right, the ſanctuary and throne,
One equal wreck, one monſtrous ruin own;
Nor age nor ſex whilſt Hell-born Rapine ſpares,
The hoary prelate from the altar tears,

The

The ſacred cloyſter's reverend gloom invades,
Drags into day the Heaven-devoted maids!
And (ſhame! oh ſhame!) pollutes their pious ears
With taunts profane, and with indecent jeers;—
The furious rabble ſure had learnt to feel,
Rebellion's ſelf had ſheath'd its murd'rous ſteel;
Diſcord for once had bade her horrors ceaſe,
And thou hadſt ſooth'd the madd'ning herd to Peace!

How vain the thought! for Gallia's modern race
The antient fathers of their ſoil diſgrace.
No more with zeal their Monarch they obey;
No more they bend to Beauty's ſofter ſway;
Traitors to every power they once ador'd,
And true to Licence only and the Sword!
A Bourbon now, robb'd of his vaſt domain,
His ſubjects loyalty implores in vain;
Proud Auſtria's daughter, Gallia's beauteous Queen,
Bleſt with each grace of Pallas' lofty mien,
Diſplays her mournful majeſty of charms
Unheeded 'midſt the din of civil arms:
Their Royal child, with ſad affright oppreſt,
In vain ſeeks refuge in a parent's breaſt;
In vain his helpleſs ſuppliant arms extends,
No pity ſoothes, no pious care befriends,
Whilſt with a trembling voice and ſtreaming eyes,
"O ſpare my mother—ſpare your Queen," he cries,
(Patron of wretched Gaul's diſtracted land,
Oh ſainted Monarch *, arm thy vengeful hand;
Graſp the red bolt, avert this foul diſgrace,
And ſave the glories of thy ſacred race!)

* St. Louis, the Tutelar Saint of France, from whom the preſent Royal Family is deſcended.

Then,

Then, lovely Syren, welcome to this Iſle,
Where temper'd Liberty has deign'd to ſmile!
Where laws in Freedom's happieſt hour deſign'd,
The wonder and the envy of mankind,
With equal force the Peer and Peaſant bind;
Where ſcale of rank but fans the mind's bright fire,
And bids it to each dignity aſpire;
Where Kings, but echoing the public voice,
Reign by true right divine, their people's choice;
No lawleſs ſway, no baleful power confeſs,
Contented only with the power to bleſs;
Favour'd Vicegerents of th' Eternal Throne
In mercy, its lov'd attribute, alone;
Where every Muſe has fix'd her willing ſeat,
Where every talent finds a ſure retreat;
Where ſoft Humanity (the country's boaſt)
Beckons each wand'ring ſufferer to the coaſt.
Here whilſt thy trembling fingers ſtrike the lyre
To notes of horror or of ſoft deſire,
Thy lips in ſweet vibration pour around
Each mingled melody of vocal ſound;
And whilſt, reſponſive to the well-ſtruck ſtrings,
The little Loves expand their purple wings,
O'er every charm of thy fair form preſide,
And each compos'd and decent motion guide;
Whilſt ſad remembrance of a happier fate
(A huſband's love, a father's honour'd ſtate*)
For one ſhort pauſe arreſts the liquid note,
And the ſigh lingers in thy tuneful throat;

* Madame de S——'s father was Under-Intendant to M. Bertier, the Intendant of Paris, who was butchered by the mob of that city a few years ago.

Whilſt

Whilſt warm with extacy our boſoms glow,
For thy ſad ills the generous tears ſhall flow,
Pity with tranſport in each breaſt unite,
And ſympathy give virtue to delight. S.

In the frankneſs and openneſs of his character, and in ſome degree in his perſon, the Regent reſembled Henry the Fourth; and he was much pleaſed when any one noticed the reſemblance to him.

The Regent was a good judge of painting. The collection of pictures which he made at the Palais Royal was a very fine one, and united in itſelf the collections of Chriſtina Queen of Sweden and Cardinal de Richelieu, with the additions made to it by himſelf. Spence in his "Anecdotes" ſays, that the moſt coſtly picture in the collection was the *Belle Raphael* (as it is called), and that it coſt thirteen hundred pounds. Ten thouſand guineas were offered lately, by a Sovereign, for the three Maries at the Sepulchre by Annibal Caracci. A French banker bought the Italian part of the Collection; and the Flemiſh part was on ſale in London in the year 1793.

The Regent's ſon, on ſucceeding his father, ordered Coypel to cut to pieces all the indecent pictures

pictures in the Palais Royal. This order was not rigidly complied with, as several of these pictures have made their way into other collections, as those of Dresden, Berlin, &c.

La Grange had written a most abusive libel upon the Duke of Orleans in verse: it was entitled "*Les Philippiques*," and accused him of every thing that was base and scandalous. The Regent sent for him, and asked him coolly, "Whether in his heart he believed him to be "so bad a man as he had represented him." La Grange replied, "that he had not written "a syllable in his book, that he did not be-"lieve to be true."—"Sir," replied the Regent, "it is well for you, that you are of that "opinion; otherwise I should have ordered you "to have been hung up immediately *."

On his being appointed Regent, he insisted on being allowed the power of pardoning. "I "have no objection," said he, "to have my "hands tied from doing harm; but I will have "them free to do good."

* "Nothing," says Montesquieu, "so much lessens "the character of great men, as the attention they pay "to their personal injuries. I know two men who were "entirely insensible to them, Julius Cæsar and the Regent "Duke of Orleans."

To his infant Sovereign he behaved with the utmoſt reſpect, and took great pains to inſtruct him. "I will conceal nothing from your "Majeſty," ſaid he to him; "not even your "faults."

"The Regent died," ſays Duclos, "of the "indulgence of groſs pleaſures (*de ſa chere* "*crapule*, as he terms it), in ſpite of the "advice of his Phyſicians and of his friends. "A man," adds Duclos, "quits his vices "in general, when he is quitted by them: the "indulgence, however, of groſs pleaſures is "too apt to remain with him, till it makes "him at laſt fall a victim to its pernicious "effects."

MADAME DE BAVIERE,

MOTHER OF THE REGENT OF FRANCE,

is thus deſcribed by Duclos: "She was ex-"tremely fond of her ſon, though ſhe was "much diſſatisfied with his conduct. This "Princeſs had great good ſenſe, was a woman "of virtue and of honour, much attached to "the decorum of her ſituation, and to the "etiquette of her rank. An excellent ſtate "of health which nothing could affect, and

" which prevented her from requiring any de-
" licacy with respect to herself, made her ap-
" pear harsh and unfeeling to others, whom
" she could not possibly suppose to stand in
" need of any kind of management or atten-
" tion to their feelings. She was a German,
" and was extremely fond of persons of that
" Nation: indeed it was sufficient only to be
" of that Nation to have a claim to her atten-
" tion."

Some extracts from the letters of this Princess to Caroline Queen of George the Second, were printed a few years ago; they are curious, but very gross. Mrs. S——, who was Bedchamber-woman to Queen Caroline, used to say, that she remembered perfectly well the Queen's receiving many of them, and that she occasionally said, " These are letters not fit for " every one to read."

On the death of this Princess, some one, in allusion to the extremely vicious character of her son, and to the Proverb that has had its sanction in the experience of all ages and of all countries to its truth, " Idleness is the mother of Vice," wrote upon her coffin, " *C'y gyst l'Oisiveté*; Here " lies Idleness."

CARDINAL DUBOIS.

The ſpeech which this profligate Miniſter delivered to the Aſſembly of the Clergy, was made by Fontenelle, who wrote likewiſe the Epitaph for his Eminence, which he managed extremely well. Having nothing to ſay of the good qualities of the deceaſed Cardinal, he merely adverted in it to the height of his ſituation, and the uncertainty of power and of dignity. After the enumeration of all his titles and employments, he adds from Scripture, "What are all theſe titles and honours but "the changing bow of Heaven, and the vapour that melts into air! Paſſenger, intreat "of Heaven for the deceaſed more ſolid and "more ſubſtantial bleſſings."

The Monument repreſents the Cardinal on his knees with a book open before him, in which there is inſcribed "*Miſerere*:" his eyes are turned towards the body of the church, as if to intreat continually the prayers of the congregation for him. The idea of it was ſuggeſted by a relation of his, an Eccleſiaſtic of great merit.

Dubois, ſoon after the Peace of Ryſwick, was in England, where he became acquainted with a celebrated Counteſs of that Nation, whom he uſed to call "*la plus belle Irregularité* "*du Monde.*" One of her friends, ſuppoſing (no doubt) that Dubois would become one day Prime Miniſter of France, gave him this advice: "Take care never to ſerve any perſon "too much; you will always ſuffer for it; and "I ſuppoſe that you are hardly enough of a "Don Quixote to pique yourſelf on the glory "of making a man ungrateful."

The Cardinal, who had been exalted from a very mean ſituation to the rank of Prime Miniſter of a great Country, and a Prince of the Church, uſed occaſionally to exclaim, in the midſt of all his conſequence and ſplendor (ſo much envied by the reſt of mankind), "Alas! how happy ſhould I be, were I to "return to my old ſituation and lodging in "a good ſecond floor, with an old Gouver-"nante, and with a hundred and fifty pounds "a-year!" The obſervant Fontenelle uſed to ſay, "What always made me ſatisfied with "my low condition of life, was to ſee Cardinal "Dubois come to me to be ſoothed and com-"forted, and that I had never occaſion to apply "to him for a ſimilar purpoſe."

Soon

Soon after the Regent had made Dubois a Councillor of State, he ſent for him, and taking him by the hand ſaid, "My good friend, we "muſt now have a little honeſty: I muſt beg "it of you as a favour."

The Cardinal was a man of very preciſe and accurate converſation, and had a great deal of general knowledge. This he took care to increaſe, by always leading, with great dexterity, the perſons with whom he was converſing to ſubjects on which they had moſt knowledge *.

Mr. Crawfurd, in one of his diſpatches from the Court of France, after giving an account of the laſt hours of the Cardinal, embittered by the moſt horrid tortures of mind and of body, thus delineates his character:

"His Eminence had no great order in private affairs, nor even in the conduct of the "great detail of public buſineſs which he took "upon him; ſo that there is a good deal of "confuſion in his family, and amongſt his

* "M. de Varillas," ſays Menage, "told me one day, "that nine parts out of ten of what he knew, he had "picked up in converſation. On reflecting a little," adds Menage, "I told him that I was preciſely in the ſame "ſituation."

"Clerks in their different offices. He could "never bring himſelf to diſtribute his time "of doing buſineſs into appropriated hours "and days, for the different affairs of which he "undertook the detail; and by this means "ſeldom had time to finiſh any thing but "what was immediately preſſing, and remained "almoſt in a continual hurry by the great "multiplicity of affairs that neceſſarily crouded "upon him in ſuch a country as this; whilſt "he let every one know, that it was to him "alone they muſt addreſs themſelves, if they "expected to ſucceed in any demand they had "to make."

The Cardinal, whoſe papers were never put in any order, uſed frequently, in ſearching after any thing he wanted, to ſwear exceſſively. One of his Clerks told him, "Your Eminence had "better hire a man to ſwear for you, and then "you will gain ſo much time."

MR. LAW.

THIS celebrated Projector, ſoon after his arrival at Paris, boaſted, "that he would make "France ſo powerful, that every other Nation "in Europe ſhould ſend Ambaſſadors to it, "but

"but that the King of France ſhould merely "ſend Meſſengers to the other Nations *."

A friend of Law's aſked him one day, whether it were true that he was going to war with England. "I ſhould think," added he, "that "a Miniſter like yourſelf, whoſe intereſt it is "to make the State flouriſh by commerce, and "by eſtabliſhments that require peace, would "never think of going to war." Law calmly replied, "Sir, I do not deſire war, but I am not "afraid of it."

Law had promiſed his maſter, the Regent, mountains of gold; and when his promiſes failed, the Regent ſent for him, called him by all the opprobrious epithets that he could think of —"Knave, Madman!" and ſaid, that he did not know what hindered him from ſending him to the Baſtile, for that there never was any perſon ſent there who deſerved it ſo well as himſelf.

* "*Je rendrai la France ſi grande, que toutes les Nations* "*de l'Europe enverront des Ambaſſadeurs à Paris, et le Roi* "*n'enverra que des Couriers.*"

[M]ARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAH[AL]

M. BOUDOU.

THIS eminent Surgeon was one day ſent for by the Cardinal Dubois, Prime Miniſter of France, to perform a very ſerious operation upon him. The Cardinal, on ſeeing him enter the room, ſaid to him, "You muſt not expect, "Sir, to treat me in the ſame rough manner "as you treat your poor miſerable wretches at "your Hoſpital of the Hôtel Dieu."—"My "Lord," replied M. Boudou with great dignity, "every one of thoſe miſerable wretches, "as your Eminence is pleaſed to call them, is "a Prime Miniſter in my eyes."

M. DE BELSUNCE,

BISHOP OF MARSEILLES.

"MARSEILLES' good Biſhop" was of the family of Belſunce in the province of Guienne in France. He had taken the vows as a Jeſuit, and became afterwards Biſhop of Marſeilles. In conſideration of the eminent ſervices he rendered to that city during the plague that viſited it in 1720, the Regent offered him the richer and more honourable ſee of Laon in Picardy,

Picardy. He refuſed that biſhopric, giving as a reaſon, his unwillingneſs to leave a flock that had been endeared to him by their ſufferings: he was, however, prevailed upon to accept of a peculiar diſtinction with reſpect to the Court in which any lawſuits he might have the unhappineſs to be engaged in ſhould be tried. His pious and intrepid labours are commemorated in a picture in the town-hall of Marſeilles, in which he is repreſented in his epiſcopal habit, attended by his almoners, giving his benediction to the dying and the dead that are at his feet. Father Vanniere, in his "*Prædium Ruſticum*," alludes to M. de Belſunce in theſe lines;

——vitæ qui Præſul et auri
Prodigus, aſſiduis animos et corpora curis
Suſtinuit, mortem viſus calcare metumque
Intrepido vadens per ſtrata cadavera paſſu.

Profuſe of life, and prodigal of gold,
The ſacred Paſtor tends his ſick'ning fold;
Repoſe of body and of mind diſdains,
To calm their woes, and mitigate their pains;
Bravely deſpiſes death, and ev'ry fear,
With holy rites their drooping hearts to chear;
Vaſt heaps of dead without diſmay he views,
And with firm ſtep his gen'rous way purſues.

Some others of the Biſhops of Provence are mentioned with reſpect by Father Vanniere for their

their humanity and exertions on this occaſion, as M. de Ventimille, Archbiſhop of Aix, &c.

M. de Belſunce was an author. He wrote the Lives of his Predeceſſors in the See of Marſeilles, and ſome religious tracts.

CARDINAL FLEURY.

When the Abbé de St. Pierre preſented his project of a perpetual peace * to this wiley and experienced Miniſter, the Cardinal ſaid, " Sir, " I am much afraid that you have forgotten " the preliminary article. You have forgotten " to ſend a troop of miſſionaries, to diſpoſe " the hearts and the minds of the different " Sovereigns of Europe towards your excellent " project."

The Cardinal, like our excellent Miniſter Sir Robert Walpole, was forced into an expenſive and ruinous war by the clamour of faction and

* Soon after St. Pierre publiſhed his book, a Dutch Innkeeper ſet up a ſign, inſcribed, " *a la Paix perpetuelle.*" It repreſented a Church-yard; as if the miſchievous paſſions and the follies of mankind were to ceaſe only with the total extinction of the human race.

the folly of the people. On the Cardinal's part, indeed, he had taken the moſt effectual method of keeping the two great Nations of France and England in perfect harmony with one another: He uſed to remit to Sir Robert a certain ſum of money occaſionally, to be diſtributed amongſt thoſe, who, from diſappointment and a love of revenge, were likely in this country to counteract his pacific intentions *.

Fleury being one day told, that he was reſponſible to his Sovereign for his conduct, replied, "Say, rather to God and to my con"ſcience."

* The Aſs loaded with gold by Philip of Macedon took more Towns, perhaps, than his well-diſciplined and experienced armies. The French have ever known how to apply that univerſal agent with great ſucceſs. Moſt wars end as moſt revolutions begin, from the want of money: it would therefore ſeem to be good policy, and even a great ſaving of the precious metal, no leſs than of the lives and the happineſs of mankind (which are not often ſufficiently conſidered in the accounts of Stateſmen) if the moſt dreadful of human calamities was attempted to be prevented by the ſame means which eventually put a ſtop to its progreſs.

MARSHAL SAXE.

To the honour of the humanity of this great General, the following ſtory, told of him by M. de Senac, his Phyſician, ſhould be mentioned. The night before the battle of Raucour, M. de Senac obſerved his illuſtrious patient very thoughtful, and aſked him the reaſon of it; when he replied in a paſſage from the "Andromaque" of Racine,

Songe, ſonge, Senac, à cette nuit cruelle,
Qui fut pour tout un peuple une nuit eternelle.
Songe aux cris des vainqueurs, ſonge aux cris des mourans,
Dans la flamme etouffés ſous le fer expirans:

Think, think, my friend, what horrid woes
To-morrow's morning muſt diſcloſe
To thouſands, by Fate's hard decree,
The laſt morn they ſhall ever ſee,
Think how the dying and the dead
O'er yon extenſive plain ſhall ſpread;
What horrid ſpectacles afford,
Scorched by the flames, pierced by the ſword:

"and added, *Et tous les ſoldats n'en ſavoient rien*
"*encore*—And all theſe Soldiers knew nothing
"at all of what was to happen."

The

The following Letters were written by Marshal Saxe to M. D'Eon de Tiffé, Cenfor Royal, and Secretary to the Regent Duke of Orleans. They are permitted to embellish this Collection, by the kindnefs of the CHEVALIERE D'EON, niece to the perfon to whom they were addreffed.

"Monfieur,

"JE vous prye *einftan mant* de preter une "*atanfion* favorable a *fe* que Mlle. Sommer- "ville * vous dira, ill ma paru *quon* la vexe & "*fait* une bonne fille, a qui je feres charmé "de *randre ferviffe*, foiez perfuadés que lon "*fauret aitre* plus parfaitement,

"Monfieur,

"Votre tres humble & tres *obeiffent* ferviteur,

"MAURICE DE SAXE."

"A Paris le *Mardis*
"*derniers* de Juillet,
"1740."

"A ———.

"JE vous *prye d'aitre perfuades*, Monfieur, "que l'on ne *fauret aitre* plus fenfible que je le "fuis *au* marques de votre fouvenir & de votre "*amities*, elle me *feras toujour* chere, & mais "*fucfais acquiereront* de *nouvos* agremens pour

* An Actrefs of the French Opera.

"moy.

"*moy. Cant* je *ſaures* que vous vous y *eintereſſes*,
"l'on ſauret aitre plus parfaitement,
"Monſieur,
"Votre tres humble & tres *obeiſſent* ſerviteur,
"MAURICE DE SAXE."

Marſhal Saxe was a Lutheran, and his body could not therefore be buried in any of the Catholic churches in France with the uſual ceremonies attendant on the funerals of great men. This made the Queen of Louis the Fifteenth ſay, with ſome archneſs, "What a pity it is "that we cannot ſing one *De Profundis* to a "man who has made us ſing ſo many *Te* "*Deums*."

Of the greatneſs of Marſhal Saxe's courage who can doubt? yet his friends ſaid of him, that he would never* fight a duel; that he always

* A greater degree of ridicule was never thrown upon duelling than by the following ſtory, which Dr. Sandilands told to Mr. Richardſon, jun.

"Colonel Guiſe going over one campaign to Flanders, "obſerved a young raw Officer who was in the ſame veſ-"ſel with him, and with his uſual humanity told him, that "he would take care of him and conduct him to Antwerp, "where they were both going, which he accordingly did, "and then took leave of him. The young fellow was "ſoon told, by ſome arch rogues whom he happened to "fall

always looked under his bed every night; and every night locked his chamber door.

M. DUCLOS.

Louis the Fifteenth ſaid of Duclos, " *C'eſt un homme droit et adroit*," a man of

" fall in with, that he muſt ſignalize himſelf by fighting
" ſome man of known courage, or elſe he would ſoon be
" deſpiſed in the regiment. The young man ſaid, he
" knew no one but Colonel Guiſe, and he had received
" great obligations from him. It is all one for that, they
" ſaid, in theſe caſes. The Colonel was the fitteſt man
" in the world, every body knew his bravery. Soon after-
" wards, up comes the young Officer to Colonel Guiſe,
" as he was walking up and down in the Coffee-houſe, and
" began in a heſitating manner to tell him, how much
" obliged he had been to him, and how ſenſible he was of
" his obligations. Sir, replied Colonel Guiſe, I have done
" my duty by you, and no more. But Colonel, added the
" young Officer, faultering, I am told that I muſt fight ſom
" Gentleman of known reſolution, and who has killed
" ſeveral perſons, and that nobody— Oh! Sir, replied the
" Colonel, your friends do me too much honour; but there
" is a Gentleman (pointing to a huge fierce-looking black
" fellow that was ſitting at one of the tables) who has kill-
" ed half the regiment. So up goes the Officer to him,
" and tells him, he is well informed of his bravery, and
" that, for that reaſon, he muſt fight him. Who I, Sir?
" replied the Gentleman: why I am Peale the Apothe-
" cary."—*Richardſoniana.*

virtue

virtue and a man of the world. He was the hiſtoriographer of France, and the only perſon to whom Rouſſeau ever dedicated any of his works. When he was at Rome he was aſked by Clement XIII. whether he intended to publiſh the Memoirs of his own Times. He replied, " Holy Father, I neither wiſh to de-
" baſe myſelf by flattery, nor to incur any un-
" neceſſary danger by telling the truth."

Speaking of Politeneſs in his " *Conſiderations*
" *ſur les Mœurs*," he ſays,

" Mankind are ſo much indebted to each
" other, that they owe mutual attention; they
" owe each other a politeneſs worthy of them-
" ſelves, worthy of thinking beings, and varied
" according to the different ſentiments that
" ſhould dictate it.

" The politeneſs of the great therefore
" ſhould be that of humanity; and that of
" inferiors gratitude, if the great deſerve it;
" that of equals eſteem and mutual ſervices;
" far from endeavouring to encourage incivility,
" it is much to be wiſhed, that the politeneſs
" ariſing from ſoftneſs of manners ſhould be
" added to that which proceeds from goodneſs
" of heart.

" The

“ The moſt pernicious effect of the common
“ politeneſs of the world is, that it teaches us
“ to do without thoſe virtues which it imitates.
“ Were we but taught by our education to be
“ humane and benevolent, we ſhould either
“ poſſeſs politeneſs, or could do very well with-
“ out it.

“ We ſhould not perhaps have that polite-
“ neſs which announces itſelf by the Graces,
“ but we ſhould have that which announces
“ the honeſt man and the man of honour. We
“ ſhould then have no occaſion to have re-
“ courſe to mere appearances.

“ Inſtead of being artificial to pleaſe, it
“ would then be ſufficient that we were good
“ men; inſtead of being diſſemblers to flatter
“ the weakneſs of others, it would be enough
“ for us only to be indulgent to them.

“ Thoſe to whom we behaved in this man-
“ ner would neither be rendered inſolent nor
“ corrupted by it; they would only be grate-
“ ful and become better.”

It was an obſervation of Duclos, “ That
“ rogues always leagued together, whilſt honeſt
“ men kept themſelves iſolated.

“ Impious

"Impious and profligate writings," ſaid he, "are read once for their novelty, and, except "on account of the bad principles they con- "tain, they would never have been taken the "leaſt notice of; like thoſe obſcure criminals "whoſe names are known only by their crimes "and their puniſhments."

Theſe obſervations of Duclos are taken from his Life in the "*Necrologe des Hommes celebres* "*de France*;" a work formerly publiſhed every year at Paris in 12mo. It contained the Lives of the diſtinguiſhed Perſons in Arms, in Arts, and in Learning, who had died within the year. It gave an account of their actions, their writings, their labours, and their diſcoveries, and contained as well the hiſtory of the progreſs of the human mind, as the lives of the perſons mentioned in it. Each article was furniſhed by a perſon converſant with the profeſſion of the particular perſon deſcribed in it. A book conducted on the ſame plan would be a great addition to the literature of this country.

FONTENELLE.

FONTENELLE was of a good-humoured and apathiſtical diſpoſition. He was once aſked how

he had managed to be so generally liked as he was. He replied, "By observing these two "maxims: One cannot tell what may happen; "and every body may be right at last."

On seeing the bust of Boileau, the Satirist, he exclaimed, "I say now of Boileau what I "have always said, crown him with laurels, "and hang him afterwards upon the next "gibbet *."

Of a company consisting of men of no great understanding, and of Ladies who were of a certain age, he said, "*Les hommes sont passable, et* "*les femmes passees.*"

Some one asking him how old he was, he said, "Hush! Pray don't speak so loud; death "seems to have forgotten me, and you may "perhaps put him in mind of me."

* Boileau himself says,

——— *Quittons la satyre,*
C'est un mechant metier que celui de medire.

The Satirist but too often avenges his own miseries upon the feelings of others.—Regnier used to tell his friends, that he never became discontented with the world, till he had long been discontented with himself.

A few

A few hours before he died, being aſked what he felt, he ſaid, " *rien qu'une difficulté* " *d'être.*"

Fontenelle's Dramas are very elegant in their ſtyle and in their thinking. His *Eloges* are excellent. His other works are of no great value. The " Hiſtory of Oracles" was taken from Vandale, a heavy Dutch writer, and dreſſed up with Fontenelle's uſual elegance.

MONTESQUIEU

ſaid to Madame d'Aiguillon on his death-bed, " I have always reſpected religion; the mora- " lity of the Goſpel is the moſt valuable pre- " ſent that God could have beſtowed upon " mankind."

EXTRACTS FROM SOME DETACHED THOUGHTS OF MONTESQUIEU, PUBLISHED A FEW YEARS SINCE BY M. DE LA PLACE, OF BRUSSELS.

" I am attached to my country, becauſe I " like the Government under which I was " born, without being afraid of it, or expecting " any emolument from it. I ſhare equally " with my fellow-citizens in the protection

“ which it affords to us, and I thank God
“ that he has given to me a degree of mode-
“ ration.

“ If I knew any thing that would be uſeful
“ to myſelf, and at the ſame time prejudicial
“ to my family, I would eraſe it from my
“ mind; if I knew any thing that would be
“ uſeful to my family, but prejudicial to my
“ country, I would ſtrive to forget it; if I
“ knew any thing that would be uſeful to my
“ country, but prejudical to mankind, I ſhould
“ look upon it as a crime.

“ We are allowed to aſpire to the higheſt
“ ſituations in our country, becauſe it is per-
“ mitted to every citizen to wiſh to be uſeful
“ to his country. Beſides, a noble ambition
“ (when properly directed) is a ſentiment very
“ uſeful to ſociety; for, as the phyſical world
“ ſubſiſts only becauſe every particle of matter
“ tends to fly off from the centre, ſo the poli-
“ tical world ſuſtains itſelf by the inward and
“ reſtleſs deſire that every one has to remove
“ from the ſituation in which he is placed.

“ The heroiſm that ſound morality avows
“ has very few charms for moſt men; the he-
“ roiſm

" roiſm that deſtroys morality ſtrikes us and
" forces our admiration.

" There are no perſons that I have ever more
" completely deſpiſed, than witlings, and per-
" ſons of rank devoid of probity.

" My principle has always been, never to do
" that by another perſon which I could do by
" myſelf. This has enabled me to make my
" fortune by the means which I had in my
" own power, moderation and frugality; and
" never by means external to myſelf, which are
" but too often baſe or unjuſt.

" I love to frequent thoſe houſes where I
" can come off well with my every-day under-
" ſtanding.

" I doat upon friendſhip. I never remember
" in my life to have given away four louis d'ors
" from oſtentation, or to have paid four viſits
" from views of intereſt.

" It was my intention to have made my
" *Eſprit des Loix*" a work of greater extent,
" and to have conſidered many parts of it more
" fully. I am now become unable to do as I
" intended. My ſtudies have weakened my

 " eyes;

" eyes; and what light remains within, is merely " that of twilight, in which they will soon set " for ever.

" I am not so humble as the atheists are. I " would not change my hopes of immortality " for all their Quietism.

" Religion is peculiarly necessary to the Eng- " lish; as those persons who are not afraid to " destroy themselves, should at least be taught " the fatal and eternal consequences that attend " the rash and wicked action of a moment.

" In the course of my life I have been very " foolish, but have never been malignant. " When I see a man of worth, I never attempt " to take him to pieces.

" Idleness * should really be ranked amongst " the tortures of Hell. Yet people are foolish " enough

* "Idleness," says Lavater, strongly, " is the original " sin of our first parents. Do you not think it then dis- " obedience or rebellion? Nothing like it! their leading vice " was idleness. He that can subdue that one vice, can ne- " ver fail to accomplish whatever he purposes to do."

" Idleness," says the learned Lord Monboddo, " is the " source of almost every vice and folly. For a man who " does

" enough to claſs it with the beatitudes of
" Heaven.

" Thoſe

" does not know what to do, will do any thing rather than " nothing; and I maintain, that the richeſt man who " is haunted by that foul fiend (as it may be called) is a " much more unhappy man than the day-labourer, who earns " his daily bread by the ſweat of his brow, and who there- " fore only ſubmits to the ſentence pronounced upon our " firſt parents after their fall, and which, if it be underſtood " (as I think it ought to be) of the labour of the mind, as " well as of the body, we muſt all ſubmit to, or be miſer- " able if we do not. And accordingly thoſe, who have " nothing to do, endeavour to fly from themſelves, and " many fly from the country and go abroad for no other " reaſon.

Fruſtra, nam comes atra petit ſequiturque fugacem.

'Gainſt the foul fiend what can relief afford?
Our bed he climbs, participates our board;
Fly as we may o'er earth's extenſive round
He follows ſtill, and at our heels is found.
From his fell looks each joy a blaſt acquires,
And life itſelf beneath his graſp expires.

" And ſome go out of life for no other reaſon (and I think " there may be a worſe reaſon), than becauſe they have " nothing to do in it."

Metaphyſ. vol. iv. p. 92.

" Wearineſs of life," ſays Dr. Darwin, " in its moderate " degree has been eſteemed a motive to action by ſome phi- " loſophers; but thoſe men who have run through the " uſual amuſements of life early, in reſpect of their age, and " who have not induſtry or ability to cultivate thoſe ſciences

" which

"Thoſe perſons who have little to do are
"great talkers. A man talks, in general, in
"proportion to the ſmall degree of thought
"which he poſſeſſes.

"In the whole courſe of my life I have never
"known any perſons completely deſpiſed, ex-
"cept thoſe who keep bad company.

"Our modern orators appear to give in length
"what they want in depth*.

"If

"which afford a perpetual fund of novelty and of conſe-
"quent entertainment, are liable to become tired of life, as
"they ſuppoſe there is nothing new to be found in it that
"can afford them pleaſure; like Alexander, who is ſaid to
"have ſhed tears, becauſe he had not another world to con-
"quer."

The remedies recommended by this ingenious philoſo-
pher againſt the *tædium vitæ* are, "ſome reſtraint in ex-
"hauſting the uſual pleaſures of the world early in life;
"the agreeable cares of a matrimonial life; the cultivation
"of ſcience, as of Chemiſtry, Natural Philoſophy, Natural
"Hiſtory, &c. which ſupply an inexhauſtible ſource of
"pleaſurable novelty, and relieve *ennui* by the exertion they
"occaſion."

Zoonomia, vol. ii.

* Tully himſelf calls this defect "*calumnia dicendi*," the
ſcandal of public ſpeaking. This abuſe of a noble faculty
has ultimately deſtroyed every State in which it has been
practiſed. Athens and Rome fell when the tinſel of rhetoric
was

"If you aſk me, my ſon, what in general are "the prejudices of the Engliſh nation, and what "they eſteem moſt, I ſhould anſwer your queſ-"tion with ſome difficulty. They do not appear "to affect either war or ambition, neither thoſe "perſons who are well with the Ladies, nor "thoſe who have the ears of the Miniſter. "They appear deſirous that men ſhould be "men. They eſteem only two things, wealth "and merit."

"It is not," ſays this acute writer, in his Spirit of Laws, "it is not my buſineſs to "enquire, whether the Engliſh really poſſeſs "that freedom which they are ſuppoſed to "have. It is enough for my purpoſe that it "is eſtabliſhed by their Laws. I do not how-"ever pity thoſe nations who do not enjoy that "bleſſing. I know but too well that exceſs "of reaſon itſelf is not a deſirable thing, and "that in general mankind adapt themſelves "better to a medium than to the extremes."

was preferred to the pure gold of knowledge, when men affected to appear wiſe rather than be really ſo, and found the nation fooliſh enough to be ſatisfied with the ſhadow inſtead of the ſubſtance. "Is it not ſurprizing," ſays Dom Noel d'Argonne, "that, ſince eloquence has begun to be "ſufficiently known, mankind ſhould ſtill continue to be "duped by it?"

ABBE DE MARSY.

Du Fresnoy's Latin Poem on Painting is well known. It was written by an artiſt; but, though it contains many excellent precepts and obſervations relative to art, it is, like moſt other Latin didactic poems, dry and unintereſting. Abbé Marſy's Latin Poem on the ſame ſubject is written with greater elegance of ſtyle, and with ſuperior harmony of verſification. Many of the deſcriptions it contains are beautiful. It would appear to advantage in an Engliſh dreſs, were notes appended to it by an eminent Artiſt or a good Connoiſſeur, in the ſame manner as Sir Joſhua Reynolds's Comments illuſtrate the text of the tranſlation of Du Freſnoy by Mr. Maſon.

Marſy was the ſon of the celebrated ſculptor of the Baths of Diana in the gardens of Verſailles, and ſeems to have had a kind of hereditary right to taſte and knowledge in art.

He thus deſcribes Le Sueur and Nicolo Pouſſin:

Suerii quid clauſtra loquar doctique Sabinas:
Pouſſini.

* * * * *

Picturam

Picturam Ausoniis ex quo deduxit ab oris
Et Româ ereptas tibi Gallia tradidit artes.

Le Sueur's fam'd Cloister all our wonder claims;
Why speak of learned Poussin's Sabine dames?

* * * * *

Poussin to whom indebted Gallia boasts
Painting restored from the Italian coasts,
Proud from his powers of pencil to assume
Each various grace of art despoil'd from Rome.

He thus commemorates Titian, the painter of Nature:

——— *Agnosco tuos Titiane colores*
Docte tot illicibus succis decorare tabellas
Arte colorandi naturam ut vincere posses.

Titian, thy magic colours I descry,
Skill'd by the blended tints that charm the eye;
That Art with Nature's self appears at strife,
And the dull canvas animates to life.

M. de la Mierre and M. Watelet have written Poems on Painting in French verse; taking many of their sentiments and observations from the Latin Poems of Du Fresnoy and de Marsy. They have not, I fear, found many admirers.

Abbé de Marsy, speaking of the art of Painting * when exercised by such men as Michael

* The title of Marsy's Poem is "*Pictura*," 1736. 12mo. He wrote also a Latin Poem on Tragedy.

Angelo

Angelo and Julio Romano, defcribes its fublime effects, in fome lines which may be well applied to the Gallery of Milton, now painting by Mr. Fufeli.

Nunc etiam impavidis furgens ad fidera pennis
Terrenæ nil fœcis habens, flammentia mundi
Mœnia tranfgreditur.

Painting, on fearlefs pinions borne, afcends
The ftars exalted region, and, fet free
From every feculence of this vile earth,
Burfts through the flaming barriers of the world.

RAMEAU.

This great Mufician poffeffed that enthufiafm, without which nothing great is ever effected. He had one day fome men of letters at his houfe, who laughed at him very much on his making an anachronifm. Rameau flew with great emotion to his harpfichord, and, running rapidly over the keys of it, played a moft exquifite piece of harmony. "Now," faid he, "Gentlemen, it furely fhews more talent to "be able to compofe fuch a piece of mufic as "that which you have juft heard, than to be "able to tell in what year Charlemagne or "Clovis died. You only remember; I invent; "and

"and pray which is the moſt admirable, ge-
"nius or erudition?"

On a quarrel he had with the elegant Quinault, whoſe Operas he ſet to muſic, he ſaid, "You will ſee how well I can do without my "Poet. I will in future ſet the Dutch Gazette "to muſic."

The Collar of the Order of St. Michael was intended for Rameau by Louis the Fifteenth. He died, however, before he received it; and, at a public funeral, which the Royal Academy of Muſic made for him in one of the churches of Paris, the office for the dead was ſet to muſic, taken from his own Operas of Caſtor and Dardanus.

His enemies complained, without reaſon, that his muſic pleaſed merely from its difficulty of execution *. It was indeed grand and elaborate, and excelled in its power of harmony, and in

* Dr. Johnſon was obſerved by a muſical friend of his, to be extremely inattentive at a Concert, whilſt a celebrated ſolo player was running up the diviſions and ſubdiviſions of notes upon his violin. His friend, to induce him to take greater notice of what was going on, told him how extremely difficult it was. "Difficult do you call it, "Sir?" replied the Doctor; "I wiſh it were impoſſible."

the

the juſt combination of ſounds apparently diſcordant. This, however, evinced the genius and the knowledge of the maſter.

M. D'ACQUIN.

THIS great Muſician was a competitor for the exquiſite organ of St. Paul's at Paris, with Rameau. They had each of them played a fugue, on the merit of which the judges were divided; and, as it was ſuppoſed that their compoſitions were premeditated, they were deſired to execute a voluntary.

D'Acquin firſt aſcends the organ loft, throws his ſword with ſome emotion at his feet, and exclaims, looking down upon his audience with an air of triumph, inſpired by the conſciouſneſs of his own talents, "*C'eſt moi qui vais toucher!*" and in this tranſport of enthuſiaſm, which the indeciſion of his judges had occaſioned, made ſuch ſpirited efforts, that the ſuffrages were no longer divided, and he triumphed, in point of execution at leaſt, over the greateſt muſician that France ever produced.

Rameau, however ſucceſsful his competitor had been, uſed to ſay of him, "There is no good

" music now: our taste for it is continually " changing: M. d'Acquin alone has had the " courage to stem the torrent; he has always " maintained to the Organ the majesty and the " graces that are peculiarly appropriated to " that wonderful instrument: he might, how- " ever, have given into all the tricks of execu- " tion if he had pleased; I admire him for not " having done so."

J. J. Rousseau, in his Musical Dictionary, observes, article Preluder, " It is in this great art, " that our good Organists in France excel, such " as M. d'Acquin and M. Claviere."

DU CERCEAU,

In his Life of the modern Roman Demagogue Rienzi, observes, " that popular talents, in " general, are combined with a certain degree of " insanity." The mass of mankind appear rather to be pleased with what dazzles than with that which convinces them; and are more impressed by the ardour of enterprize than by the sobriety of practicability. It is the exercised eye alone which prefers the impasto of Titian to the glaize of Barocci,—solid and substantial colour to airy and diaphanous tints.

MARIVAUX.

This ingenious man, however metaphyſical and alembicated he may be in his writings, was of great ſimplicity and *bon hommie* in his character and converſation. Having one day met with a ſturdy beggar, who aſked charity of him, he replied, "My good friend, ſtrong and ſtout "as you are, it is a ſhame that you do not go "to work."—"Ah Maſter," ſaid the beggar, "if "you did but know how lazy I am."—"Well," replied Marivaux, "I ſee thou art an honeſt "fellow, here is half a crown for you."

Being one day in company with Lord Bolingbroke, who had profeſſed himſelf an infidel on many points of the Chriſtian Religion, though he had mentioned as true many dubious hiſtorical facts, "Well, my Lord," ſaid he, "if you "are an infidel, I ſee that it is not for want of "faith."

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL * THE TANJORE

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA ... MAHAL.

LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH.

[1774—1793.]

THE ſituation of this excellent Prince is thus emphatically deſcribed by that great Politician, Frederic, the laſt King of Pruſſia, in one of his letters to Voltaire:

"June 18, 1776.

"I HAVE lately learned that the King of "France has diſplaced ſome of his Miniſters. "I am not aſtoniſhed at it. I look upon "Louis the Sixteenth as a young lamb in the "midſt of wolves. He will be in great luck "if he gets out of their claws. A perſon who "ſhould chance to have been in the habits of "Government, would be at preſent much puz-"zled in France;—watched and ſurrounded "with artifices of every kind, he would be "forced to be guilty of miſtakes. How much "more likely then is it, that a young Prince, "without experience, ſhould be hurried along "by the torrent of intrigue and cabal.

"Thoſe perſons who have talked of the "French Government to you, have doubtleſs, "my dear Voltaire, exaggerated many things.

"I have

" I have had an opportunity of getting at the
" true ſtate of the revenues and of the debts
" of that kingdom. Its debts are enormous,
" its reſources exhauſted, and its taxes mul-
" tiplied beyond bounds. The only method
" to diminiſh in time the load of theſe debts,
" would be to put its expences within certain
" limits, and to retrench every ſuperfluity.
" But, alas! this I fear will never be done;
" for, inſtead of ſaying, I have ſuch an income,
" and I can afford to ſpend ſo much of it, we
" are but too apt to ſay, I muſt have ſo much
" money, find out expedients to procure it
" for me.

" Thoſe rogues of Monks ſhould be made
" to bleed pretty freely. This, however, would
" not be ſufficient (though it would undoubt-
" edly afford ſome reſources) to pay off the
" debts in a ſhort time, and to procure for the
" people of France all that aſſiſtance for which
" they have at preſent ſo great an occaſion.
" This diſtreſsful ſituation took its riſe in the
" preceding reigns, which contracted debts for
" the payment of which they had made no
" proviſion.

" It is this derangement of its finances
" which ſo materially influences every part of
" its

" its Government. It has put a ſtop to the " wiſe projects of M. de St. Germain. It " has prevented its Adminiſtration from having " that aſcendancy in the affairs of Europe, " which France has been ever uſed to take " ſince the reign of Henry the Fourth. With " reſpect to your Parliaments, as a thinking " man, I have conſtantly condemned the revo- " cation of that of Paris, as contrary to every " principle of logic and of good ſenſe."

Is it then any wonder, that when M. de Malſherbes came to requeſt his diſmiſſion from Adminiſtration, the King exclaimed, " I can, in- " deed, grant you your diſmiſſion. I wiſh I " were able to procure my own!"

His ſhort-ſighted Miniſters, in theſe diſtreſsful circumſtances, engaged him to aſſiſt the Colonies of a great Nation that were at war with the parent Country *; and not only to add

* That Miniſter of routine M. de Vergennes, grown old in intrigue and cabal, uſed to exclaim with rapture after the American War, " I have cut off one arm from the " proud Iſlanders, I will ſoon cut off the other." The direption of that arm, however, like the teeth of the ſerpent of Cadmus, has produced armed legions, which have not only deſtroyed each other and the Country by whoſe folly and

add to the immenſe debt already incurred in France, but to effect the propagation of that ſpirit of revolt which has ended ſo fatally for that kingdom.

On an application made to him by Tippoo Saib, not long before he ſuffered, to aſſiſt him in taking poſſeſſion of ſome Provinces in India from the Engliſh, and annexing them to the Crown of France, Louis nobly refuſed his aſſent, and ſaid, "In the American War, my "Miniſters took advantage of my youth and "inexperience. Every calamity that we have "ſuffered in France took its riſe from that "event."

During his infamous mock trial, this Prince was aſked, What he had done with a certain ſum of money—a few thouſand pounds. His voice failed him, and the tears came into his eyes at this queſtion; at laſt he replied, "*J'aimais* "*à faire des heureux.*—I had a pleaſure in mak-"ing other people happy." He had given the money away in charity.

and treachery they were produced, but threaten the deſtruction of Europe itſelf, and all that has been held ſacred for ages by the inhabitants of it.

On

On the night preceding his execution he ſaid to M. Edgeworth, " I do not know what I have " done to my couſin the Duke of Orleans, to " induce him to behave to me in the way in " which he has done ; but he is to be pitied ; " he is ſtill more wretched than I am ; I would " not change ſituations with him."

A few hours before he died, he ſaid to the ſame Gentleman, " How happy I am to have " retained my faith in religion. In what a " terrible ſtate of mind ſhould I have been " at this moment, had not the grace of God " preſerved this bleſſing to me. Yes, I ſhall " now be able to ſhew my enemies that I do " not fear them."

As this monarch, the moſt benevolent, the beſt intentioned Prince, and the moſt affectionate lover of his people * that Time has ever produced, was aſcending the ſcaffold to ſuffer the ſentence inflicted upon him by his unprincipled and infamous Judges, his virtuous and intrepid Confeſſor exclaimed, with all the

* " *Il n'y a que moi & M. Turgot qui aimons le peuple*," ſaid this unfortunate Prince; who, during the Revolution, was continually ſaying, " I cannot bear to have a drop of my " people's blood ſhed on my account."

 energy

energy of Corneille himſelf, " *Digne enfant de* " *Saint Louis, monte au Ciel:*"

O true deſcendant of a Sainted King,
Let this ſad ſcene to thee no terrors bring;
Aſcend the ſcaffold then with dauntleſs pace,
It leads to join in Heaven thy ſacred race.

VOLTAIRE

was one of thoſe few Poets who ſacrifice no leſs at the ſhrine of Plutus than at that of Apollo. In one of his letters to a friend, reſpecting economy, he has theſe excellent obſervations:

" A ſmall patrimony becomes every day " ſmaller; for the price of every thing is con- " tinually increaſing*. A prudent man will " be ever attentive to all the different opera- " tions that Government, conſtantly haraſſed " for money, and continually ſhifting its plans " of finance, is making in the funds of the

* " He who exerciſes no trade or profeſſion," ſays Mr. Soame Jenyns archly, " is impoſed upon by every one, " without any power of making repriſals. He is like a " man in the pillory, pelted by all without being able to " return it. He has but one chance, which few men's " ſituation or abilities will admit of, which is, that of reta- " liating upon the public."

" country. There always are ſome operations " going on, by which a private man may get " a good deal of money, without having the " leaſt obligations to any one; and nothing " ſurely can be ſo ſatisfactory to him, as to be " indebted to himſelf only for his own fortune. " The firſt ſtep towards it is always painful; the " reſt follow as of courſe.

" A prudent man will be always economical " in his youth; and at a certain age, he will " find himſelf much richer than he ever ex- " pected to have been. That is the time in " which a good fortune is the moſt eſſential " to a man's happineſs. I am in that ſitua- " tion myſelf at preſent; and, after having lived " a great deal with Kings, I am at laſt become " a King myſelf. In France, you know, a man " muſt be either a hammer or an anvil; I have " choſen to be the firſt."

Voltaire had written a Tragedy called Brutus, and had a ſhare in a ſhip of that name; his Tragedy was damn'd, and his ſhip made a ſucceſsful voyage: "Well," ſaid the Wit, " one of my Brutus's has made amends for the " other."

 When

When the Emperor Joſeph travelled through Switzerland, he did not pay a viſit to Voltaire. He was aſked by the learned Baron Haller, why he had not called upon that celebrated Writer? The Emperor replied, "Had I travelled, Sir, merely as an Emperor, I ſhould "moſt aſſuredly have paid my reſpects to ſo "diſtinguiſhed a character; but I travel as a "Gentleman, and am therefore anxious to "preſerve all the punctilios that are annexed "to that character: a Gentleman cannot go "to ſee a man who has been caned, and who "has been diſgraced by ſome deciſions of the "Courts of Juſtice againſt him."

The Secretary of M. Dagueſſeau, Great Chancellor of France, was aſked by his Maſter one day, what he thought of a production of Voltaire that had juſt appeared?—"*L'Epitre* "*à L' Uranie.*"—"Why, Sir," replied he, "the perſon who wrote it ought to be ſhut "up in a place where he could not get at pen, "ink, and paper. The writer of it is a man "that, by the general turn of his mind, is "capable of ruining a Kingdom and overſetting "any Government whatever."

Madame de Talmond once ſaid to M. Voltaire, "I think, Sir, that a Philoſo-

"pher

" pher* ſhould never write but to endeavour " to render mankind leſs wicked and leſs un- " happy

* " An ancient Philoſopher," ſays Duclos, " was one " day accuſing a celebrated Courtezan of ſeducing the " youth of Athens: 'Alas!' replied ſhe, 'Would to " Heaven, that we were the only perſons who corrupt " them! Do not you Philoſophers come in for your ſhare " of the imputation?'—Then," ſubjoins Duclos, " it is " now the faſhion to declaim againſt prejudices; perhaps " we have already deſtroyed too many of them: prejudice " is the law of the generality of mankind. In ſpeaking on " this ſubject, I am under the neceſſity of finding fault " with thoſe writers, who, under the pretence of com- " bating ſuperſtition (which would be a very laudable " motive, if it were reſtrained within the bounds of virtue " and of prudence), endeavour to ſap the foundations of " morality, and looſen the bands of ſociety; the more " ſenſeleſs, as they themſelves would be in the moſt danger " if they were to ſucceed in making proſelytes. The per- " nicious effects which they produce upon their converts, " is to render them in their youth uſeleſs and dangerous " citizens and ſcandalous criminals, and in an advanced " age wretched and miſerable men; for there can be but " few of them, who, at that time of life, can poſſeſs the " curſed advantage over their fellows, of becoming ſo " completely abandoned as to be careleſs about the future " conſequences of their paſt lives: for

" *Nunquam aliud Natura, aliud ſapientia dixit.*

" Nature and Wiſdom differ but in name,
" Their ends and objects ever are the ſame;
" In ſpite of Sophiſtry's ſeductive art,
" They force their truths eternal on the heart.

 " And,

"happy than they are. Now you do quite "the contrary. You are always writing againſt "that Religion which alone is able to re-"ſtrain wickedneſs, and to afford us conſola-"tion under misfortunes." Voltaire, according to Brotier, was much ſtruck with what M. de Talmond had ſaid to him, and excuſed himſelf by ſaying, "that he wrote only "for thoſe who were of the ſame opinion with "himſelf."

Voltaire's pen was fertile and very elegant; his obſervations are occaſionally acute, yet he often betrays great ignorance when he treats on ſubjects of ancient learning. Dr. Johnſon told his antagoniſt Freron, "that *Vir erat* "*acerrimi ingenii ac paucarum literarum*;" and Biſhop Warburton ſays of him, with no leſs

"And, as Juvenal has finely obſerved,

"*Exemplo quodcunque malo committitur, ipſi*
"*Diſplicet auctori, Prima eſt hæc ultio, quod ſe*
"*Judice nemo nocens abſolvitur.*

"Whoe'er commits a crime is ſure to feel
"Diſpleaſure at himſelf; nor can he ſteel
"His mind 'gainſt thoſe compunctions which are ſent
"By guilt itſelf, as its own puniſhment:
"Whilſt, to increaſe the anguiſh of his heart,
"Accuſing Conſcience acts the Judge's part."

pleaſantry

pleaſantry than truth, "that he writes indif-
"ferently well upon every thing."

According to the Author of the "*Galerie de l'Ancienne Cour*," Tronchin aſſured his friends, that Voltaire died in great agonies of mind. "*Je meurs abandonné des Dieux et des Hommes!*" exclaimed he, in thoſe awful moments when truth will force its way. "I wiſhed," added Tronchin, "that thoſe who had been "perverted by his writings had been preſent at "his death; it was a ſight too horrid to ſupport. *On ne pouvoit pas ſe tenir contre un pareil ſpectacle.*"

"Voltaire," ſaid Monteſquieu, "can never "write a good hiſtory. He is like the Monks, "who always write for the honour of their "Convent, and never of the ſubject on which "they treat; Voltaire will always write for his "Convent *."

The

* This Convent was a Priory compoſed of a few pretended Philoſophers, and a great Monarch at the head of them, who, however, better acquainted with the nature of men and of human affairs than themſelves, did not proceed to the violent extremes into which they gave. Voltaire's infidel writings poſſeſs this pernicious quality, that they render infidelity eaſy to the meaneſt capacity, and convince thoſe perſons by a joke or a ſneer, to whom

The late Biſhop Warburton had intended to have written againſt Voltaire; and it is a pity that he was diſſuaded from doing that which he would have done eminently well, as he had wit and talents equal to thoſe of Voltaire, and was conſiderably his ſuperior in learning. The loſs, however, of the antidote of the Biſhop to the poiſon of this lively though dangerous Writer, is in ſome degree ſupplied by "*Les Lettres de quelques Juifs à M. de Vol-*" "*taire.*"

By the kindneſs of MR. WYNDHAM, an Engliſh Letter of M. de Voltaire to Mr. Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, is ſubjoined.

"*A Monrion près de Lauſanne,*
"4 *Fevrier* 1756.

"Sir,

"I WAS very ſick in the month of January, "at the foot of the Alps, when a handſome "youth did appear in my cabin, next to

whom argumentation would be incomprehenſible. They raiſe a laugh in young minds againſt certain ſerious objects, when the impreſſions are ſtrong and vivid, and ſcatter thoſe fire-brands in ſport, which, under the beauty and playfulneſs of the flame, conceal their powers of combuſtion.

"Lauſanne,

" Laufanne, and favoured me with your kind
" letter, written in September; the date from
" Eaftbury.

* * * * *

" The country about Geneva, which you
" have feen, is now much improved; noble
" houfes are built, large gardens are planted.
" Thofe who fay the world impairs every day
" are quite in the wrong—are quite in the
" wrong as to the natural world; 'tis not the
" like in the moral and the political one.

" Be what it will, I have pitched upon two
" retreats on the banks of that lake you are
" pleafed to mention in your letter. I pafs
" the winter by Laufanne, and the other fea-
" fons by Geneva, without care and without
" Kings *.

" That country would not perhaps agree
" with a Frenchman of twenty-five; but it is

* Voltaire was one of the greateft flatterers to Kings and the Great, to their faces and in his letters to them, that ever exifted. He had written fome verfes in favour of M. de Choifeul when he was in place; he afterwards wrote complimentary verfes on M. de Maupeou, who fucceeded him. M. de Choifeul, to fhew his contempt at this behaviour, put a reprefentation of the head of Voltaire upon a weather-cock on one of the wings of his Chateau, at Chanteloup.

" moft

" moſt convenient to old age; when one is
" paſt ſixty, the place of reaſon is a private
" ſtation. Yet, though I am mightily pleaſed
" with theſe lands of peace and freedom, I
" would gladly ſee another land of liberty
" again before I die; I would have the honour
" to ſee you again, and renew to you my ſin-
" cere and everlaſting gratitude for all the to-
" kens of kindneſs I received from you when I
" was in London.

" My good Countrymen have ſometimes
" upbraided me for having too much of the
" Engliſh ſpirit in my way of thinking; it
" ſhould be but juſt I ſhould pay a viſit to
" thoſe who have drawn that reproach upon
" me; be ſure, dear Sir, none was more guilty
" than you. I hope I ſhould find you in good
" health, for you are born as ſound and ſtrong
" as Nature made me weak and unhealthy. I
" hope the evening of your day is ſerene and
" calm; 'tis the beſt lot of that hour: you
" have enjoyed all the reſt.

" I am, with the tendereſt reſpect,

" Sir,

" Your moſt humble and obedient ſervant,

" VOLTAIRE."

Sir

Sir William Chambers presented his book on Oriental Gardening * to Voltaire. The two following Letters passed between them on the occasion:

"London, July 3, 1772.

"Sir,

"I TAKE the liberty of sending you a little "book lately published by me; it contains, "besides a great deal of nonsense, two very "pretty prints engraved by the celebrated Bar- "tolozzi; which prints, and the view with "which the book was published, are its only "recommendations.

"The taste of Gardening, as it seems to me, "is very indifferent all over Europe. A wish "to see it mended has induced me to throw "out a few hints upon that subject; they may "excite others to labour in the same field; "so ample, so rich, so well deserving the at- "tention of genius. It is much to be re- "gretted that Monsieur de Voltaire (amidst the

* That great Architect was much ridiculed on the subject of this book. He, however, assured his friends, that all the ideas of Oriental Gardening mentioned in it were taken from a Treatise of Father Attiret, an European Missionary in China, who had written on the Gardens of that Country.

"great

" great variety of ſubjects he has ſo ſucceſsfully
" treated) has never employed his thoughts
" upon this.

" I have the honour to be, with great reſpect,

" Sir,

" Your moſt obedient humble Servant,

" WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

" *To Monſieur de Voltaire.*"

" *Août* 7, 1772.
" *Au Chateau de Ferney.*

" Monſieur,

" CE n'eſt pas aſſez d'aimer les jardins, ni
" d'en avoir. Il faut des yeux pour les regarder,
" et des jambes pour s'y promener. Je perds
" bientôt les uns et les autres, grace à ma vieil-
" leſſe et à mes maladies. Un des derniers
" uſages de ma vue a été de lire votre tres
" agréable ouvrage. Je m'aperçois que j'ai ſuivi
" vos preceptes autant que mon ignorance et
" ma fortune l'ont permis. J'ai *de tout* dans mes
" jardins, parterres, petite piece d'eau, prome-
" nades regulieres, bois tres irreguliers, valons,
" prés, vignes, potagers, avec des murs de par-
" tage couverts d'arbres fruitiers, du peigné et
" du ſauvage, le tout en petit, et fort eloigné de
" votre

" votre magnificence. Un Prince d'Allemagne
" ſe ruineroit en voulant être votre ecolier.

" J'ai l'honneur d'etre, avec toute l'eſtime
" que vous meritez,
" Monſieur,
" Votre tres obeiſſant Serviteur,
" VOLTAIRE,
" *Gentilhomme de la Chambre du Roi.*"

An impertinent perſon had teazed Voltaire with continual letters, to which no anſwer had been given; at laſt Voltaire wrote to him thus:

" My Dear Sir,

" I am dead, and cannot therefore in future " have the honour to write to you."

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

THIS eloquent Writer was very much chagrined, when he was not permitted by Voltaire's friends to add his Louis-d'or to thoſe that had been collected for raiſing a ſtatue to him, whilſt living at the Comedie Francaiſe at Paris. When his friends repreſented to him as a Philoſopher their ſurpriſe at this, he replied, " *Mais, Meſ-* " *ſieurs, je meurs de gloire.*" This paſſion for glory

glory and diſtinction ſeems to have been the leading principle of his conduct. His literary career began in paradox; he took the wrong ſide of a queſtion long ſince ſettled, and, flattered by the ſucceſs of his efforts, he proceeded to his too famous "Contrat Social," the political creed of a neighbouring Nation, who wiſh, like Mahomet, to propagate it with arms in their hands throughout Europe. Yet, as if conſcious that what was merely a diſplay of pernicious ingenuity in him, might be taken as a ſerious truth by others, he ſays, in another place, "In "the miſery attendant upon human affairs, "what thing is valuable enough to be pur-"chaſed at the expence of the blood of our "brethren? Liberty itſelf coſts too dear at "that price. It is vain," continues he, "to "attempt to confound liberty and indepen-"dence: they are things ſo different in them-"ſelves, that it is impoſſible to unite them. "When every one acts as he pleaſes, he muſt "often do what is unpleaſant to others; and "who can call that ſituation a ſtate of free-"dom. Liberty conſiſts leſs in having our "own way, than in not being ſubject to the "will of others. It conſiſts, likewiſe, in being "unable to ſubmit the will of another perſon "to that of one's own. Whoever has conti-

"nually

" nually his own way cannot be free; and, in
" reality, to command is to obey."

He ſays, in his *Lettres ecrites de la Montagne*, —" After having, during the whole " courſe of my life, been the panegyriſt of a " Republican form of Government, muſt I, " towards the end of it, be obliged to confeſs, " that of all the Governments that exiſt, " Monarchy is that in which there is the " greateſt regard paid to the true liberty of " man?"

Had Rouſſeau, who was rather capricious than malignant, rather a man of no fixed principles than of bad principles, lived to have ſeen the pernicious effects of his paradoxes upon the happineſs of mankind in our time, he would have been the firſt to have execrated his own ſeductive talents, and to have broken that magical wand, which, though like that of Proſpero it could " ſet the waters in a wild roar," yet did not, like his, poſſeſs its more ſalutary power of allaying them*.

* The venerable and reſpectable Biſhop of Leon de St. Pol, now in London, was once preſent when Rouſſeau was accuſed of being occaſionally in his writings contradictory and inconſequent. " I tell mankind," anſwered he, " what I really think true at the time, and ſo I perform " my engagements with them."

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. * THE TANJORE

CARDINAL DE BRIENNE,

ARCHBISHOP OF SENS *.

THIS Prelate was of a Miniſterial family, had ſome talents, was an elegant writer, and, like Veſpaſian, would have ever appeared *dignus regnandi ſi non regnaſſet*—capable of the office of Prime Miniſter of a great kingdom, had he never been placed in that arduous ſituation.

When Archbiſhop of Thoulouſe, he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his poliſhed manners and elegant hoſpitality. His Paſtoral Letter Againſt Burying in Churches is well written, and forcibly expoſes that abuſe, which, like the torment of Mezentius, conjoins the living with the dead, and is productive of many miſchievous effects on the healths of mankind.

* M. de Brienne's great grandfather was Secretary of State to Anne of Auſtria. He publiſhed his Memoirs in three volumes 12mo. for the uſe of his ſon. They are very entertaining. The elder brother of the Cardinal de Brienne, the Marquis, had his arm ſhot off in the fatal attack of Fort L'Aſſiette, in Savoy, in 1746. He was requeſted to retire to his tent. "No, no," replied he, "I have another "arm left for the ſervice of my King." He perſiſted, and was ſoon afterwards killed by a cannon-ball.

"O ye,"

"O ye," ſays he in his Paſtoral Letter, "my dear Brethren, who continue to think our "regulations too ſevere (although we have "been as little rigorous as poſſible), what com- "plaints can you make, what objections can "you oppoſe to them? Churches, in the "early times of our holy religion, were never "made uſe of as the ſepultures of Chriſtians. "They ſeem to have been ſo little intended "for that purpoſe, that in the office for the "conſecration of them, according to a learned "Canon Lawyer, there is not a ſingle prayer "that relates to it, though there are ſome ex- "preſsly deſtined for the conſecration of church- "yards; and can you ſuppoſe that preten- "ſions, againſt which their abuſe will ever "proteſt, can prevail againſt the dignity of our "ſacred fabrics, the holineſs of our altars, and "the conſervation of the human race?

"Will you then have recourſe to your ſitua- "tion, your conſequence, the rank which you "hold in ſociety?

"Our grounds of confidence are ſo great, "that we are inclined to think thoſe perſons "who have the greateſt claims to diſtinction, "will be the laſt to exert thoſe claims. Ex- "ceptions cauſe always jealouſy and multiply

 "pre-

" pretenſions. Who will dare to complain
" when the prohibition becomes a general law?
" and ſurely in the grave at leaſt there ought to
" be no exception made for any one."

M. Hecquet ſays, in his " Collection of " Tracts relative to the Exhumation of the " great Church of Dunkirk," that the town " became more healthy after the bodies of " thoſe who had been buried in it had been " taken up. The houſe of the God of " Mercy," ſays he, " then ceaſed to be the " cavern of Peſtilence, and the Sanctuary of " Religion was no longer the grave of pollu- " tion." Similar effects produce ſimilar cauſes; and when the exhalations from putrid animal matter are added to the ſmoke, the filth, and the cloſeneſs, of great towns, the philoſopher will behold them no leſs as the deſtroyers than the corrupters of the human race *.

* See "*Pieces concernant les Exhumations faites dans l'Egliſe* " *de St. Eloy en Dunkerque, imprimées et publiées par l'Ordre du* " *Gouvernment, Paris*, 1785." The *ancien regime* of France was in general very careful of the lives and healths of its ſubjects, within the kingdom at leaſt. Were they threatened with any epidemical diſeaſe, or did any particular complaint appear, the beſt Phyſicians were appointed by the Government to examine into the nature and cauſes of them; and their reports were printed at the expence of the King. It did not wait for the ſlow and uncertain exertions of bene-

volence

M. TURGOT.

It was ſaid of Turgot, and of his predeceſſor in the finances, Abbé Terrai, "*que le premier fit mal le bien, et que le ſecond fit bien le mal.*" There might be ſome truth in this; for Turgot, with the beſt intentions in the

volence in the individual; it conſidered itſelf as the "nurſing father and the nurſing mother of its people." The ſame remarks may be extended to any improvement in Agriculture, Manufactures, Navigation, &c. The ableſt Chemiſts, the beſt Mechanics, &c. were employed and paid by Government to make experiments, to furniſh models, &c. a paternal care well worthy the notice of other Governments, who, though bleſſed with more freedom, are but too apt to have leſs attention and uſe a leſs degree of exertion reſpecting theſe objects. The merit indeed of a chemical proceſs to arreſt the baleful power of contagion, diſcovered by a learned, poliſhed, and benevolent Phyſician, has lately attracted the notice of our Board of Admiralty, and induced it to make uſe of a method ſo ſimple and ſo certain to preſerve the healths and the lives of thoſe perſons committed to their care. No remuneration nor no diſtinctions have as yet attended the diſcoverer, who in this, as in ſome other benevolent exertions, has merely been gratified with the applauſes of his own virtuous mind; thoſe applauſes which the whole courſe of his liberal and intelligent practice has ever ſecured to him.—See "A Letter addreſſed by James Carmichael Smyth, M. D. F. R. S. to Lord Spencer."

world, was perhaps rather too precipitate in ſome of his meaſures. He ſuppoſed the reſt of mankind to be as honeſt, as virtuous, and as intelligent as himſelf, but was moſt fatally deceived. Turgot innovated many things in the French Government :—the things were very probably in themſelves right, but the Nation was not perhaps in a proper ſtate to receive them. The ill ſucceſs of this upright but imprudent Miniſter gave riſe to the following verſes, which were written in 1777, and which were called "*La Prophetie Turgotine* ;" a prophecy, alas ! too cruelly verified by the rapine, the maſſacres, the regicides and the ſacrilege which have ſucceeded.

PROPHETIE TURGOTINE,

FAITE EN L'ANNEE 1777.

SUR L'AIR, "SI LE ROI M'AVOIT DONNÉ PARIS, &c. &c."

VIVENT tous nos beaux eſprits
Encyclopediſtes !
Du bonheur François épris,
Grands Economiſtes.
Par leurs ſoins au temps d'Adam
Nous reviendrons, c'eſt leur plan :
Momus les aſſiſte,
O gué,
Momus les aſſiſte !

Ce

Ce n'eſt pas de nos bouquins
  Que vient leur ſcience;
En eux ces fiers Palladins
  Ont la ſapience :
Les Colbert et les Sully
Nous paroiſſent grands ; mais ſi ?
  Ce n'eſt qu'ignorance,
    O gué,
  Ce n'eſt qu'ignorance!

On verra tous les états
  Entre eux ſe confondre,
Les pauvres ſur leurs grabats
  Ne plus ſe morfo. dre;
Des biens on fera des lots,
Qui rendront les gens egaux
  Le bel œuf à pondre,
    O gué,
  Le bel œuf à pondre !

Du même pas marcheront
  Nobleſſe et roture;
Les François retourneront
  Au droit de nature.
Adieu Parlement et Loix,
Et Ducs et Princes et Rois !
  La bonne aventure,
    O gué,
  La bonne aventure!

Puis devenus vertueux
  Par philoſophie,
Les François auront des Dieux
  A leur fantaiſie.

* * * * *

Alors l'amour et ſureté
  Entre ſœurs et freres,
Sacrements et parenté
  Seront des chimères;
Chaque pére imitera
Noé quand il s'enivra.
  Liberté pleniere,
    O gué,
  Liberté pleniere !

Plus de Moines langoureux,
  De plaintives Nonnes,
Au lieu d'adreſſer aux Cieux
  Matines et Nones,
On verra ces malheureux
Danſer, abjurant leur vœux,
  Galante chaconne,
    O gué,
  Galante chaconne !

Partiſans des novations,
  La fine ſequelle
La France des nations
  Sera le modele.

Et

Et cet honneur nous devrons
Au TURGOT et compagnons,
Besogne immortelle,
O gué,
Besogne immortelle!

A qui devrons nous le plus!
C'est à notre maître,
Qui se croyant un abus,
Ne voudra plus l'être *.
Ah! qu'il faut aimer le bien
Pour de Roi, n'être plus rien,
J'enverrois tout paître,
O gué,
J'enverrois tout paître!

This "Prophetie" was written by M. de Lisle, a Captain in the French service at the time in which that virtuous and learned Minister made his reforms in the Government of France; reforms which, however dictated by the greatest purity of intention, and emanating from a mind most highly cultivated and in-

* This relates to what the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth said to M. de Malsherbe, when that Minister of State desired his Sovereign to permit him to resign: "*Que vous* "*étes heureux, Monsieur! que je puis pas m'en aller aussi.*—How "happy you are, Sir! Why cannot I resign too?" Louis said one day of M. Turgot, "He and I are the only per- "sons in the country who have a regard for the people."

formed,

formed, were but ill calculated for the comfort and happineſs of a People who puſh every thing to extremes, and ſeem to have been dazzled and to have become wild at the mere dawn of that liberty, to the ſplendor of which they had been ſo little accuſtomed *.

M. Turgot always gave his teſtimony in favour of the virtue and good intentions of the late unfortunate Monarch of his country: "*Nous* "*avons un Roi honnête homme*," he uſed always to ſay—"We have a King who is an honeſt "man."

* *Corruptio optime eſt peſſima*, ſay the ſchools,—the abuſe of any thing is more dangerous in proportion to its intrinſic excellence. A Poet has feigned that Milton became blind, in conſequence of the actual appearance of the Goddeſs of Liberty to him. The mere ſhadow of that auguſt and venerable Divinity has offuſcated the mental eye of the French nation, and excited it to the indulgence of thoſe rude and turbulent paſſions by which the moſt deteſtable tyrants themſelves have been diſtinguiſhed, avarice, revenge, and cruelty, the violation of every principle of juſtice, and the profanation of every ſacred rite. Happy would it have been for themſelves and their neighbours, if, like the ancient Cappadocians, they had refuſed that freedom which was offered them by the humane and virtuous Turgot; as by their abuſe of that ineſtimable bleſſing, the ſource of every exalted energy of the human mind, they have converted it into a curſe, as well to themſelves as to the other nations of Europe.

"man." Poor Turgot ſhould have looked into that oracle of human wiſdom, Lord Bacon, who would have told him, "It is not good to "try experiments on bodies politic, except the "neceſſity be urgent, or the utility evident; "and to take good care that it be the deſire of "reformation that draws on the change, and "not the deſire of change that projects on the "reformation. Further," adds his Lordſhip, "all novelty, though perhaps it muſt not be re-"jected, yet ought ever to be held ſuſpected; "and laſtly, as the Scripture directs, *State* "*ſuper vias antiquas*—Let us make a ſtand upon "the antient ways, and then look about us, "and diſcover what is the ſtraighteſt and right "way, and ſo walk in it."

M. CHAMFORT

ſays in his "Maxims,"

"The laws that reſpect a ſecret, and a ſum "of money entruſted to a man, ſhould ſtand "upon the ſame foundation.

"One of my friends, a man of very deli-"cate health, but of great ſtrength of charac-

" ter, uſed to ſay of himſelf, " I am as well
" the reed that bends and never breaks, as the
" oak that breaks and never bends, *homo inte-*
" *rior totus nervus.*

" A man without character is a thing, not
" a man.

" A man without principles is commonly a
" man without character. Had he been born
" with a character, he muſt have ſeen the ne-
" ceſſity of forming to himſelf principles con-
" ſiſtent with it.

" Philoſophy, like the art of Medicine, con-
" tains a great deal of traſh, very few reme-
" dies, and hardly any ſpecifics.

" Vanity cauſes a man to exert his talents
" more forcibly than he otherwiſe would have
" done. Put a ſtick to a piece of pointed iron
" it becomes a dart, add a few feathers to it
" and it becomes an arrow.

" Weak men are to rogues and deſigning
" perſons what light troops are to an army;
" who do more miſchief than the army itſelf
" by ſcouring and ravaging the country.

" If

"If a man really wiſhes to avoid being a "quack, he ſhould never get upon a ſtage; "but if once he has played his tricks upon it, "he muſt continue them, or ſubmit to have "ſtones thrown at him by the populace.

"Moſt men are ſlaves, becauſe they cannot "pronounce the monoſyllable "No," and are "unable to live alone.

"General maxims are, in the conduct of "life, what routine is in certain arts. Situa-"tions in each occaſionally ariſe, which require "ſomething beyond them."

ABBÉ BROTIER,

the Editor and Tranſlator of Tacitus, was a Jeſuit. "No one," ſays his Biographer, "ever "more rigidly practiſed the maxim of the an-"cient Philoſopher, "live concealed." Many "of his own excellent maxims ſtill remain in "the memory of his friends."

He uſed to ſay, "That as a man could not "always do what he wiſhed to do, to enſure "the

" the peace and the tranquillity of his life, " he ought to be contented with doing that " which he ought to do.

" The great ſources of happineſs are under- " ſtanding and cheerfulneſs. Nothing in the " world can be ſet againſt them ; and they can " ſtand in the ſtead of every thing."

He uſed to ſay, " That in proportion as the " Government was in the hands of more per- " ſons, it was always more unjuſt. Obſerve," ſaid he, " in the Roman Provinces governed " by the Senate, to what an exceſs tyranny and " rapine were carried by the avarice of the " Pro-Conſuls, and by the power of impunity " which they poſſeſſed; being maſters them- " ſelves of the Senate, and friends and relations " of the Senators, the only Judges of their ill- " behaviour."

" There are three things in the world," ſaid he, " that know no kind of reſtraint, and are " governed by no laws, but merely by paſſion " and brutality :—civil wars, family quarrels, " and religious diſputes."

He agreed with Tacitus, that hereditary power depended entirely upon chance and upon birth,

birth, and that elective power was supposed to depend upon an enlightened and well-considered choice. "But," added he, "the opinions of "mankind are so little founded in truth, that "the long experience of past ages has taught "us, that we owe more of our greatest and "most excellent Princes to birth than to "choice."

A little elegant and entertaining work of Abbé Brotier was published after his death, intitled, "*Paroles Memorables*," 12mo. of which much use has been made in THIS COLLECTION.

THE END.

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